PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1980 • $2.50

JOHN CONNALLY
THE CANNY CONSERVATIVE

POT POWER
WHO'LL CASH IN IF THEY LEGALIZE GRASS?

TERRY BRADSHAW
AN IRREVERENT INTERVIEW WITH THE N.F.L.'S BEST QUARTERBACK

BO DEREK
"10" THE 10 GIRL IN A SENSATIONAL NUDE PICTORIAL

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If you don't have at least $1,000 to spend on an Audiovox Hi-Comp autosound system, read no further.

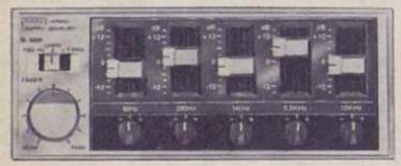
By Robert Harris, Technical Director

There are few things in this world that can take a driver out of the traffic jam or away from a gas line, better than great music, well reproduced.

Audiovox understands this. That's why they engineered the Hi-Comp range of high fidelity stereo components designed to produce exemplary sound in automobiles.

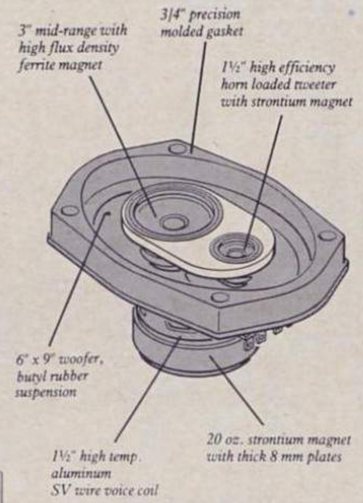
A total range of exotic amplifiers/receivers.

Each model builds on the one before it until you reach the HCM-0010 – the "master system."



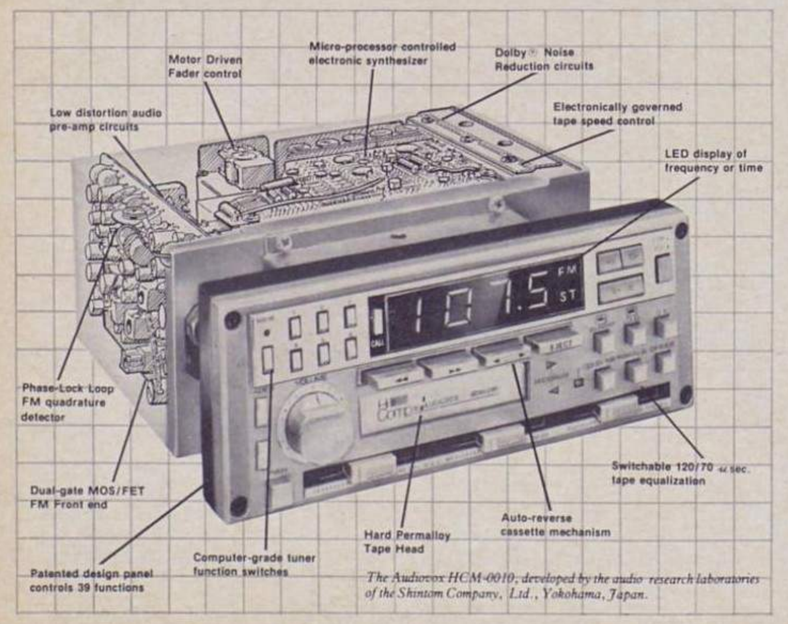
HCE-750 HiComp Semi-parametric graphic equalizer

It's an electronically-tuned AM/FM multiplex receiver with a built-in auto-reverse cassette deck. The HCM-0010 has 12-station memory, LED display,


3" mid-range with high flux density ferrite magnet
3/4" precision molded gasket
1½" high efficiency horn loaded tweeter with strontium magnet
6" x 9" woofer, butyl rubber suspension
1½" high temp. aluminum SV wire voice coil
20 oz. strontium magnet with thick 8 mm plates

HCS-362 HiComp 6" x 9" 3-way speaker system.

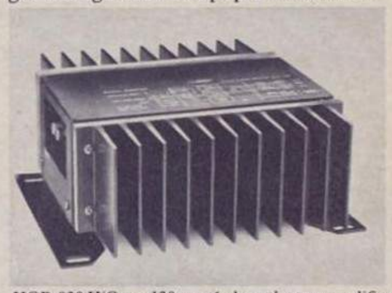
built-in quartz clock and an automatic station seek. It also features a CrO_2 switch, Dolby®, FM muting, 4-way stereo balance controls, separate bass and treble controls and a Hard Permalloy tape head. Its looks are straight out of a stereo buff's music room.


Motor Driven Fader control
Micro-processor controlled electronic synthesizer
Dolby® Noise Reduction circuits
Low distortion audio pre-amp circuits
Electronically governed tape speed control
LED display of frequency or time
Phase-Lock Loop FM quadrature detector
Dual-gate MOS/FET FM Front end
Patented design panel controls 39 functions
Computer-grade tuner function switches
Hard Permalloy Tape Head
Auto-reverse cassette mechanism
Switchable 120/70 μ sec. tape equalization
107.5 FM ST

The Audiovox HCM-0010, developed by the audio research laboratories of the Shintom Company, Ltd., Yokohama, Japan.

4 power-matched speaker systems.

The ultimate is the Hi-Comp 362 system: 6" x 9" three way speakers with 1½" Strontium horn tweeters, 3" mid-ranges, 20-ounce Strontium magnet woofers, 1½" heat proof aluminum voice coils, and a 70 to 18,000 Hz response range with crossovers at 2,900 and 9,000 Hz, and a power capacity of 70 watts. Hook these up to the HCM-0010 with the Hi-Comp power amplifier, *HCB-830, 120 watts RMS at less than 0.3% distortion*, and you've got enough sound to pop a moon roof.



HCB-830 HiComp 120 watt 4-channel power amplifier

Now for the equalizer.

Apart from a heavy-duty fader control or a dual slide-bar pre-amp, the only other Audiovox Hi-Comp component you might buy is the HCE-750 semi-parametric graphic equalizer with 5 slide-bar response controls and bi-amp capability.

You spend $1,000 and what do you get?

Probably the finest sound you've heard, *anywhere*. It takes money to get it. But it also takes a lot of specialized dedication. Audiovox only knows how to do just one thing: How to engineer the finest automobile sound systems you've ever heard.

For further information, write to: Robert Harris, Technical Director, Dept. 9F , Audiovox, 150 Marcus Blvd. Hauppauge, New York 11787.

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MERIT smokers acclaim low tar option as taste alternative to high tar brands.

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MERIT smokers rate low tar MERIT satisfying taste alternative to high tar brands.

New national smoker study results prove it.

Proof: The overwhelming majority of MERIT smokers polled felt they didn't sacrifice taste in switching from high tar cigarettes.

Proof: 96% of MERIT smokers don't miss former high tar brands.

Proof: 9 out of 10 enjoy smoking *as much* since switching to MERIT, are *glad* they switched, and report MERIT is the best tasting low tar they've *ever* tried.

Smokers find the taste of low tar MERIT matches that of high tar cigarettes.

New taste-test results prove it.

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Proof: Of the 95% stating a preference when tar levels were revealed, 3 out of 4 smokers chose the MERIT low tar/good taste combination over high tar leaders.

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A combination that seems to be attracting more and more smokers every day and—more importantly—satisfying them *long term.*

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—100's: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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PLAYBILL

IF YOU HAD A HARD TIME getting past our cover to actually open this issue, we understand. She's **Bo Derek,** of course, the knee-trembling-beautiful star of last fall's hit movie *"10"* and the wife of actor-director **John Derek.** At a time when it seems every other men's magazine has a section in which husbands at large can send in photos of their nude wives, we prefer to be a bit more selective. In our humble opinion, John's photographic portraits in *Bo,* on page 146, represent the apex of the genre. We think you'll agree. And if you're wondering if Bo looks as good in person as she does in pictures, take it from Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson,** who interviewed John and Bo: "She's magnificent."

This is the month when the Presidential primaries begin to heat up. One candidate who thinks he's a hot ticket is the leonine former governor of Texas, **John Connally. Geoffrey Norman** checked in on Connally's campaign last fall and, from this report, it appears that Connally challenges Lincoln's observation that "you can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time." Norman's article on the Connally campaigning style is titled *The Canny Conservatism of John Connally,* and it's illustrated by **Joann Daley.** Speaking of canny reminds us of the uncanny, which is the subject of *Bad Dreams in the Future Tense,* by Associate Editor **Walter L. Lowe.** Lowe spent a month researching documented cases of people having premonitions of actual disasters and turned in what we think you'll agree is a thought-provoking article (nightmarishly illustrated by **Kinuko Y. Craft**), even if you consider yourself an unbeliever in the supernatural.

If you can't see the future, at least you can make time slow down—according to those who indulge in the pleasures of marijuana. But even slow time can't halt the tide of progress and with grass now a multibillion-dollar illicit industry, many folks say it won't be long before it's legalized. The question is, *Who'd Profit from Legal Marijuana?* And it's also the title of our article by **Chris Barnett.** Chris, who admits to having done extensive product-sampling research in the course of writing the article, nonetheless draws some very sober conclusions about the institutions that stand to get high off their profits from commercially sold grass. On the subject of institutions, *The (Sexual) Book of Lists,* by **Irving Wallace, David Wallechinsky, Amy Wallace** and **Sylvia Wallace,** has just about become one. Now the authors have written *The People's Almanac Presents the Book of Lists #2,* to be published by William Morrow. We've excerpted four sexual lists from the book and added three more by the authors that you'll find only in PLAYBOY. How about a list of the preserved penises of five famous men? Or the average number of sperm per ejaculation for 25 mammals? (You, by the way, rank 14th, topped by the zebu, among others.)

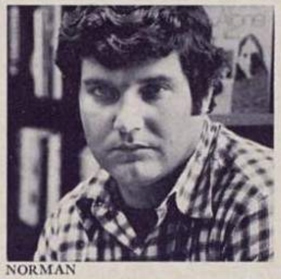
March is also the month when baseball creeps back into the news as opening day draws nearer, and **A. W. Landwehr**'s *A Cup of Coffee with the Cardinals* (illustrated by **Parviz Sadighian**) is a classic all-American story of a boy, his father and baseball.

Speaking of sports (as Howard C. would say), our *Playboy Interview* this month is with quarterback nonpareil **Terry Bradshaw.** The Steelers' master passer talks with **Samantha Stevenson** and **Maury Z. Levy** about God, love and the joys of being blitzed. To round out the issue, there are **Brock Yates**'s look at the new turbo Trans Am in *Blast from the Past!*; a new cartoon from **Shel Silverstein**'s book *Different Dances* (published by Harper & Row), titled . . . *And He Has Never Been Heard from Since*; and last, but not least, Playmate of the Month **Henriette Allais,** our *Southern Comforter.* Enjoy!

DEREK

WILLIAMSON

BARNETT


NORMAN

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PLAYBOY

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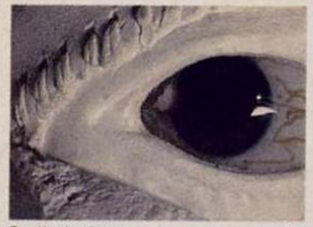

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COVER STORY

Just think: If Bo Derek married John Dudley, she'd be Bo Dudley. Who's John Dudley? Never mind. Who's Bo Derek? The star of "10" and, of course, the lady on our cover. If you're looking for a Rabbit on Bo's bod (you aren't, are you?), forget it: It's in the water. If you're not looking at the Rabbit, you can see more of bodacious Bo on page 146.

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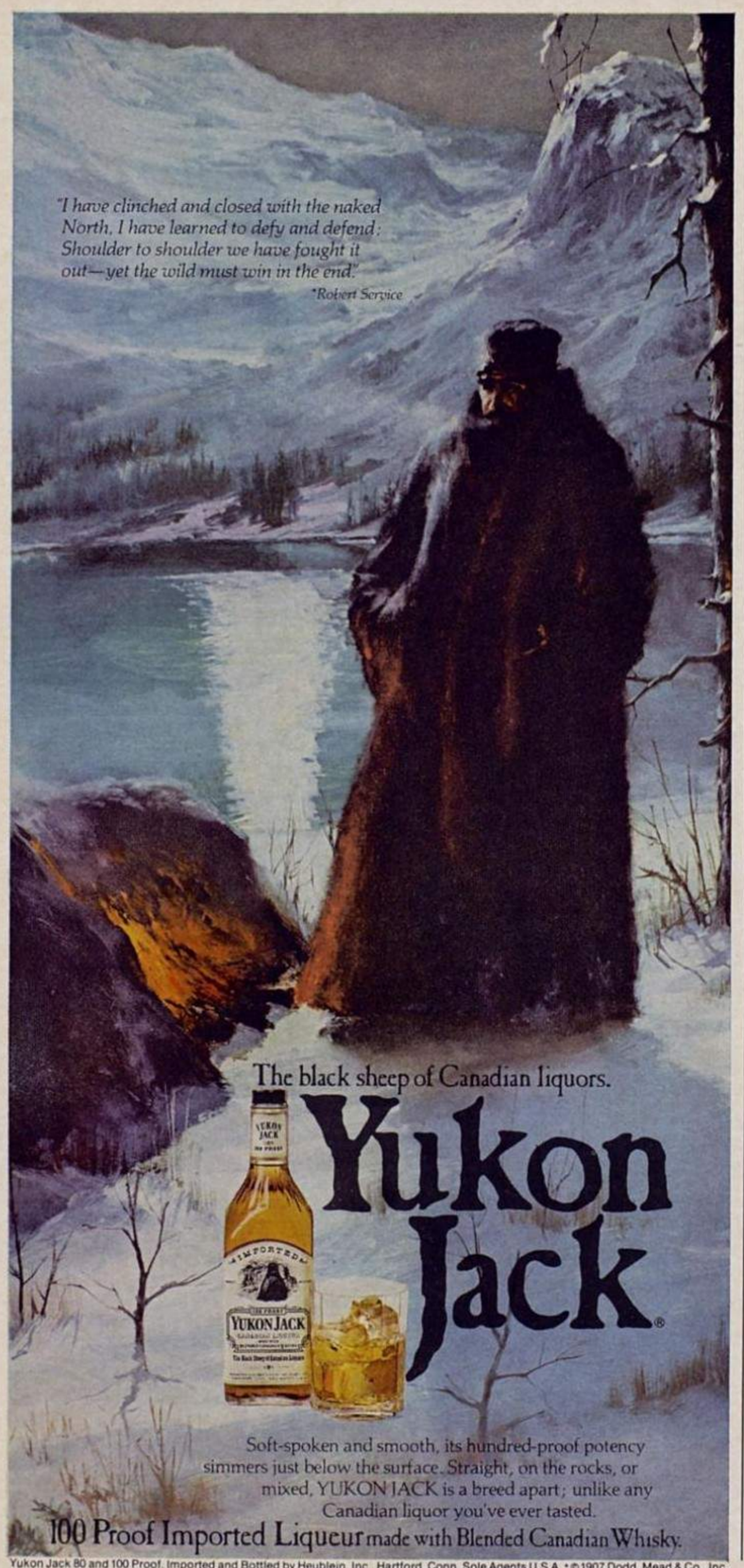
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North, I have learned to defy and defend;
Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it
out—yet the wild must win in the end."
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

JAMMING IN JAMMIES

More than a third of all the turned-on sets in New York, Chicago and L.A. were focused on ABC's *The Playboy Roller Disco and Pajama Party* November 23rd. Hosted by *Family Feud*'s Richard Dawson, it featured bumps, thumps and, ahem, rumps, plus the Village People (below).

Above, Hef and Village Person Felipe Rose go native American while Sondra Theodore (right) and friend circle the wagons. Below left, Wayland Flowers puts his wise-mouthed Madame up a tree while (below right) James Caan entertains an inhabitant of Mansion West. That's Playmate Dorothy Stratten who is stroking its tail.

CHARITY SMASH

Among the celebrities who showed up at Mansion West for the annual Amie Karen cancer benefit were TV's Valerie Bertinelli, Henry Winkler and Bonnie Franklin. At bottom, comedian Gallagher does his patented laugh-at-this-joke-or-I'll-smash-the-watermelon shtick.

THEY COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT

Hef and host Dick Clark congratulate Lou and Rose Cairo, winners of the 1979 Bunny Open Disco Championships at the Hollywood Palladium. They won $36,500 in cash and gifts, while the American Heart Association received over $35,000.

CARS PEOPLE SWEAR BY. NOT AT.

"#*%¢@#*%¢@#*%¢@!!"

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MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS

I have only one complaint about your *Playmates Forever!* pictorial in the December issue: There are not enough Playmates revisited. I hope that is an idea that will snowball. Who needs a special occasion like a 25th anniversary to publish pictures of such beautiful women? I hope there are plans to run more *Playmates Forever!* You have only scratched the surface of my favorites list. I have been reading PLAYBOY since buying my first copy in October 1960.

Steve Martin
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

I really enjoyed your 25th Anniversary Issue with all the covers and foldouts reproduced. But now you've topped even that with your *Playmates Forever!* It's great seeing Playmates of the past with their original centerfold shots, especially DeDe Lind, one of my all-time favorites. She looks better now than she did 12 years ago.

Carl Berger
Beach Haven, New Jersey

Thank you for the wonderful *Playmates Forever!* feature by Mario Casilli. It's like visiting with several longtime friends whom I've lost track of over the years. Hope Casilli looks up other old friends for future issues.

Gordon D. King
Wilton, Iowa

I was especially happy to see Miki Garcia, my favorite Playmate and, happily, my first. January 1973 was my first issue, given to me by my grandfather when I was 13 years old. I still have it, thanks to Miki. God, she looks great!

George Brenner
Long Beach, California

I have always maintained that the single most important factor that sets your magazine apart from its competition is not your fine quality, your exquisite taste nor your unparalleled photography but, rather, above all else, your keen sense of continuity. Your unique feature *Playmates Forever!* bears out that fact one more time. While one may enjoy individual issues of PLAYBOY, he can fully appreciate its special quality only after having followed it for a number of years.

L. J. David
South Bend, Indiana

The best of PLAYBOY has now been published in your December issue. In all my years of reading PLAYBOY, the revisit with the Playmates is your most outstanding work. I hope it will become a regular part of your magazine.

Dale Van Ness
Houston, Texas

PACINO'S PANACHE

The *Playboy Interview*, month in and month out, strikes me as the best interview journalism, print or electronic, being done these days. Lawrence Grobel's interview with Al Pacino in the December issue is superlative. Pacino is an impressive artist and an impressive man; he exudes character and class, a nice combination.

Ed Breslin, Senior Editor
Warner Books, Inc.
New York, New York

The interview with Al Pacino is an excellent choice. I ate up the opportunity to gain insight into Al. (I feel we're on a first-name basis now.)

Valita Ruggieri
Los Angeles, California

I moved to L.A. five months ago from Virginia to give myself and my career a much-deserved "break" and, thus far, things in general have been less than

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encouraging. But the world according to Pacino has given me a shot in the arm just when it's needed most. A week ago, I was considering packing it in, tucking my tail and running home. No more. Even though Pacino makes no specific references to the plight of the young unknown, the essence of the man himself has provided me with tremendous motivation and encouragement.

Glenn Leftwich
Alhambra, California

The recollections of Pacino's childhood days are especially touching. I've never seen such an honest interviewer/interviewee rapport. The chemistry was right between those two.

Robert G. Andropolis
Madison, Wisconsin

I'd give him an Academy Award for the interview.

Mark Rivkind
Miami, Florida

THE EYES HAVE IT

Having been an avid reader of PLAYBOY for the past several years, I have seen many lovely women featured as the Playmate of the Month. But after seeing the fantastic pictorial of Candace Collins in your December issue, there is no doubt about it. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen featured in your magazine. Thanks for saving the best for last.

J. Schroeder
Beloit, Wisconsin

Richard Fegley should be rewarded for his brilliant layout of gorgeous Candace Collins. I would gladly put up with the worst possible Chicago winters for such an exceptionally beautiful woman. Miss Collins has my vote for Playmate of the Century.

Mike Stewart
Vancouver, British Columbia

Congratulations on finding a "10." Candace Collins has the most captivating face we've ever seen. We actually spent more time discussing her beautiful eyes than her magnificent form.

T. R. and the Men of Second Floor Stuart
Penn State University
University Park, Pennsylvania

I'd like to reproduce your centerfold shot in my own bedroom. All I need are Candace Collins and that beautiful brass bed. Can you help me out?

Randy Fellows
Chicago, Illinois

Sure can, Randy. The bed was manufactured by the Brass Bed Co. of America. Candace was not.

Candace Collins' beauty far exceeds even our wildest imagination and fantasies. We are waiting with halted breath to see her again. Thank you, PLAYBOY, for this gorgeous addition to our bulletin board and congratulations on an outstanding magazine!

The Men from 15
United States Naval Academy, '82
Annapolis, Maryland

You might as well forget any other competition for Playmate of the Year since you have shown us the many delights of Candace L. Collins. She has got to be the *crème de la crème* of all the Playmates I've seen. Please, as a favor to all who agree with me, show us more of Candace and much more often.

M. A. Garcia
Brownsville, Texas

We can show you a little more crème *right now. And we promise to*

show you the "much more" at our earliest opportunity.

FORSYTH FOREVER

I've just finished reading your outstanding December story *Used in Evidence*, by Frederick Forsyth. I enjoyed it all the way to the odd twist at the end. Could it be that Forsyth is the reincarnation of O. Henry? Be that as it may, please run more of his stories.

Cheryl Westlund
Powers, Michigan

LONG TIME NO SEE

Many thanks for your December pictorial on Raquel Welch. It ended my 12-year wait to see Raquel grace the pages of PLAYBOY.

Thomas Gunton
New York, New York

I congratulate PLAYBOY, Chris Von Wangenheim, Tony Kent and Raquel for creating the most exciting display of beauty that I have ever seen.

Ronald J. Blinsman
Olympia, Washington

It is my fervent hope that the pictorials of Farrah Fawcett in the December 1978 issue and of Raquel Welch in the December 1979 issue are the first installments of an annual tradition. What better Christmas present for PLAYBOY readers than a superlative photo essay on one of America's leading sex symbols?

Bob Stewart
Kansas City, Missouri

You can actually have hips and some meat on your bones and still be nice to look at? After looking at the photographs of Raquel Welch, it is nice to know that you don't have to be 5'10" and a skinny bean pole to be considered a woman these days! I think I will be happy with my 5'5½" and quit thinking of my curves as fat! Thanks for reminding me that I'm *supposed* to have shape!

Minou S. Moulton
Shreveport, Louisiana

I enjoyed your feature on Raquel Welch, as millions must have. But thank goodness for the photos, because the writer, Lawrence S. Dietz, loses it as he describes Billings, Montana. He maligns one of America's most colorful old West cities. Lynching would be too good for the varmint. He should be hog-tied with his typewriter ribbon and locked alone for eight weeks in a big-city hotel room of his choice.

M. S. Candee
Bismarck, North Dakota

STARRY-EYED

Your pictorial essay in the December issue covering (and uncovering) *Sex Stars of 1979* is outstanding. Being in the Marine Corps, I don't get to see as many movies as I'd like to, but this pictorial essay brings me right up to date.

Richard Harenberg
Jacksonville, North Carolina

The one thing I've waited to see in PLAYBOY in 1979 has finally appeared: a full-page picture of Laura Antonelli on the first page of your *Sex Stars of 1979* pictorial. It's well worth the wait. Thank you.

Damian Begley
Staten Island, New York

GILMORE'S END

My husband receives PLAYBOY monthly through the mail. Ordinarily, I take it out of the mailbox, put it on his desk and forget about it; but when he told me about Norman Mailer's article *The Executioner's Song*, he made a big mistake. After I read the first installment, I

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couldn't wait for the next two. Instead of telling him PLAYBOY was here, I would hide it till I had finished each chapter. The whole magazine still does not interest me, probably through envy, but I will surely look the contents pages over each month. Congratulations to Mailer for an article well done.

Mrs. Luther Moede
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thank you for Norman Mailer's excellent story on Gary Gilmore. It confirms everything I believed about Gilmore and more. Namely, shooting him was right, our jails do not rehabilitate, and there are people in this world who would probably embrace a cobra. Until our courts hand out sentences of life in prison that categorically and literally *mean* life without parole, then I say line the vermin like Gilmore up and shoot!

Jimmy Darsey
Hinesville, Georgia

Having read Norman Mailer's fascinating, if somewhat overblown, account of Gary Gilmore's adventures, I must conclude that if anybody deserved to die at the hands of an executioner, it was Gilmore. The world may even be infinitely better off without his being in it. But the point I'd like to make is that nobody deserves to be murdered by the state. Capital punishment's resurrection in this nation is a step backward toward the Middle Ages and no amount of argument from its proponents can alter its status as a cold-blooded, primitive form of revenge leveled mainly at the proletarians, who are themselves victims of our society.

Fred L. Shaw, Jr.
El Granada, California

BUN WARMER

Being an admirer of Oriental philosophy, I read with interest "The Serpent Strikes Again" in *Playboy's New Age Primer* (PLAYBOY, December). I always wondered why I found it so exciting to carry a good full wallet in my hip pocket.

Steve Branam
Evanston, Illinois

Just don't spend your whole wad in one place, Steve.

THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG

Lawrence Linderman's *A Bonehead Course in N.F.L. Betting* (PLAYBOY, December) is brilliant. The knowledge contained therein will make any person with good insight into the game of football an instant winner. With the same knowledge, I have been making big bucks betting each week. My only regret in reading Linderman's witty piece is the fact that he popped the cork in my champagne bottle by letting the whole world in on the secrets. If his words spread too far, I'll never be able to get a good bet again, and I'll bet on that!

Mark Axel
Belle Glade, Florida

SILVERSTEIN'S A *WINNER*

I really enjoyed reading Shel Silverstein's *The Winner* (PLAYBOY, December). I may be wrong, but I think a shorter version of this verse can be found on an album titled *Lullabies, Legends and Lies*, by Bobby Bare. I thought old Bob wrote the song. What's the story, and why have you waited so long to publish Shel's version?

Phillip McCrack
Birmingham, Alabama

Shel Silverstein's *The Winner* is sure to be a classic; however, after reading it, I was left with a question of originality. There is a country-and-western record, released a few years ago, I believe by Johnny Paycheck, with the same title. Silverstein's verse and the record parallel each other too closely for both to be originals. Is *The Winner* a Silverstein original or did he expound on another's work?

Donald E. Ripley, Jr.
Alexandria, Virginia

The song, the poem and, we're beginning to think, everything else in the world were written by Shel Silverstein.

STRETCHING THE TRUTH

The Great Comic Heroes Trivia Quiz in your December issue is really good. Unlike many other trivia quizzes I've seen, this one is a real challenge. I would like to take issue with one of the answers in the "Heroes by Any Other Name" section. The question concerning Jimmy Olsen's alter superhero identity of Elastic Lad is true. At times, however, he also appeared as Flamebird with Superman and as Nightwing when they visited the city of Kandor, which had been shrunk and kept in Superman's Fortress of Solitude. It would be great to see more trivia quizzes like this; keep up the good work.

Bill Muret
Manhattan, Kansas

Under "Handicapped Parking," item four, you give the Doll Man's height as five inches. However, when I go through my back issues, I see that he was actually 18 inches tall. I understand the problem—I know a lot of guys who are trying to tell people that five inches is 18, so maybe author David A. Fryxell got crossed up.

Joe Celko
Atlanta, Georgia

It seems that he did, Joe. On the other hand, since the actual question is, "How short was Doll Man?" he may have been 18 inches tall and five inches short. Now, that's a handicap.

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

LESS FILLING, PAY'S GREAT

One picture may be worth 10,000 words, but if you're James Coburn, one word can be worth $250,000. The actor just made it into the *Guinness Book of World Records* under the heading of largest TV contract per syllable in history. Coburn was paid $500,000 to say two words, "Schlitz Light," in a TV commercial. On an unrelated front, the estranged Mrs. Coburn is attempting to match her hubby's feat, garnering an equally substantial sum with only one word: "Alimony." Sometimes it pays to keep your mouth shut, eh, Jim?

HIT AND PUN

It pays to advertise. At least that's what the Maine Highway Safety Committee thought until recently. The council figured it had come up with the perfect slogan to alert parents to the fact that many children are injured annually in auto accidents just because their seat belts aren't snapped shut. Advertisements featuring this new slogan were sent to about 45 newspapers by James McLean, special-services director of the state's department of transportation. Suddenly, however, he called off the campaign, yanking the ads and deep-sixing the slogan.

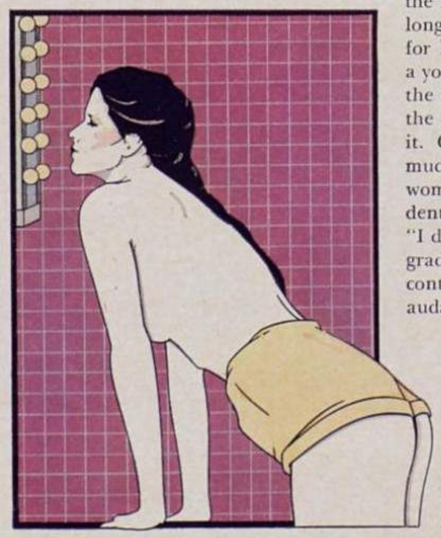
"The idea seemed catchy at first," he now explains, "but when we really got thinking about it, we decided it was in bad taste." The questionable slogan the council devised for the child-safety campaign was: "Have you belted your kids today?" Not exactly a smashing success.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE BLUES

Another myth down the tubes. In Kotka, Finland, not only doesn't music have enough charm to soothe the savage breast but a group of young musicians have actually been barred from rehearsing in a room at a slaughterhouse because their music has lowered the quality of the meat. The slaughterhouse manager figures that the animals need a restful last night and that the music causes stress, making the finished product a wee bit too tough. So the next time you're in an expensive restaurant and you're having a hard time cutting that steak, don't blame the chef, blame it on the drums.

NOT MY SIN, COMRADE

French and American perfume makers, beware: The Russians are coming! The Commie perfumes aren't designed to compete with their American and European counterparts in terms of sexiness. But they stand out because of such patriotic names as Red Moscow, Leningrad and Red Poppy. Yet another eye-catching aspect is the distinctly Russian packaging. The towers of the Kremlin grace bottles of perfume of the same name. The Russian bear forms the stopper of a unisex cologne called Northern Ice. And word of mouth has it that this influx is only the beginning. Other scents supposedly on the way include Crime and Punishment (the Soviet equivalent of My Sin, with Peter Lorre's face on the label), Gulag at Midnight (the aroma of liquefied hair shirts in a bottle that's big enough for breast-beating), Anna Karenina (splash it on and inhale the fragrance of burning train brakes) and The Nihilist (a fragrance you won't believe).



CRASH-COURSE UPDATE

In our June 1979 issue, we told you about Rozanne Weissman, a teacher at Washington's Open University who offers courses in social climbing—in layman's terms, party crashing. When not teaching, however, Weissman works for the National Education Association. Not long ago, she arranged a cocktail party for NEA. During the event, she noticed a young woman making her way through the crowd. She thought she recognized the guest's face but couldn't quite place it. Cornering the girl, she discovered, much to her chagrin, that the mystery woman was one of her former students—crashing her ex-teacher's party. "I did just what you told me," the honor grad grinned. "I'm making wonderful contacts here." How about an A for audacity, teach?

GIVE US YOUR HUNGRY

A reporter for the New York *Daily News* discovered that in certain restaurants in Manhattan you don't get what you pay for. Checking out a tip, reporter Donald Singleton entered Whitney's Coffee Shop on Madison Avenue and found that there

were two menus in circulation. Both listed the same food but had different prices. A business executive on his way to work could order breakfast number one—fruit juice, two eggs and toast or French toast, served with bacon, ham or sausages, home fries and coffee—for $2.65. A tourist entering the premises, camera slung around the neck, would be given a second menu on which the same eats would tally up at $3.10. The menus were color-coded: yellow for the residents, pink for the out-of-towners. Proprietor David Meyers defended the practice by saying, "Did you ever try to buy that same meal in Denmark or France?"

The day after Singleton's story appeared, the coffee shop was visited by a member of the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs.

COMMUNITY RELATIONS 101

For anyone who sincerely believes that oil companies are the targets of unwarranted criticism, here's a nifty example of thoughtfulness. In Big Piney, Wyoming, a Mobil oil field emits a good deal of hydrogen sulphide, a gas that smells like rotten eggs, quite frequently blanketing the community in clouds of stench. When two local families complained to the company that the stink was ruining their lives, the kind people at Mobil sent each family member a 35-pound gas mask and a bottle containing a 30-minute supply of oxygen.

SHIFTING SANDS, SHIFTING GEARS

Madison Avenue has finally made its way to Saudi Arabia. The Saudi consumers are currently being exposed to the first and most expensive Western ad campaign ever to hit their country: a $4,000,000 media blitz hawking Toyota cars and featuring Muhammad Ali as official pitchman. Toyota's ad agency, Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, decided not to use U. S. hard sell in its sloganeering. Knowing that the Saudis would be turned off by excessive glitz, the boys at D.F.S. figured that "the most readily acceptable and effective" approach would be to adapt some popular and ancient Arab proverbs into Toyota's sales themes. Thus can Ali now be seen on billboards across the country uttering such exceedingly catchy lines as "Choose your companion before the road . . . Toyota" and "Whatever your heart desires, Toyota delivers." We're not sure, but we think the entire campaign is based loosely on Sabu's dialog in *The Thief of Baghdad*.

TOO HOT TO HANDLE

Indian newspapers are instituting a major crackdown on a small but determined group of husbands who, seeking to marry a second time, burn their first wives to death. Intones the *Indian Express*: "Three hundred and fifty women were burned to death in Delhi in 1975 and 200 in 1978. Until women acquire importance as a voting group, a woman can be roasted alive every day of the year, as almost happened in Delhi in 1975, and our vegetarian society will not turn a hair!"

CHECKING IN

Through his music, **Tom Waits** *immortalizes the night people: the down-and-outers, the diner divas, the gutter grandees. His gnarled, whiskey-soaked style is unforgettable—he has enough gravel in his voice to redo a driveway. We asked free-lancer Michael Schumacher to talk with him on the occasion of his new album, "On Heartattack and Vine."*

PLAYBOY: What sort of thing do you read these days?

WAITS: The sports page is about all I've got time for. The last thing I read was Hubert Selby, Jr.'s *Requiem for a Dream*. It was a rather disturbing thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you have traditional American values?

WAITS: I guess. I think it's something you stumble on when you reach 29, when you're trying to get from 29 to 30. I went through a period when I wanted to settle down with a refrigerator and a stove and barbecue. I found myself in this Ozzie and Harriet kind of scene.

PLAYBOY: What kept you from getting into it?

WAITS: I don't know. I have a couple of characters inside me who always seem to be going at each other's throats. I've got this John Q. Public and I've got this other guy named Montclair DeHaviland, and they're constantly jockeying for position.

PLAYBOY: You spend a lot of time in greasy spoons. Do you find eating an occupational hazard?

WAITS: When you're on the road, you get hungry around four o'clock in the morning and you start pumpin' the candy machine. Then someone says, "There's a place open about seven miles from here. . . ." You go down and get a fillet o' muscular dystrophy.

PLAYBOY: Are you a big tipper?

WAITS: It depends on the service and my vested interest. I'm usually a very good customer. I find that even if I get a bad meal, I get some kind of entertainment value out of it.

PLAYBOY: What kind of entertainment?

WAITS: I find eating rather amusing. I think it's peculiar that we've turned it into a social thing. I frankly don't enjoy eating in public. Eating is not something that blows my skirt up.

PLAYBOY: Who does your clothes?

WAITS: Walt Disney. I used to wear the same black suit for three months. I got a lot of complaints from the crew. They wanted me to have my own bus.

PLAYBOY: We notice you have some tattoos. Do you think they're coming back?

WAITS: I never thought they left. I've got tattoos that I've got on the road. They kind of remind you of the different cities you've been in.

PLAYBOY: Like stickers on a suitcase?

WAITS: In a way, like flames on your car.

PLAYBOY: What kind of music are you listening to?

WAITS: I've got a recording of the 1959 Grand Prix at Sebring, complete with pit stops. It's real fascinating.

PLAYBOY: How would you characterize your girlfriend Rickie Lee Jones's music?

WAITS: She's very urban, very imaginative. She's got a lot of balls for a woman. It's difficult to come from complete obscurity to national attention. It's hard to swallow, because the machinery of the music industry seems to be able to create that phenomenon for just about anybody. So what happens to a lot of artists is that they start to doubt their own integrity. The opposite of what you think would happen happens: "Yesterday I was working in a small toilet, and now I'm playing at Carnegie Hall. Is that because I'm so inventive or because the music industry has sunk $7,000,000 behind me?" You have to be strong in the face of all that enthusiasm. Rickie Lee is.

PLAYBOY: Do you spend a lot of time out at night?

WAITS: Yeah, I sleep with one eye open.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in vampires?

WAITS: No, but I believe in highway patrolmen.

PLAYBOY: What do you think you'll be like when you're an old man?

WAITS: I'll probably be your real irritable son of a bitch. It seems like I've got the whole thing reversed. When I was 21, I couldn't wait to get to 40. And now that I'm 29, I seem to be trying to become younger. As I stand poised here on the threshold of 30, I seem to be going backward.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the youth of today?

WAITS: They seem to be saying yes a lot more than when I was a kid. I used to spend a year trying to get in a car with a girl. Now you offer them a cigarette. . . .

PLAYBOY: If you were the Playboy

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The fact is, much of the hi-fi equipment made today is based on technology developed at the audio labs of Sony.

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Unlike our competitors, we didn't just make a few improvements in an ordinary receiver and call it "new."

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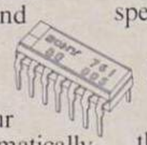
Instead of using the same basic tuning mechanism that's been found in radios since the days of Marconi, the new V55 uses microprocessor tuning to insure crisp, clear, perfect sound. We call this "quartz frequency synthesized tuning." It's totally computerized. So there are no strings, pulleys, flywheels, or other mechanical paraphernalia that can wear out and become less accurate as the years go by.



Equally innovative is a memory feature that lets you preselect up to eight AM or FM stations for instant push-button tuning. Use our exclusive "memory scan" device and you automatically hear 3.5 seconds of each. And there's a three-position muting level switch that enables you to hear only the stations you want to hear—and never the noise in between.

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Even the most sophisticated ear would have quite a difficult time hearing any distortion in the new Sony V55 receiver. That's because, statistically, the V55 puts out 55 watts per channel from 20 to 20,000 hertz with less than 0.02% total harmonic distortion.

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Or about our switches that allow you to record automatically from one tape deck to another—without spending half your time rearranging wires.

Or about our special low filter device that lets you remove subsonic noise from your records without removing music.

Or about how the V55 is the one state-of-the-art receiver that won't require you to get a second mortgage to purchase it. And we at Sony confidently state it's by far the best investment you can make in hi-fi this year.

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THE SECRET LIFE OF POLITICS

an insider's guide to bizarre acts of congress and capitol offenses

THE BOTTOM LINE

"In Washington," society writer Nancy Collins once remarked, "getting laid is considered kinky sex."

NOT GETTING ANY LATELY

When Barbara Walters asked him about Capitol Hill sex, retiring Senator James Abourezk said, "All I know is what I read in the papers. As for myself, the major reason I left the Senate is because I never scored once in all the time I've been here."

FUNNIEST CONGRESSMAN

After coming in second in several Presidential primaries in 1976, Representative Morris Udall said, "I challenge this idea that you have to be first any number of times. I'd like to be first, but I remind you that even George Washington, founder of our country, married a widow."

LUCKIEST PHILANDERER EVER TO BECOME A SENATOR

As a married Congressman from Michigan in 1969, Democrat Don Riegle had an affair with a woman on his staff who tape-recorded their intimate phone conversations so she could listen to his voice when they were apart. Sample conversation: "I . . . I . . . God, I feel such super love for you. By the way, the newsletter should start arriving." Seven years later, on the eve of Riegle's election to the Senate from Michigan, the tapes surfaced. Some political observers attributed his narrow win at the polls to the lurid newspaper articles about his affair.

BEST INSULT FROM A CONGRESSMAN TO A MUCKRAKER

Representative Larry McDonald's archenemy, columnist Jack Anderson, received from Turkey a postcard from the Congressman, featuring a color photograph of one of Istanbul's prime examples of phallic sculpture. "Dear Jack," wrote the Georgia Democrat on the back of the card with the oversized prick, "we're here in Istanbul on one of 'your Congressional junkets' and seeing this card, we all thought of you."

DEPARTMENT OF SYMBOLS

To show voters what an open office he intended to run, Senator Dick Stone had his Senate office door removed.

THE FRITO BANDITO PRIZE

Representative Charles Bennett was asked what he thought about the charge that a colleague, Representative Edward Roybal, was reprimanded for accepting money from Korean interests only because he was Hispanic. Bennett said he didn't even know Roybal was Hispanic until the House debate. "It was hard for me to believe that he was a Mexican," Bennett said. "I thought Mexicans were short with mustaches."

PLEASE TO SMASH YOU IN THE FACE

When he was living in high style as a rice broker and generous friend to Congressmen, South Korea's Tongsun Park dated socialite Tandy Dickinson regularly. After he'd left the United States, she revealed he often beat her.

SOME SAY SHE DID

Helen Rafshoon, 75-year-old Atlanta resident, confided that marital problems when she was young almost convinced her to have an abortion rather than go through with having a second son, Gerald, who grew up to be Jimmy Carter's media advisor.

DID YOU BREAK YOUR FINGER OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?

Presidential advisor Robert Strauss and ABC White House correspondent Sam Donaldson play a little game: Each tries to find new ways of giving the other the finger in public without anyone else's noticing. —RUDY MAXA

Advisor, what sort of advice would you give the sophisticated American male? WAITS: I don't know. I'd have to think about that. . . . I used to read *The Playboy Advisor*. In fact, the first girl I ever fell in love with was, like, the February 1959 centerfold. She was a blonde, in a red fish net, with just enough tit showing to drive you crazy. I used to jack off in my tree house to her. Oh, man, we were so close.

DUMMY UP

As long as human cloning remains just a gleam in a mad scientist's eye, you may want to settle for a customized dummy to reproduce you and yours. Brian Hamilton is a 20-year-old Chicagoan who designs ventriloquists' dummies so lifelike and elaborate that they might put words into your mouth.

"I can put just about anything into a dummy," boasts Hamilton. "I put in a mouth, an upper lip so it can smile, eyes that roll up and down and around, crossing eyes, closing eyes, a drunk effect where they close halfway, raising eyebrows, a wiggling nose, a light-up nose, light-up cheeks that blush, a big obscene stick-out tongue, a fright wig that stands on end. To do it, I need three pictures—full face, three-quarter view, profile. I need to know skin complexion and hair color and style. I usually make my own wigs and then have professionals style them for me. A basic dummy—fiberglass face, fiberglass body, universal joint in the neck, mouth, upper lip, eyes—runs $650. That's stripped. Loaded can run much higher.

"The weirdest effect I've been asked to invent was for a man who, at the end of his act, has the dummy tell a string of really rotten jokes. The dummy says, 'You didn't like the jokes? Well, piss on you!' And his little pecker sticks out and squirts water all over the audience. I wouldn't do it. There are a few places where I draw the line, and that's one."

Hamilton, who has practiced ventriloquism, thinks that the art is currently enjoying a cyclical comeback but does not believe in *Magic*. "It did practically nothing for ventriloquism. If anything, it was going to get us all run out of the country. I think people are finally tired of the crazy-ventriloquist business. Ventriloquism is on the way up because people like to root for the little guy, no matter how obnoxious he is. He's saying things they wish they could say but don't have the nerve to."

•

"Do you possess the necessary mannerisms and ability to become a successful executive?" asks an ad for an Ottawa, Ontario, K Mart, going on to stipulate some pretty stiff mannerisms: "Compatibility with people . . . willingness to relocate . . . front-line determination . . . minimum grade two education."

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Erin Go Natural Sweepstakes
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2. Sweepstakes ends March 31, 1980. All entries must be received by April 6, 1980. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Winners will be determined by random drawing from among all entries received. Random drawings will be under the supervision of Spotts International, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this offer.
3. This Sweepstakes is open to residents of the United States who are of legal drinking age in their state at the time of entry, except employees and their families of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., their distributors, their affiliates, their subsidiaries, their advertising agencies, Promotion Resource, Inc., Spotts International, all retailer licensees, and the families of each. Offer void in Missouri, California, Michigan and wherever prohibited by law. Void via retail store participation in the State of Maryland.
4. All entries received will be entered into the Sweepstakes.
5. No substitution for prizes will be permitted. Taxes on prizes are the responsibility of the prize winner.
6. Odds of winning will be determined by number of entries.
7. For a list of major prize winners, send a separate self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

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P.O. Box 8269, St. Paul, MN 55182

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

You must be of legal drinking age at time of entry.

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Quasi autobiography is the game afoot in a couple of major films, and Bob Fosse's flashy, phantasmagorical ***All That Jazz*** depicts his world as one of musical beds (for inside glimpses of both the film and Fosse, see the pictorial on page 174). Visually, the movie's a knockout, and I don't believe it can be entirely coincidental that the cinematographer Fosse chose to use was Giuseppe Rotunno, a longtime associate of Federico Fellini—though Rotunno did *not* shoot *8½*, the masterwork to which *All That Jazz* will most likely be compared. The difference between the two—which favors Fellini, as Fosse would be the first to acknowledge—happens to be the difference between being genuinely great and merely damned good. But Fosse's work is nevertheless risky, imaginative, wildly original, deeply personal and almost ruthlessly honest as a self-portrait of the artist as a not-so-young son of a bitch. Flouncing around backstage near the beginning of *All That Jazz*, a couple of chorus dancers at an audition sum up the film's attitude toward the famous director-choreographer under scrutiny. "Fuck him, he never picks me," one complains. To which her chum replies: "Honey, I *did* fuck him, and he never picks me, either."

Accept Fosse on his own turf as a superb showman trying to extend himself considerably, and the rest looks like a vibrant, seedy showbiz saga in the *Pal Joey* tradition. Roy Scheider plays the hero, Joe Gideon, a talented rat who's consumed by self-doubt and a kind of sexual overdrive, though he learns something about life between his first heart attack and his extraordinary death scene—when he's more or less belted into eternity by Scheider, Ben Vereen, dancer Ann Reinking and full orchestra, after a line of Ziegfeld-style beauties has danced him up to heaven's door. I'm not sure that Fosse actually gets away with all those excesses. *Jazz* must be one of the most hyperkinetic movies of our time, put together as if its biorhythms were in spasm. Scheider's sharply focused performance seems to tap that energy, however, while Reinking, Leland Palmer, Erzsebet Foldi, Jessica Lange, Deborah Geffner, Sandahl Bergman and Cliff Gorman (as the star of a film within a film that looks a lot like Fosse's *Lenny*) take turns in the spotlight as some of his lively friends and *femmes*, real or imagined. Although his subject is grim, Fosse flicks the blues away with finger-snapping humor, and I have a hunch that he doesn't know *how* to be dull. There are showstopper scenes to spare. Even so, if you go to *All That Jazz* expecting a typical hip-swiveling Fosse musical, you may feel you've been slapped in the face with a gaudy spangled shroud. ¥¥¥

Scheider in *Jazz* sandwich.

Fosse's *Jazz*: hyperkinetic honesty. Martin manic in *Jerk*, Sellers funny just *Being There*.

Martin and Peters jerking around.

•

Neil Simon's ***Chapter Two*** was an atypical Broadway hit based on the playwright's own relationship with actress Marsha Mason, whom he met and married while still mourning the death of his first wife. In the movie, directed by Robert Moore and freely adapted by Simon, Mason herself plays the role she did not feel emotionally ready to tackle onstage. She looks more than ready now, and *Chapter Two* is saved from rather bland predictability by her warm, glowing and glorious performance in a part that she somehow makes bigger than the story containing it. Of course, all the other characters are uniform Simon-says types who mostly talk the way Simon writes, though James Caan, as the novelist-widower, and Joseph Bologna, as his brother the press agent, underplay very well, indeed, while TV's Valerie Harper does the wisecracking-girlfriend number—looking so bone-thin that I kept wishing the poor girl would stop the chatter and try to eat a little something. Mason has the show handed to her wrapped in bright-red ribbons, and it's hard to imagine any actress' husband dreaming up a nicer valentine. ¥¥¥

•

Halfway through ***The Jerk,*** Steve Martin's identity as a screen comedian begins to jell—behind all the bouncy boyish innocence, he is a depraved, retarded Andy Hardy who has been taught to perform simple tasks. Screwing, for instance. "This is like a ride!" he chortles while first utilizing the organ that his momma taught him to call his Special Purpose. In his wild and totally wacky feature-film debut, Martin's Jerk also learns to tell shit from Shinola. That important lesson comes from his old dad, a Negro sharecropper. How's that? Martin explains, sort of, in a prolog: "It was never easy for me . . . I was born a poor black child." That's just for starters. Then flash back to a cabin in the cotton where this rags-to-riches spoof takes off like a Horatio Alger story rewritten as graffiti. Martin wrote it, with Carl Gottlieb and Michael Elias, and it was directed by Carl Reiner, though *The Jerk* often looks like a wild and crazy improvisation. Some of the jokes are god-awful, and only a confirmed Martin addict will sit through to the end without wincing. To say that Steve overacts is probably like saying that rain gets things wet, since outrageous comic overkill is partly what he's all about. Even so, he needs to temper his style, curb his energy. Give him time. *The Jerk* may be comparable to early Woody Allen, yet Woody would never have settled for a love-song lyric as gross and obvious as "I'm picking out a Thermos for you . . . a rear-end thermometer, too." Bernadette Peters (Martin's offscreen lady), as a girl who plays trumpet when she's feeling tender, and Catlin Adams, as a punk motorcyclist who teaches him about sex, are Martin's paramours. They're OK, both holding their own in the fast company of a guy who nearly always seems to be up on the high wire, working without a net. ¥¥

•

The movies this month seem to be full of surprises. Peter Sellers in ***Being There*** bears little resemblance to the Sellers of the *Pink Panther* comedies. Although he undoubtedly gets more belly laughs as Inspector Clouseau, he's subtler and, in some respects, even funnier as a

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Winston Lights didn't compromise

on great taste to get low tar. Why should I?

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston Lights taste good like a light cigarette should.

gardener named Chance, an illiterate recluse who becomes a Washington gray eminence in the Kissinger manner—though he knows absolutely nothing except what he has learned from watching his garden grow. Or from watching TV: He appears to be fond of game shows, and Washington, of course, is the biggest game board around. Chance's economic and political philosophy consists entirely of platitudes. Re any idea, he remarks blandly: "Water it . . . fertilize it . . . as long as the roots are not severed, all will be well." Armed with such clichés and an enigmatic smile, Chance wins renown as a new American prophet. The President (Jack Warden), a powerful financier (Melvyn Douglas) and the financier's bored wife (Shirley MacLaine) are his sponsors. Crisply directed by Hal (*Coming Home*) Ashby and adapted by Jerzy Kosinski from his 1972 novel, *Being There* is sly, hilarious, probably a shade too intelligent for its own good at the box office. Sellers' performance, totally controlled and low-key, counts as his best since *Dr. Strangelove*. Some of the comedy seems equally surreal, certainly in Sellers' bizarre summit conferences with Douglas (as always, a fantastic actor) or in his oddball love scenes with MacLaine, terrific as a lady whose headlong passion cannot be turned off just because her partner's attention is glued to TV. ¥¥¥

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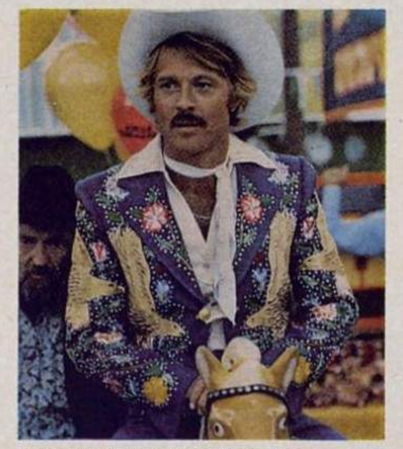
The way things looked in Havana in 1959 is the whole point of Richard Lester's ***Cuba***. Lester has worked with cinematographer David Watkin to create a rich tapestry of a particular place and time—those Christmas weeks in Cuba at the dawn of the Castro era, when Batista's power was petering out. While Vegas-style showgirls and a Hollywood stripper named Miss Wonderley give the old regime one last shake in the big tourist hotels, bearded rebels in fatigues mingle with drunken U. S. sailors, CIA men, gamblers, whores and hustlers trying to get what they can before the shit hits all those slowly turning fans. For me, the best shot in *Cuba* is of two white grand pianos being rolled majestically out to the plane that will carry Batista and his entourage to safety.

Let's not forget Sean Connery, who happens to be the star of the movie, though he doesn't have a hell of a lot to do. Sean arrives in Havana as a top mercenary soldier, hired by a Cuban general (Martin Balsam) to ambush and kill Castro. So much for that; his Cuban mission is obviously too little too late. So he spends the rest of the time watching history being made and incidentally renewing acquaintance with a mysterious beauty he knew in Africa 15 years previously. Brooke Adams plays the girl, now married into a wealthy Cuban family and operating its tobacco factory while her wastrel husband (Chris Sarandon) defiantly flaunts his privileges on the eve of revolution. The chemistry between Connery and Adams is, unfortunately, nil. I was more moved by the departure of Batista's pianos. ¥¥

•

Director Sydney Pollack's ***The Electric Horseman*** offers Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Valerie Perrine, country-music star Willie Nelson and a thoroughbred named Let's Merge in an easy-does-it romantic comedy that there is no earthly reason to resist. Together for the first time since *Barefoot in the Park*, Redford and Fonda combine good stellar



Redford's high-voltage *Horseman*.

chemistry with the kind of environmentally uplifting, morally sound story they can both endorse without a qualm: commercial but not crass. Seeing Fonda as yet another TV newswoman is not my idea of wild excitement, but Redford has his best role in years as the subject of Fonda's exclusive story—a drunken former rodeo champion, up to his ears in booze and bullshit and finally reduced to promoting breakfast cereal during a sales convention at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas. In a sudden fit of righteous fervor, the cowboy lights up his ludicrous electric suit and gallops into the wilderness with a triple-crown horse worth millions of dollars to the corporate conglomerate that owns them both. By freeing the stallion, of course, he means to free himself. *Horseman*'s screenplay simply rides over troublesome details about the hero's drinking problem and his divorced wife (Valerie). Following his sudden urge to resume the simple life, there's no further mention of his house in Malibu, either; but the movie's over-all mood is so amiable that its lapses are hardly noticeable. Also, it's nice to report that Nelson's acting appears as effortless as his singing style; he plays Redford's wry manager–side-kick quite effectively in a pleasantly relaxed show—this 'un an updated version of one of those cowboy-meets-a-lady tales of long, long ago. ¥¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films: by bruce williamson

All That Jazz Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥¥

The American Success Company This weird but oddly winsome caper comedy with Jeff Bridges and Belinda Bauer introduces Bianca Jagger as a bored hooker. OK, we're hooked. ¥¥

. . . And Justice for All Al Pacino in his annual Oscar bid, and earning it, as an idealistic Baltimore lawyer. ¥¥¥

Apocalypse Now Francis Coppola's antiwar epic is psychedelic, episodic, brilliant when Robert Duvall is on-screen but loses luster when hero Martin Sheen has to share the spotlight with Brando. ¥¥¥

Being There Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥¥

Chapter Two Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥¥

Cuba Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

The Electric Horseman Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥¥

The Great Santini The home life of a Marine fighter pilot who has problems with his son, played to perfection by Robert Duvall as if he were on furlough from *Apocalypse*. ¥¥¥

Heart Beat With John Heard as writer Jack Kerouac, Nick Nolte as the drifter pal who inspired *On the Road*, Sissy Spacek as the bird between. Nolte makes it work. ¥¥¥

The Jerk Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

Kramer vs. Kramer Supposedly arguing about child custody, Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep turn this emotionally supercharged battle of the sexes into The Great Debate. ¥¥¥

La Cage aux Folles A pair of fairy queens (Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi) play Cupid in a broad French comedy that has a lot of good clean fun with faggotry. ¥¥¥¥

Luna Mother love substituted for methadone, according to Bernardo Bertolucci. As an American opera star, Jill Clayburgh is totally miscast—rather like Annie Hall on a Verdi trip. ¥¥

The Rose Any resemblance to the late Janis Joplin is largely irrelevant. Bette Midler not only steals the show, she swallows it whole. ¥¥¥

Starting Over Clayburgh redeems herself vying with Candice Bergen for Burt Reynolds, the *macho* man they both want. All three hang loose in this wry, romantic comedy. ¥¥¥¥

"10" Yet another love triangle has Dudley Moore cornered and making a hilarious mess of his sensible relationship with Julie Andrews, his passion for dream girl Bo Derek. ¥¥¥

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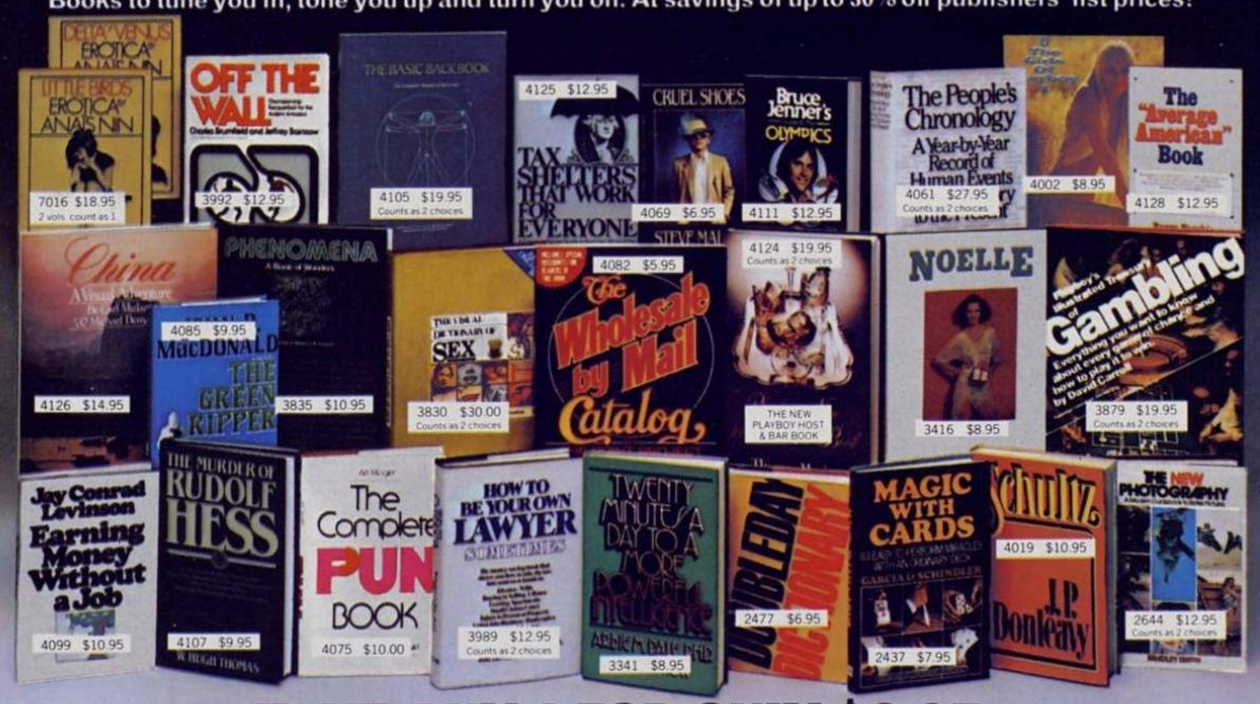

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Consumer Orientation

No. 4 in a Series
of Technical Papers

4

Subject:
Body Longevity.
The Cathodic Rust Protection
of Zinc.

Porsche 924

Porsche + Audi
Nothing
Even Comes
Close

Paint alone is no protection against rust. Moisture—and other corrosive elements—can attack metal through pinholes on a painted surface. Unchecked, rust can expand, mar the finish, and weaken an ordinary steel body. And so, in addition to a 4-step paint process, the Porsche 924, like all Porsches, is protected by a hot dip galvanizing process.

All of the sheet steel used in the Porsche 924 is hot dip galvanized—on both sides—in a zinc bath. This produces a zinc oxide that actually *grows* into any damaged portion of the paint skin—plugging pinholes and preventing further corrosion.

The manufacturing process itself is extremely expensive. It was selected by Porsche to help fulfill an important objective: to make the 924 a sports car that not only is fun to drive today, but also will be a pleasure to own in years to come. So with the introduction of the 1980 model year, Porsche warrants the entire lower body shell against rust perforation for 6 years.*

*Porsche + Audi warrants that Porsche vehicles are free from rust perforation for the duration of 6 years. If rust perforation develops under normal use and service and the vehicle has been maintained in accordance with manufacturer's requirements, any Porsche + Audi authorized dealer will replace or repair the defective parts free of charge. For more information, call toll free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

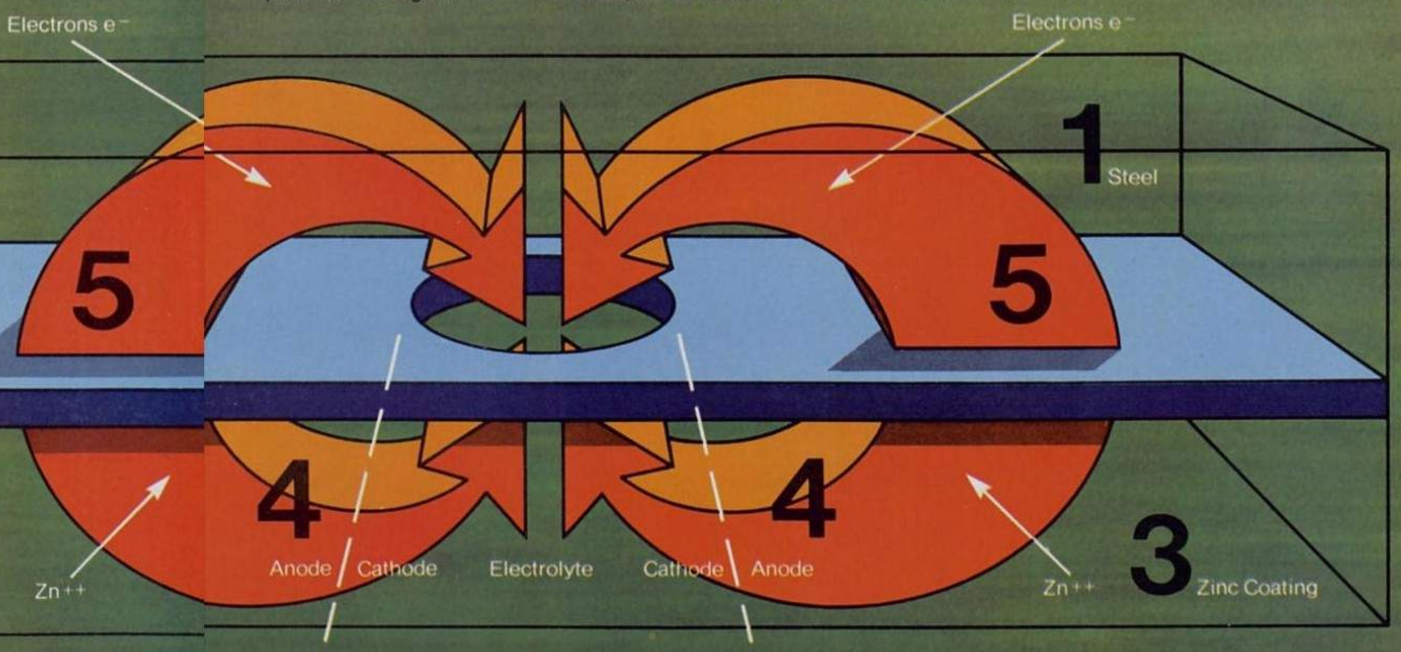
1. The Porsche 924's sheet steel is drawn through a 500°C liquid zinc bath.

2. The high temperature causes the zinc to diffuse into the steel, creating an iron-zinc fusion layer.

3. When the galvanized sheet is taken out of the bath, a pure zinc protective coating forms on the fusion layer. If the zinc coating is damaged so that the steel is exposed, and if moisture contacts the damaged spot, the moisture acts as an electrolyte, producing a local galvanic element.

4. Between iron and zinc, there is a voltage potential of approximately 0.3 volts. Because zinc has a negative potential, it becomes the anode.

5. The result is an ion migration from zinc to iron, neutralizing the exposed steel surface. The zinc sacrifices itself to the steel and protects the damaged spot against iron rust. The process is called the cathodic rust protection of zinc.



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Many pass judgment on an imported gin before trying all three.
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The gentle gin
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But, rather than invest in an entire bottle, order your next drink made with Bombay.
Judge for yourself.
If you still prefer another, what have you lost? But if you favor Bombay, think what you might have lost.

TRAVEL

Birnbaum's Second Travel Law states: The next-best thing to being born rich is to travel as though you were. And just between us non-Rockefellers, the very best way to accomplish that is to forget the old idea that traveling automatically requires checking into a conventional hotel or motel.

Hotel luxury is most easily measured in terms of physical space, and the consummate hotel accommodation is a multiroom suite—the bigger the better. But mere mortals seldom have the opportunity—or the cash—to enjoy all that opulence.

That is, all but the smartest travelers, more and more of whom are learning that there are a horde of extraordinary accommodations that provide a spectacular alternative to conventional hotel rooms—at virtually the same (or sometimes even less) cost. It's just a matter of finding out where they are and who is in the business of renting them.

By far the most accessible of such alternative accommodations are the nearly ubiquitous resort condominiums that fill the landscape around the most popular vacation areas. Their owners often occupy these lush leisure quarters for only a few weeks each year, placing them in rental pools during the remainder of the year. As a matter of fact, it's now quite common for a couple of couples to travel in tandem and set up headquarters in a two-bedroom apartment, fully furnished by its owner, with kitchen, living room, porch or patio, daily maid service and with everything in place from silverware to stereo. Prices vary, but the per-person charge is surprisingly reasonable for this level of luxury—and you save even more by being able to cook your own meals, particularly breakfast and lunch.

I should hasten to point out that renting a resort condo for a shortish holiday is in no way related to time sharing, in which developers sell participations in condos for short, fixed periods. That's all right if you want to occupy a specific apartment for the same week or two for eternity, but as for me, I can't imagine anything more boring.

Rental condos dot prime locations in familiar sun-and-seaside areas of the Southern U. S.—from the coasts of the Carolinas and Florida through sumptuous Scottsdale, Arizona, and the rest of the not-so-rugged Southwestern desert to West Coast hideaways from San Diego to Sonoma—then on to similarly enticing digs at the foot of America's most popular ski slopes.

If those domestic aeries seem enticing, their international counterparts are even more alluring. The Caribbean islands, Mexico and Hawaii are crammed with

Fancy hotels will do, of course, but why not try out alternative accommodations—say condos or houseboats—for bargain luxury?

available apartments, some of which can take your breath away. On the island of Maui alone, there are at least two enclaves where condos that have cost their owners as much as half a million dollars a copy are available for rent by far less affluent folks at $50–$75 per person per day. Farther afield, Spain's Costa Brava and Costa del Sol are also chockablock with places to stash your gear that make the nearby hotels pale by comparison.

Nor are condominium rentals the whole story. On the island of St. Martin, for example, the most beautiful beach is probably the one on which stands the lush La Samanna Hotel. Yet the real heavy hitters know that the best way to gain access to this unique strand of sand is to rent one of several houses strung out along the beach-front crescent. When the house-rental costs are divided by the number of potential occupants, prices for even these opulent quarters are surprisingly reasonable—$1200 to $1500 per week for a three-bedroom, three-bath home that will easily house six, for example, and that's in the high season. From April 15 to December 15, rates are 40 percent lower.

Similarly, islands such as Jamaica boast private houses and villas aplenty, fully furnished and rented for a fee that usually includes the services of a maid, a gardener and various other serving folk. They make your stay as comfortable and toil-free as the law allows, and it's not too shabby to slip each morning from your own bedroom into your own private pool. Such an upper-crust atmosphere can quickly turn an otherwise ordinary island vacation into something spectacularly special.

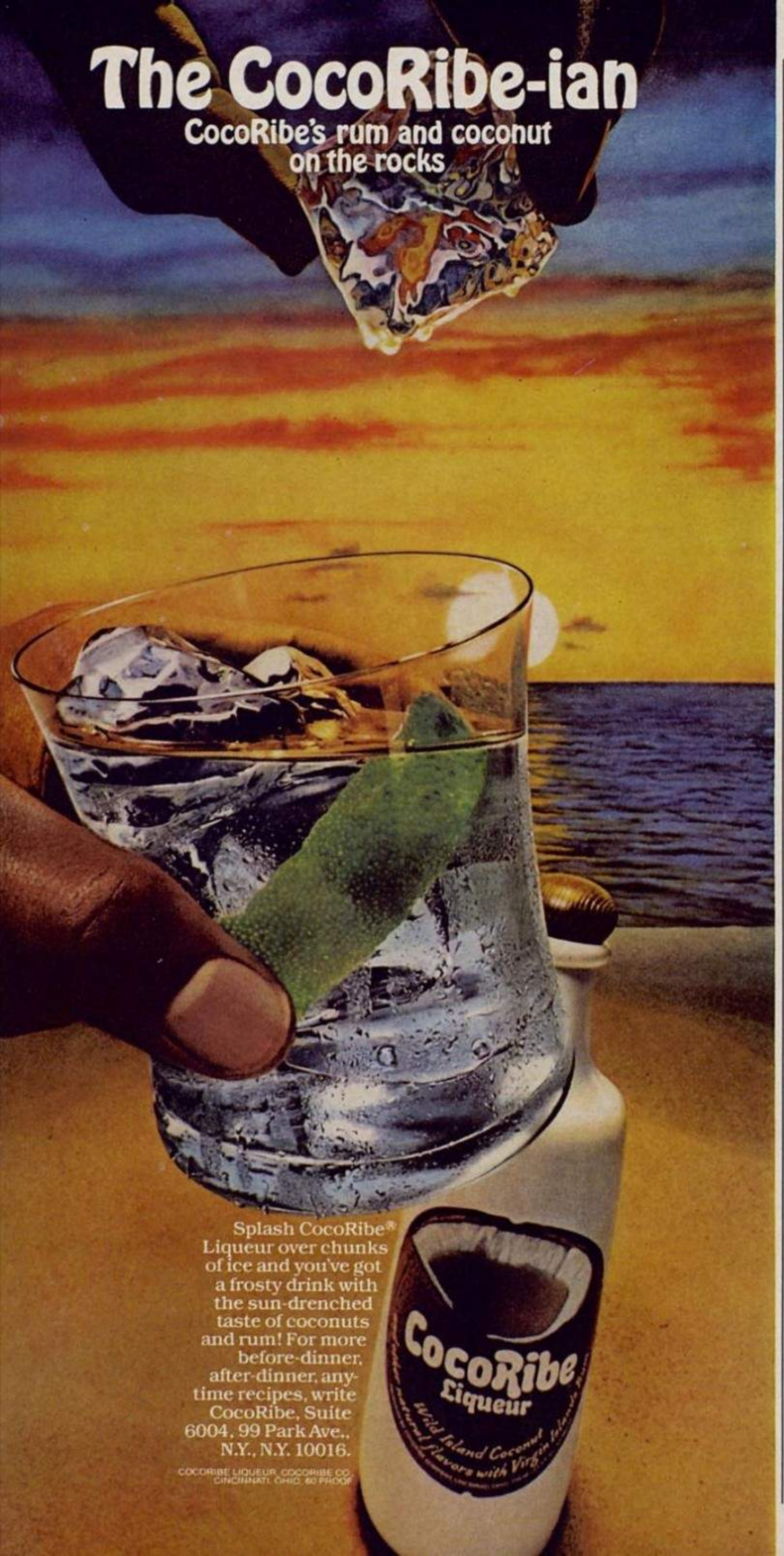
Furthermore, the spectrum of alternative accommodations broadens each day. There are companies that arrange house and apartment exchanges, others that provide access to foreign families who "adopt" guests for a spell and, for those bored with any land-based habitat, a whole host of houseboat and barge renters who will wow you with the extent and diversity of their water-borne offerings.

Those opportunities range from barges to sleek yachts that can put you at the tiller or let you lie back while an expert crew mans the sails. Ventura Yacht Services (15 Orchard Beach Boulevard, Port Washington, New York 11050) is just one of the many organizations that specialize in fulfilling the fantasies of sailors who yearn to cruise tropical waters. Weekly prices—with each yacht provisioned to the charterer's personal specifications—range from as little as $630 to around $15,000. There are crewed boats from 50 to 100 feet available for from $2600 to $9500 per week; but before you start to get chest pains from those prices, remember that they are dividable among several couples.

The result is that an 83-foot aluminum ketch that Ventura lists (it usually sails out of Antigua)—the one with the $4500-per-week price tag—has three double staterooms for guests and therefor computes down to $1500 per couple for the week, or $750 a head. And remember, there are no hotel costs to add, and most meals are included as well.

So the main question is how to find out what's available where and for how much. Regrettably, there is no single clearinghouse for all alternative-accommodation information, and travel agents are less than your most reliable sources. So it may take a little digging to turn up all the facts and figures; but take my word—the effort will be well worth the perspiration.

Several organizations specialize in alternative-accommodation offerings, and the following are some of the leading ones. But this is hardly a complete list and you should not rely on it alone. In general, once you have determined the area in which you choose to spend a holiday, the local chamber of commerce or real-estate board is the best source of leads to local operators and agents. The airlines that serve a specific destination



are also fertile sources of information. British Airways and Air-India, for example, have their own apartment-rental programs for passengers headed for London, and TAP (the Portuguese airline) has very attractive packages that include apartment rentals in Portugal.

Here are the names of just some of the sources that can provide data on everything from condominium and villa rental to home exchange and the rental of barges and houseboats.

CONDOMINIUMS, APARTMENTS AND VILLAS FOR RENT

Creative Leisure, 1280 Columbus, San Francisco, California 94133; 415-441-6004 or, toll-free, 800-227-4290 (from California, 800-652-1440). Condominiums and villas in Hawaii and Mexico.

Villa Leisure, 415 Park Avenue, Scotch Plains, New Jersey 07076; 201-322-8525. Condominiums, villas, apartment suites and private yachts in Mexico, the Caribbean, Hawaii and Florida.

At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 E. 57th Street, New York, New York 10022; 212-421-9165. Villas in Europe, the Caribbean, Tunisia and Mexico.

Inquiline, Inc., 35 Adams Street, Bedford Hills, New York 10507; 914-241-0102. Rental and exchange of homes in Europe and the U. S.

World Wide Villa Vacations, 175 Bloor Street East, Toronto, Ontario M4W 1C8; 416-923-3334. Condominiums, villas and apartments in the Caribbean, Mexico, London, Florida, Palm Springs, California, Portugal, six major Canadian cities.

Rent a Furnished Vacation Dwelling, P.O. Box 234, Torrance, California 90501; 213-540-6144. Rental and exchanges of condominiums, apartments, villas, motor homes, boats, campers. World-wide.

Vilcor/Hawaii, 3300 Wailea Alanui, Wailea, Maui, Hawaii 96753; toll-free, 800-367-5246. Condominiums in Hawaii.

HOUSES AND APARTMENTS FOR EXCHANGE

Vacation Exchange Club, Inc., 350 Broadway, New York, New York 10013; 212-966-2576. Homes and apartments in Europe, the U. S., Australia, Hawaii, Israel.

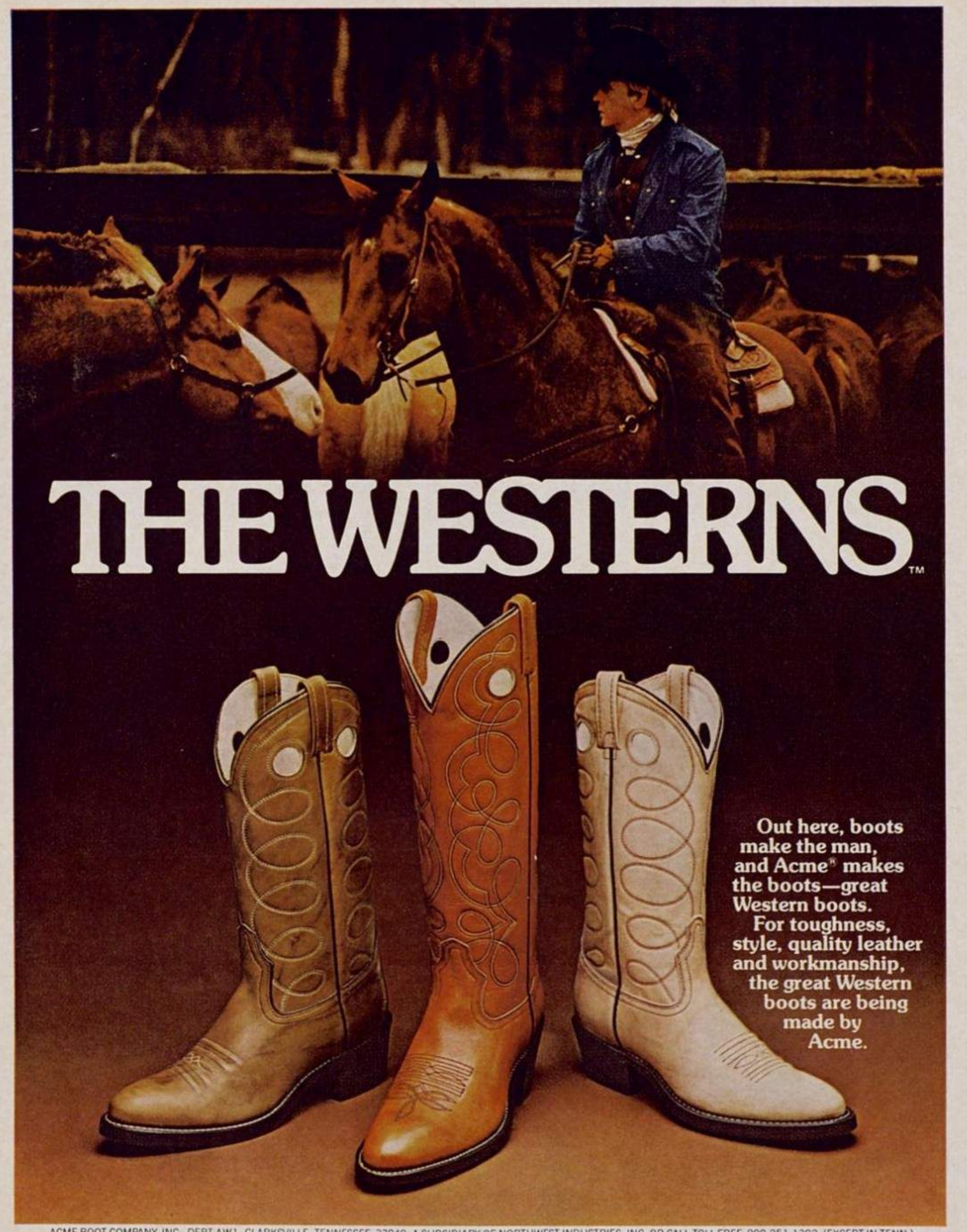
Holiday Exchanges, Box 878, Belen, New Mexico 87002; 505-864-8680. Houses, apartments. U. S., Caribbean, Europe.

RENTALS AFLOAT

Floating Through Europe, Inc., 501 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022; 212-832-6700. Boats and narrow boats for canal trips; facilities for two to ten people.

Quiztour, division of X CIR, Inc., 310 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017; 212-697-6230. Rentals in France only, mainly for canal trips.

—STEPHEN BIRNBAUM



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REDNECKS, WE'RE REDNECKS. . . .

Seems WGMA-AM in Hollywood, Florida, was changing its format from country to contemporary, whatever that means. Seems in phasing it out on the air, one d.j. offered, during a satirical farewell to country, "Rednecks are a race that come from bus stations, where they spit on the floor and pick their nose." And how did listeners react to that slur on their background, taste, breeding and decorum? One caller asked, "How would you like your nose picked with a shotgun?" And then, according to *Billboard*, "Three pickup trucks and a van loaded with 20 men with pipes and clubs arrived at the station and beat on the bullet-proof windows."

ART OF THE STARS

We used to think rock musicians recharged their batteries by trashing hotels. It appears some of them, at least, prefer painting. Here are our favorite examples from the book *Starart*.

Courtesy of Starart Productions, Ltd.

Ron Wood

Joni Mitchell

Klaus Voorman

Commander Cody

Cat Stevens

John Mayall

CLASSICAL CORNER: Mozart's comic/tragic masterpiece about the all-time ass man, ***Don Giovanni,*** is now a film by Joseph Losey. The sound-track recording is out on Columbia, with Lorin Maazel leading the Paris Opera. Happily, musical values are not sacrificed for cinematic ones. This is a vibrantly alive performance with good-sounding voices as well as good-looking bodies. Ruggero Raimondi is splendid in the title role.

For more sacred Mozart, the ***Requiem*** is available from Angel with Carlo Maria Giulini and the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus. This sublime music has seldom been better served.

And the more romantic, 19th Century Protestant ***German Requiem*** (London) of Brahms is given what is possibly its greatest recording ever by Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. The soloists, the orchestra and, especially, the chorus under director Margaret Hillis, combine in a slow, noble performance that serves as an inspired revelation of this music.

REVIEWS

The common ground shared by mid-Fifties R&B and the infant rock 'n' roll has never been more apparent than in the latest installments of Savoy's admirable *Roots of Rock 'n' Roll* series. Volume seven, ***Sam Price/Rib Joint,*** features boogie-woogie pianist Price with tenor man King Curtis and guitarist Mickey Baker (of Mickey and Sylvia) virtually inventing the honking sax and stinging guitar solos that came to define early rock 'n' roll. Volume eight, ***The Vocal Group Album,*** is devoted to early doo-wap and showcases a startling array of very high falsetto and very low baritone lead vocalists: For true believers only.

•

At first listen, the new Eagles album, ***The Long Run*** (Asylum), sounds like a press release from the ontology department of the California Institute for the Mellow. Cuts such as *In the City, The Disco Strangler* and *King of Hollywood*

With all the receivers to choose from, how do you make the right choice? By comparing power, performance and price. It's the only meaningful way to tell how much receiver you're getting for your money. So compare.

Specifications	SA-101	SA-202	SA-303	SA-404	SA-505
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Rated THD	0.04%	0.04%	0.04%	0.04%	0.04%
FM Sensitivity (50 dB, stereo)	38.3 dBf	38.3 dBf	37.2 dBf	37.2 dBf	37.2 dBf
FM Selectivity	65 dB	68 dB	70 dB	70 dB	70 dB

* Technics recommended prices, but actual price will be set by dealers.

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Our phono sections are just as impressive. All have a very high S/N ratio, which means that even quiet musical passages come through clearly. Yet each can handle the high voltages generated by today's best records.

And when it comes to FM, all Technics receivers include MOS FET's for high sensitivity and low noise. "Flat Group Delay" IF stages for clean signal processing. And phase-locked-loop circuitry for accurate stereo imaging.

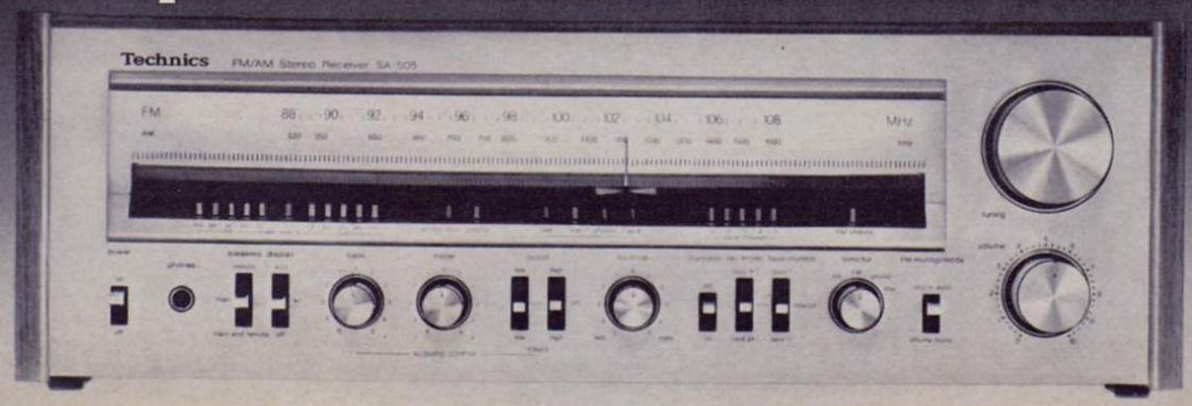
With the SA-404 and the SA-505 (shown below), you also get 10 LED peak-power indicators. And Acoustic Control that gives you more control over both the bass and treble frequencies than is possible with conventional tone controls.

How do you make the right choice? It's simple. Just compare.

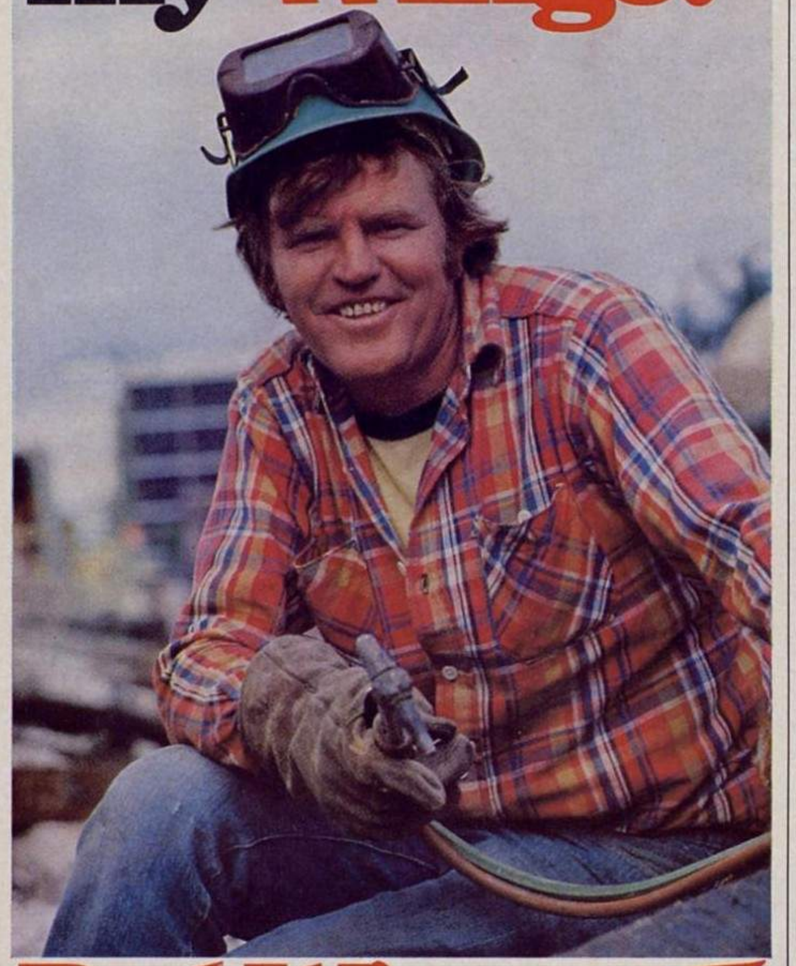
Cabinetry is simulated woodgrain.

Technics

Don't buy any receiver until you compare its power, performance and price to Technics.



I've earned my Wings!



Red Wings

RED WING SHOES

"When I was just learning my job, the guys who'd been around wore Red Wings. Now I know why! They feel good when I put 'em on, and my feet still feel good when I take 'em off. Long as I work hard and make a good living, I'll wear Red Wings. Because I've earned my Wings!"

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describe that vapid kind of angst, that vague existential discomfort Southern Californians are prone to contract. Bimbo starlets, power-crazed moguls, urban cowboys all dressed up with nowhere to go—haven't we had enough of that already? Evidently not. But be forewarned: One man's plaintive melody is another man's whine. It's not that the album is terrible—some of it is very good (*I Can't Tell You Why, The Sad Café*)—but after three years, one hoped for better things to come from so stellar a group as the Eagles. *The Long Run* caused them to get out of breadth.

•

There couldn't help but be some nice moments on the four sides of ***Stevie Wonder's Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants*** (Tamla), an embossed and scented bomb, and there are. On side one, for instance, there is the story of creation, told wordlessly and effectively in bright musical colors, plus *Venus' Flytrap and the Bug*, a delightful vignette that evokes memories of the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Then there's *A Seed's a Star and Tree Medley*, which opens side four; it's the closest you get to anything funky (when Stevie studied his plants, maybe he should have paid more attention to their roots). In between is a lot of easy listening, with too much philosophy for the weak musical structures to support. Evidently, the secret life of plants is even duller than their visible existence.

•

Anyone tuned in to the sounds of traditional jazz and blues—and many young people are moving that way, driven by a plethora of rock, disco and fusion records that go in one ear and out the other—should pick up immediately on Carrie Smith's ***Do Your Duty*** (Classic Jazz). Smith is a young lady with a fine contralto voice, great technique and feeling, which she imparts equally to up-tempo standards (*Deed I Do, All of Me*), blues evergreens (*Careless Love*) and little-known items such as Big Bill Broonzy's *Give Your Mama One Smile*. Her septuagenarian accompanists may not be the slickest by disco standards, but their music conveys a lifetime's worth of thought.

•

Just to put things in perspective: Keith Jarrett did *not* invent the solo piano album. Proof, if any is needed, can be found on ***New Orleans Memories Plus Two*** (Commodore), 12 tunes recorded in 1939 by the great jazz pianist Jelly Roll Morton. These rags, stomps and blues—intricately structured, with syncopated cross rhythms weaving in and out of lilting melodies and countermelodies—are tunes he had composed before World War One. Some music doesn't get older, it just gets better.

Jelly Roll once said he thought of the piano as a compact jazz band when

Old Bushmills.
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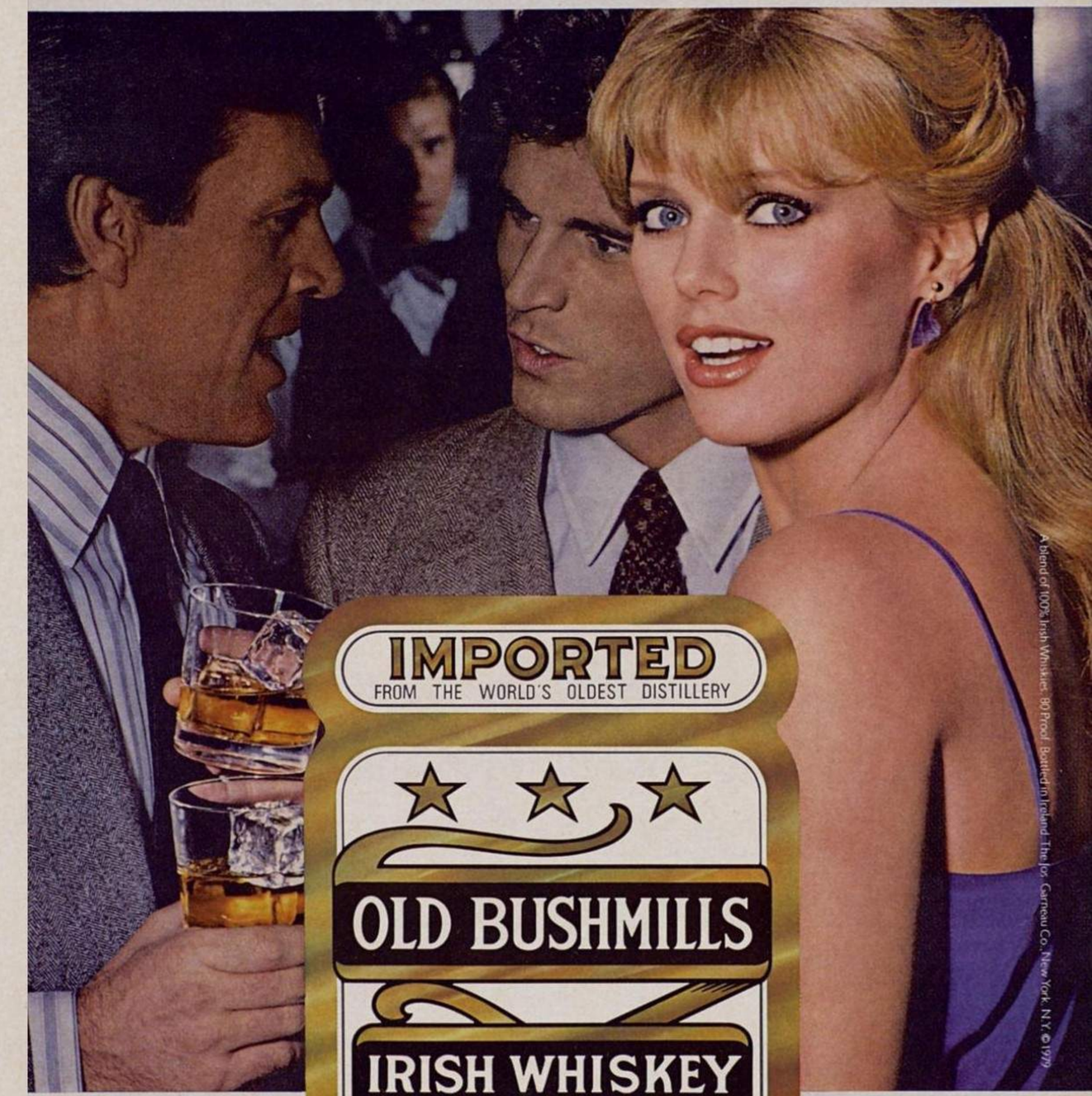
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composing his tunes, and generations of arrangers have proved him right. The latest to do so is the innovative trio Air, whose ***Air Lore*** (Arista/Novus) contains orchestrations of two Morton classics, *King Porter Stomp* and *Buddy Bolden's Blues* (both, incidentally, are on Morton's Commodore LP), plus two Scott Joplin rags. The resulting blend of contemporary playing with classic composition is brilliant: a meditation on, and re-creation of, the very roots and soul of jazz itself.

•

At last! ***Charles Mingus Presents Charles Mingus*** (Barnaby/Candid Jazz) is back in print. This 1960 quartet date, with Mingus, Eric Dolphy, Ted Curson and Dannie Richmond, is *the* best small-group recording Mingus ever made. The tunes are contemporary classics, the ambience is like a live club date and the playing is—how you say?—mind-altering. Ignore this LP at your peril.

•

Frank Marocco makes his electric accordion sound like a B-3 organ; Ray Pizzi turns any reed instrument into a magic wand. Their six wonderfully dexterous duets on ***New Colors*** (Trend) are a delight for anyone who appreciates swinging, unpretentious jazz; who needs drums, anyway? Pizzi's own group, minus Marocco, backs him up on ***The Love Letter*** (Trend) as he plays his own uncompromisingly intelligent fusion music. The title tune is a passionate ballad with instrumental echoes of Ray Charles; *Cakes* is hard rock, no matter what else you might call it; *Song for Grandpa* has a Mediterranean flavor, with its electric-mandolin part. On *My Funny Valentine*, Pizzi sends the other guys packing and goes it alone on the bassoon. No fooling—and no regrets.

SHORT CUTS

Hank Williams, Jr. / *Whiskey Bent and Hell Bound* (Elektra): Who wants to hear a guy sing about his daddy? Country-and-western fans everywhere, that's who.

Snooks Eaglin / *Down Yonder* (Crescendo): Lean, hard-hitting blues and rock in the New Orleans tradition, by a blind singer-guitarist who sounds like early Ray Charles.

Lester Young / *Kansas City Six and Five* (Commodore): Pres in 1938 (without Basie), swinging as smoothly as only he knew how.

Jimmy Knepper Quintet / *Jimmy Knepper in L.A.* (Inner City): Sprightly jazz by a mellow bone man, with some ear-popping solos by pianist Roger Kellaway.

Bob Marley / *Survival* (Island): Tough lyrics, fine production and Aston Barrett shakin' on bass.

David Ruffin / *So Soon We Change* (Warner Bros.): One thing that hasn't changed is Ruffin's voice, which is just as grainy as in the Sixties, when he was the Temptations' chief heartthrob.

FAST TRACKS

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK: Singer/actress Britt Ekland is about to release the world's first nude disco album—but only in Great Britain. *Do It to Me—Once More with Feeling* features Ekland's picture pressed directly into the vinyl. Jet Records reports early orders for the single as an incredible 55,000 copies. Do it to us, too, Britt!

RANDOM RUMORS: **Alice Cooper** has become a collector of **Richard Nixon** memorabilia. He has Nixon's autograph mounted on his wall between the framed signatures of Bela Lugosi and Edgar Allan Poe. Now he's trying to buy those cypress trees used in the taxpayer-financed landscaping at San Clemente, to plant near the deep end of his swimming pool. Alice says that would make "a symbolic gesture to Nixon's terms in office.". . . . One of East Germany's most popular youth magazines alleges that many pop and rock songs from the West may contain hidden right-wing influences. *In the Navy*, by the **Village People**, was cited. It's not clear whether the problem is sex or the Armed Forces, but then, it's not all that clear to the Village People, either. . . . A representative of **The Rolling Stones** says discussions of a possible tour of mainland China have been held, but many important details have not been worked out. Will they be allowed to sing *Satisfaction*? Stay tuned. . . . Did you know that the most successful politician of punk *lost* his bid to become the next mayor of San Francisco? His name is (are you ready?) **Jello Biafra** and he is the lead singer of a group called **The Dead Kennedys**; he actually placed fourth in the mayoral primary. . . . The **Bee Gees** can forget Sioux Falls, South Dakota. A student-run radio station at a college there asked listeners to call in and vote on whether the group should break up or stay together. The vote was 371 and a half to three for breaking up. (A pregnant woman cast the half vote for her unborn child.) Is this the writing on the wall?

NEWSBREAKS: How about a Broadway musical about Levis? One based on the life of blue-jean czar **Levi Strauss** is in the works. . . . According to Jem Records, professional **Elvis** imitators now exceed 20,000 men around the world. That is an increase of 5000 percent since 1975, and if things continue that way, by 1986 one out of 11 employable males will be impersonating the King. . . . L.A. studio musician **Rob Rozzelle** has designed a device that simulates the sound of ten hands clapping—and the Clapper can be operated with just one. "With enough clappers," Rozzelle says, "a crowd of 20 can sound like a full house.". . . . Even **Pope John Paul II** couldn't save Infinity Records. The pontiff's label has gone under.

REELING AND ROCKING: Film and stage producer **Bill Sargent** plans to go ahead with his movie version of *Beatlemania*, despite the fact that the former Fab Four have filed a lawsuit against him. Sargent is the same guy who offered the **Beatles** $50,000,000 to do just one more concert. He says that when they turned him down, they said it was because the group no longer existed. "Now they exist enough to be suing me," he remarked. . . . You thought the **Sex Pistols** were only a bad memory? Wrong. After repeated legal and production delays, their movie *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* has been completed. Expect to see it sometime in the fall. . . . **Blondie** may be the first group ever to market a video-tape version of an entire record album. The video cassette of *Eat to the Beat* should be available now. . . . **Frank Zappa**'s movie *Baby Snakes* is also ready. Zappa financed, produced, directed, edited, composed and stars in this epic about "people who do stuff that is not normal." *Real* people. Like Frank.

—BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

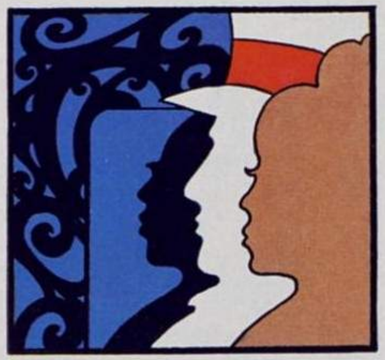
Anne Rice's first novel, *Interview with the Vampire*, will probably live forever, unless someone manages to put a wooden stake through its heart. The book is a lyrical, erotic, psychedelic portrait of the undead—quite probably the book that inspired the Count Drac revival. You should pick it up in paperback. Better that than Rice's second novel, ***The Feast of All Saints*** (Simon & Schuster), which chronicles the coming of age of a 15-year-old black in antebellum New Orleans. Marcel, a member of the *gens de couleur libre* (free men of color), is the privileged son of a white plantation owner and a black woman. He attends a private school, where he learns love from his teacher's mother. Rice's writing is lush, but the levels of frustrated passion in *Feast* are right out of a historical romance; in short, a kind of *Tea and Sympathy Meets Roots*. It's not our cup of blood.

•

Milton Viorst's ***Fire in the Streets—"America in the 1960s"*** (Simon & Schuster) is, among other things, a sobering reminder that morally this is a far more primitive nation than we'd like to believe. Less than 20 years ago, blacks couldn't eat in white folks' public restaurants in Nashville. Less than ten years ago, National Guardsmen at Kent State could shoot student war protesters apparently without fear of being prosecuted. By profiling 14 personalities, ranging from Allen Ginsberg to Stokely Carmichael, Viorst charts those shifts in the winds of American thought (and conscience) that, in a mere decade, leveled our most rigid forms of racism and political repression. And if there's a single lesson to be learned from *Fire in the Streets*, it's that the most tumultuous times in America are those in which we seem unable to distinguish between our ideals and what we are.

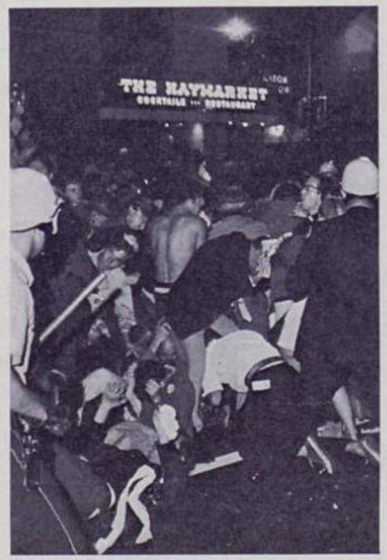
•

For the past decade, the penis has been getting a lot of bad press. One feminist wrote derisively: "We can stimulate ourselves or be stimulated by other women as well as men can stimulate us, because that unique male offering, the phallus, is of peripheral importance, or may even be irrelevant to our sexual satisfaction." Well, sit on my face, bitch. Mark Strage has come to the rescue with ***The Durable Fig Leaf*** (William Morrow), subtitled "A Historical, Cultural, Medical, Social, Literary, and Iconographic Account of Man's Relations with His Penis." Strage starts with the earliest known representation of the penis—28,000-year-old cave paintings that show a stick figure of a hunter with a massive erection. The first *Field & Stream* centerfold? His next 300 pages are filled with arcane information—for instance, the fact that a native of New Guinea will press his penis against the trunk of the tree he has selected to make into a harpoon shaft—because he wants his harpoon to be straight, strong and capable of deep penetrations. A Maori warrior, fearful of being bewitched before going into battle, crawls between the legs of a great chief whose penis will shed its strength upon him. (We hear some Big Ten football coaches have their players do the same thing.) The writing is scholarly (read not sensational), but don't let that throw you. *The Durable Fig Leaf* should be required reading: Know thy tool.



Saints frustrate us.

Rice's *Feast* stuffs readers with thwarted passion; Viorst's *Fire in the Streets* resurrects a tumultuous decade.



Still nostalgic for the Sixties?

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Tax shelters used to be the playthings of the rich, but Judith H. McQuown's ***Tax Shelters That Work for Everyone*** (McGraw-Hill) outlines how IRS-beleaguered middle-income folks can profit from them, too. Although the book is not a substitute for a lawyer, an accountant or a tax specialist, it does provide the right kinds of questions to *ask* those people. As a bonus, there are about 50 pages of mock tax returns to play with. Gimme shelter!

•

The nature of a Seventies relationship is captured perfectly in Margaret Atwood's novel ***Life Before Man*** (Simon & Schuster). Atwood provides a look at a trio that defines love as "never having to say I love you." It's terrific reading, but we guarantee it won't make you nostalgic for the Me decade.

•

If one of your goals is to live with maximum zest and minimum stress, we suggest you take an hour or so to read ***Zen in the Martial Arts*** (J. P. Tarcher, Inc.), by Joe Hyams. Hyams, the prolific author of *Bogie* and *Mislaid in Hollywood* (his autobiography) and husband of Elke Sommer, has studied an assortment of martial arts for 25 years and, along the way, learned some invaluable lessons in living from a wide range of American and Oriental masters, including the immortal Bruce Lee. A glance at a few chapter headings will give you an idea of how intriguing and useful this book is: "Effortless Effort," "The Power of Focus," "Making a Friend of Fear," "Un-Thinking Pain." Each chapter recounts an exchange between Hyams and one of his teachers that sharpened his perception and subsequently improved not only his martial-arts practice but his ability to cope with life as well. The great beauty of the book is that as Hyams' mind suddenly receives enlightenment, so does ours.

•

For months, we thought the pinball craze was limited to lunchtime at PLAYBOY's offices, but we know better now. Robert Polin and Michael Rain have written a nifty little paperback called ***Pinball Wizardry*** (Prentice-Hall), subtitled "The Theory and Practice of the Art and Science of Pinball." The book begins with the basics and when you get to the end, you'll have mastered advanced pinball, with a wealth of strategies worthy of a hustler. Keep in mind that The Who's Tommy was deaf, dumb and blind and he (the authors say) started this craze. Think what you can accomplish with all your faculties intact!

TELEVISION

The second season of *The Shakespeare Plays* gets off to a dazzling start with ***Twelfth Night*** over most PBS outlets on Wednesday, February 27, in prime time. Any viewer who has never experienced Shakespeare comedy at its zenith—romantic frivolity leavened with ribald low-jinks and delicious wit—should tune in just to see how the magic is done. Of course, there's no beating the English at this particular game. Although Alec McCowen handles the star turn as Malvolio, a self-important steward whose undoing is one of Shakespeare's cruelest practical jokes, that subplot has little to do with the main business of *Twelfth Night*. Mistaken identity, true love spurned and long-lost siblings are at center stage. It's all about Viola and Sebastian (Felicity Kendal and Michael Thomas), a look-alike sister and brother who are shipwrecked, separated and cast ashore in the kingdom of Illyria—where Viola puts on men's clothes for no good reason and poses as a servant to Duke Orsino (Clive Arrindell), who is hopelessly smitten by the beautiful, unattainable Olivia (Sinead Cusack). Director John Gorrie and his grand company emphasize the sexual innuendo of the piece, reminding us that *Twelfth Night* has a lot in common with those wicked farces of a later period, wherein boy meets girl and nobody knows which is which. Good for the broader laughs are Robert Hardy and Ronnie Stevens as Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, making a hey-nonny-nonny with two of the greatest comic roles of all time. An occasional production of such caliber whets anticipation for a series committed to presenting all of the Bard's plays over a six-year period.

After *Twelfth Night*, there will be a repeat (on Wednesday, March 19) of last season's brilliant ***Richard II***, with Derek Jacobi (whose touring *Hamlet* has been to Red China and comes to PBS as a separate special event next fall). Through March and April, prior to ***The Tempest*** (with Michael Hordern) as a closer on May seventh, the so-called *Henry* trilogy commands the air, resuming the kingly chronicles after the fall of Richard II. Jon Finch plays the title role in ***Henry IV—Part I*** and ***Part II***, with Anthony Quayle as the rollicking Falstaff. Quayle is unforgettable, a one-man show surrounded by a gallery of other scurvy rogues, all upstaging English history and supplying perfect comic relief from it. Thanks largely to Quayle, these chapters look less shriveled than ***The Life of Henry V***, in which David Gwillim succeeds to the throne and title after carousing through the preceding plays as Prince Hal. If director David Giles's *Henry V* looks plodding, stagy and woefully short of grandeur, it could be because we're too familiar with the magnificent, definitive movie version made in 1944 by Laurence Olivier. An obviously sensitive actor, Gwillim has his moments, yet this Henry prepares for battle at Agincourt as if he were an IBM executive checking morale in the field offices. Might have been better just to slip Olivier's epic into that program slot and save embarrassment all around. As another poet once said, you can't win 'em all.

•

To blow some snow into the air before the upcoming Olympics, ABC Television will telecast ***Swan Song*** on Friday evening, February 8 (check your guide for correct local time), with singer-actor David Soul starred as a Sun Valley ski champion named Jesse Swan, who appears to be ambivalent about success. In 1976 at Innsbruck, Swan threw away his chance at an Olympic gold medal for downhill racing. Now he's back in Sun Valley, a ski bum getting his second wind, rekindling an old flame (Jill Eikenberry) and committing himself to entering a $40,000 professional competition. Will he win or lose? Will he be able to cash in on the big bucks for endorsements this time around? Will he like himself better if he does? The title provides a pretty obvious clue to the outcome. *Swan Song* is steeped in ski lore, with a lot of attention given to boot fastenings, pole grips, Porsches and other equipment favored by the champs. Soul certainly looks the part he plays, and there's fine racing footage in the pinches. My problem is that this two-hour television movie covers almost exactly the same ground covered by *Downhill Racer*, a 1959 feature film directed by Michael Ritchie, with Robert Redford wearing the staves in one of his flashiest roles. That's a hard act to follow, and Soul's *Song* (which he coproduced) cannot match the speed, class or form of its memorable predecessor.

Perhaps the whole show, as I suggested, is merely ABC's warm-up for the big games at Lake Placid. From February 12 right through to the final ceremonies on February 24, host for the telecasts will be Jim McKay, who has been covering the winter games for ABC Sports ever since the 1964 competition at Innsbruck. ABC Sports will employ 100 cameras and at least 800 people for 51 hours of programing, lots of it live from the XIII Winter Olympics. That kind of blanket coverage should attract snow bunnies of every breed—180,000,000 of them, according to network estimates.

—B.W.

Twelfth Night's revelers.

The Bard's plays: superb winter fare. *Swan Song*'s just an Olympic warm-up.

Henry V's ladies waiting.

Soul on ice.

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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

IDOL GOSSIP: Warner Bros. has begun to put together personnel for the film of **John Irving**'s best-selling novel, *The World According to Garp* (parts of which appeared in PLAYBOY), and, at least so far, it's shaping up to be a pretty classy package. Although casting has yet to be announced, director **George Roy Hill** will produce and direct the flick and screenwriter **Steve** (*Breaking Away*) **Tesich** has been signed to pen the script. . . . After months of speculation by Hollywood gossips, Lorimar has chosen **Jessica Lange** to play the **Lana Turner** role in the remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. **Jack Nicholson**, you recall, will appear in the **John Garfield** role. . . . Speaking of remakes, **Laurence Olivier** will play **Neil Diamond**'s father in *The Jazz Singer*. The new version has been updated so

Lange

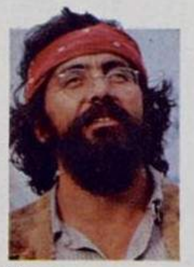
Olivier

that Neil will be able to sing more contemporary songs. . . . **Roy Orbison** will portray himself in a cameo role in United Artists' *Roadie*, which stars **Meat Loaf**. There's also some talk of a biopic of Orbison, with **Martin Sheen** a possible choice for the lead role. . . . **Christopher Walken** and **Tom Berenger** will star in the film of **Frederick Forsyth**'s best-selling thriller *The Dogs of War*. . . . **Al Pacino** and producer **Keith Barish** have purchased the rights to the off-Broadway play *Modigliani*, by **Dennis McIntyre**. Pacino will play the artist in the film version, from a script by the playwright. . . . As you may have heard by now, Universal has dropped *Jaws 3*, *People 0*, a parody of the *Jaws* flicks by the *National Lampoon* people, based on an idea by *Nat Lamp* publisher **Matty Simmons**. Apparently, not only had **Bo Derek** been signed to appear in the flick but the studio had spent a goodly sum constructing mechanical sharks before dropping the project.

•

DOPERS FROM OUTER SPACE: **Cheech** and **Chong** have wrapped their second movie, which has gone through so many title changes that I hesitate to say what it's called, and since, by the time you read this, it'll probably have changed again. Last we heard, it was called *Cheech and*

Cheech



Chong

Chong's Next Movie, having previously been called *Cheech and Chong Go Hollywood* and *Cheech and Chong Go Hollyweed*. Directed by Tommy Chong, the flick is a take-off on the weaknesses of people who smoke a lot of grass. The wacky duo, dubbed by some the **Abbott** and **Costello** of our time, spend a good part of the film getting into scrapes while trying to score some grass. The film is at least 50 percent improvisational; in one segment, it even parodies *2001*, with C&C trying to escape from the cops, hiding out in a marijuana field and finding an extraterrestrial spacecraft that's fueled by pot. Apparently, there's even a dope-smoking robot whose eyes get bloodshot from overindulgence.

•

TOSS UP: **Richard Gere** will do his own juggling in the film *The Juggler and the Judge*, a humorous love story set in New York. Gere has been juggling for years and is quite expert at it.

•

SHORT STUFF: Why Universal has been so secretive about its **Lily Tomlin/Charles Grodin** starrer, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, is anybody's guess, but, at press-time, the set was closed, publicity stills were unavailable and mum was the word. Nonetheless, I understand the

Grodin

Tomlin

movie, which is based on the science-fiction classic of approximately the same name, is to be strictly a comedy with less emphasis on the sci-fi angle. Tomlin and Grodin play a typical suburban couple, ordinary in all respects until Tomlin starts to notice that her clothes are too big and her wedding ring starts to slip. Eventually, she shrinks to six inches, but she still tries to run a typical suburban household—not an easy task at that height. In one scene, she insists on trying to cook breakfast for her family even though she is only a few inches tall; in another, she nearly gets caught in a garbage disposal. And, to add insult to injury, her daughter's Betsy Wetsy doll almost drowns her. Since this version is contemporary, Tomlin's shrinkage will be explained in contemporary terms—I'm not sure about the specifics, but one source says, somewhat elliptically, "Madison Avenue will probably not like this movie. On the other hand, ecologists who think we're ingesting too many chemicals will." Needless to say, the special effects ought to be interesting. A couple of old pros involved in the project have said it's the most difficult movie they've ever worked on.

•

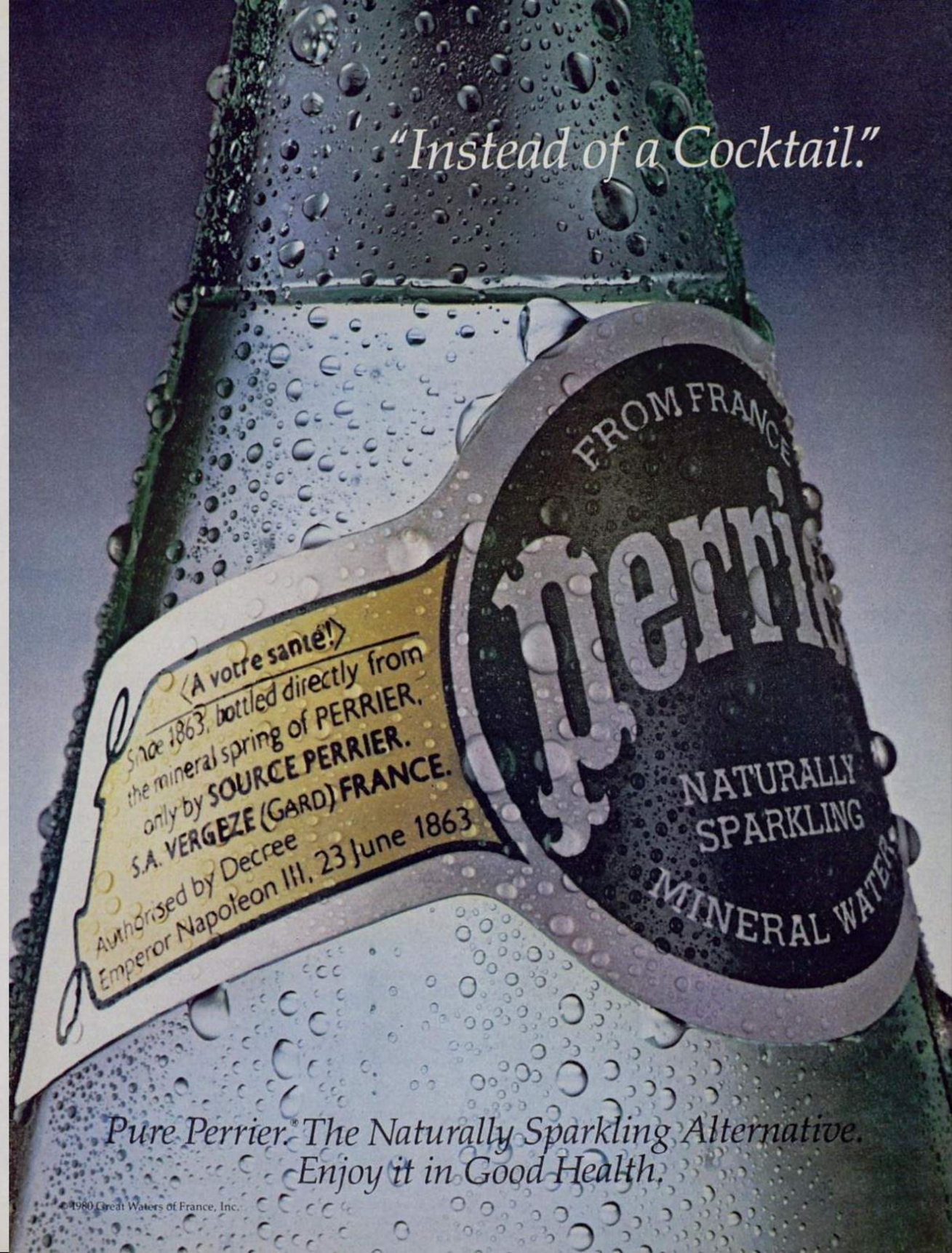
BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER: "I'm a capitalist and I want to make money," says actor turned producer **Glenn Stensel** when asked why he is making a movie called *Chappaquiddick*. Budgeted at $1,000,000

Kennedy

Knight

and filmed on location in Martha's Vineyard, the film is scheduled for release in August, and Stensel hopes it'll put a cramp in **Ted Kennedy**'s style. "I've researched for six months," he says, "and many people have talked. There'll be significant revelations in the film that'll uncover the Chappaquiddick cover-up." To play Kennedy in the film, Stensel has hired **Jack Knight**, whom he calls "the best Kennedy look-alike I've seen." Says Stensel: "If Kennedy takes me to court, he'll wish he hadn't, because I've got documentation on everything in the movie." Although Stensel denies that his motives are political ("Knight," he says, "is a supporter of Kennedy's"), another source informs me that he's a friend of **Ronald Reagan**'s.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL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RULES TO LIVE BY

from the writings of the iranian religious and political leader, a guide to everyday deportment

By AYATOLLAH RUHOLLAH KHOMEINI

While the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini was in exile in Paris, he published three works containing his interpretation of how Shi'ite Moslems should live. The books are remarkably detailed, covering every aspect of daily life from eating, sleeping and praying to conjugal relations and bodily functions. Titled "The Kingdom of Learning," "The Key to the Mysteries" and "The Explanation of Problems," the books were translated from Persian into French last year and published by Editions Libres-Hallier in Paris.

Although we have excerpted some of the more curious exhortations of Khomeini, we want to stress that the material is authentic. The specific rules and doctrines are presented in approximately the order in which they appear in the French text. The last two paragraphs, dealing with sexual relations between humans and animals, are not included in the French text but are, rather, extrapolations of Khomeini's general writings delivered as lectures to his followers. They were recorded by a reporter for the Italian magazine L'Espresso.

Readers should bear in mind that these excerpts represent Khomeini's interpretation of the Shi'ite doctrine and do not necessarily reflect the spiritual rules most Moslems revere and live by.

HOW TO URINATE AND DEFECATE

Whenever one urinates or defecates, one must hide one's genitalia from the view of anyone past the age of puberty, including one's mother, one's sister and the feeble-minded. One does not have to hide one's genitalia from a husband or a wife. It is not necessary to hide one's genitalia with anything in particular—one's hand is a proper shield.

When one urinates or defecates, one must squat in such a way as to be facing neither toward nor away from Mecca. It is forbidden to urinate or defecate in the following places: the property of someone who has not given his permission; any holy place; tombs of the faithful (unless one wants to give offense).

It is not necessary to wipe one's anus with three pebbles or three pieces of cloth—one pebble or one piece of cloth is enough. But if one wipes oneself with a bone or a sacred object, such as a piece of paper with God's name on it, one cannot say prayers.

When one relieves oneself, one should avoid using one's right hand. After urination, one must press one's left hand three times to the area between the penis and the anus; then one must pull the tip of one's penis three times toward the circumcision scar; and, finally, one must shake the penis three times. The woman has no special instructions after urination.

ON PURITY AND IMPURITY

Eleven things are impure: urine, excrement, sperm, blood, the remains of a corpse, dogs, pork, non-Moslem men and women, wine, beer and the sweat of a dung-eating camel.

It is forbidden to touch the Koran with anything impure. It is forbidden to write verses from the Koran with impure ink, even if it is just one letter. In such a case, the writing must be washed or scraped away with a knife.

The Koran must never be given to an infidel. If an infidel is holding the Koran, it is even recommended to tear it out of his hands.

ON ABLUTION
(the ritual washing away of impurities)

Sperm is always impure, whether it comes from coitus or from involuntary emissions while asleep. Thus, if one's penis penetrates a woman's vagina or a man's anus, either completely or just up to the circumcision scar, both persons become impure—even if they are prepubescent—and must perform their ablutions. If the man believes his penis has not penetrated the woman's vagina past the circumcision scar, ablution is not necessary. If sperm remains inside the vagina and does not come out, or if there is doubt, as to whether or not it has come out, ablution is not necessary.

If a man—may God help him—fornicates with an animal, and he ejaculates, ablution is necessary.

Ablutions are recommended for the following cases:

- A woman who has used perfume for a man other than her husband.
- One who has gone to sleep drunk.
- One who has not prayed during a solar or lunar eclipse.
- One who has assisted in the hanging of a condemned person. However, if he did not assist voluntarily, ablutions are not necessary.

THE NAMAZ PRAYERS
(the five ritual prayers a Moslem says every day while facing Mecca)

While a man says his five daily prayers, he must make sure his genitalia and his posterior are covered, even if they are not visible to anyone. While a woman says her five daily prayers, she must cover her entire body, including her head and her hair. It is, however, permitted for a woman to leave her hands, feet and part of her face uncovered. During the daily prayers, one can cover one's body and one's genitalia with herbs or leaves, but only when nothing better is available. During collective prayers, the woman must be behind the man.

The following should not be allowed in a mosque: a child, a feeble-minded person or someone who has just eaten garlic. Someone who has gone to sleep during prayers must start his prayers over again when he awakes. If a person's face grows purple because he is straining to keep from laughing aloud, he must start his prayers over again. The prayers of one who cries loudly are not valid; but if he cries softly, the prayers are valid. Clapping or leaping up in the air renders one's prayers invalid.

ON FASTING

Coitus invalidates the fast, even if the penis has penetrated the vagina only as far as the circumcision scar, and even if ejaculation does not occur. If the penis does not penetrate up to the circumcision scar, and no ejaculation takes place, the fast is valid. If a man cannot determine with certainty to what length his penis has penetrated the vagina, even if he has gone past the circumcision scar, the fast is nonetheless valid.

If a man remembers he is supposed to be fasting during coitus, he must interrupt coitus immediately. If a man masturbates and ejaculates during his fasting period, his fast is invalid. If a man ejaculates involuntarily, his fast is valid; but if he does anything to facilitate his involuntary ejaculation, his fast is null and void.

The following practices are *not* recommended during a period of fasting:

- Putting drops in one's eyes.
- Taking a bath or having a blood transfusion.
- Taking tobacco or inhaling aromatic herbs.
- Taking a bath by bidet (women only).
- Inserting suppositories.
- Dampening or wetting one's clothes.
- Having one's teeth pulled.
- Brushing one's teeth with a wet brush.
- Kissing one's wife—even without the intention of exciting oneself.

ON WOMEN AND THEIR PERIODS

The menstrual period may be defined as the several days per month during which blood flows from the vaginas of women. Women descended from the Prophet's line are menopausal at the age of 60. Other women are menopausal at 50.

If a woman is not sure whether flowing blood comes from her menstrual period or from an abscess, she must insert a piece of cotton in her vagina. If the blood flows down the left side of the cotton, it is menstrual; if it flows down the right side, it is from an abscess.

If a woman is not sure whether flowing blood comes from her menstrual period or from her virginity, she must insert a piece of cotton in her vagina. If the blood stains only the edges of the cotton, it is her virginity; if it soaks the cotton, it is her menstrual period.

ON MARRIAGE, ADULTERY AND CONJUGAL RELATIONS

A woman may legally belong to a man in two ways: a temporary marriage or a permanent marriage. In the first case, the duration of the marriage need not be precise; in the latter case, the man must specify whether the marriage is meant to last an hour, a day, a month, a year or longer.

A Moslem woman may not marry a non-Moslem man. A Moslem man cannot marry a non-Moslem woman in a continuous marriage, but he may take a Jewish or a Christian woman in a temporary marriage. If a man sodomizes the son, the brother or the father of his wife after marriage, the marriage is nonetheless valid.

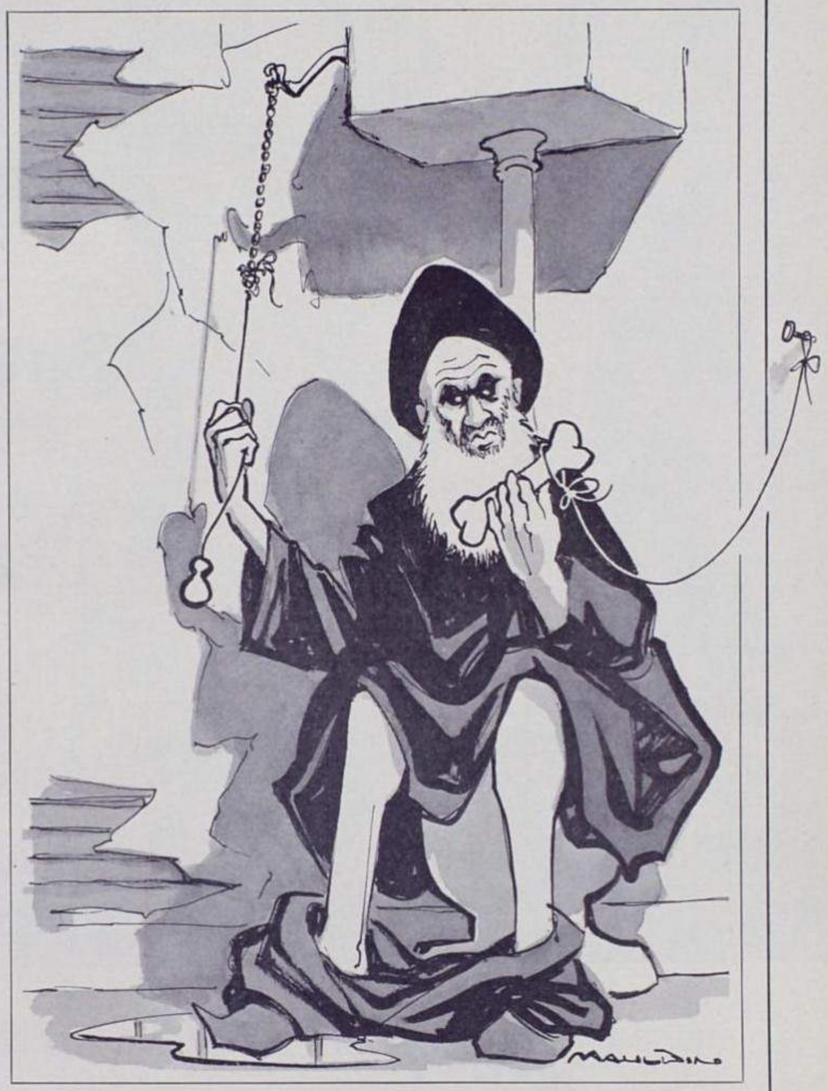
A husband must have relations with his wife at least once every four months.

It is forbidden for a man to look at the body of a woman who is not his wife under any circumstances. It is also forbidden for a woman to look at the body of a man who is not her husband. It is tolerable to look at the face and hair of a prepubescent girl, as long as the intention is not to seek pleasure and if one does not fear succumbing to temptation. But it is recommended not to look at the girl's chest or thighs.

It is forbidden to look at the genitalia of others, even in the mirror or in a pool's reflection. It is even forbidden to look at the genitalia of a child who knows right from wrong. But it is permitted for a husband and a wife to look at each other completely. A doctor is permitted to look at someone's genitalia, but he must do so indirectly, using a mirror. If he must touch a woman's genitalia for medical reasons, he must not look at her genitalia. It is forbidden to look at a woman other than one's wife, an animal, or a statue, in a sensual manner.

A woman does not necessarily have to be believed if she claims to be menopausal. But she must be believed if she claims to be unmarried.

It is strongly recommended to marry off a daughter who is approaching puberty. One of man's joys is in having his daughter undergo her first menstrual period not in her father's house but in her husband's.



ON RELATIONS BETWEEN HUMANS AND ANIMALS

A woman cannot have any sort of sexual relations with an animal; that is reserved for men alone. A man may have sexual relations with animals only if the animal is female. Sexual relations with a male animal is a mortal sin. Coupling with wild animals is not recommended, especially with a lioness. What is recommended instead is coitus with domesticated animals, such as dogs, cats, pigeons, donkeys and lambs. After having sexual relations with a lamb, it is a mortal sin to eat its flesh.

It is forbidden to have sexual relations with any animal directly descended from an animal that a man previously had sexual relations with.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I've been dating a girl for several months. We finally got around to talking about what went on in our heads during sex, what we liked, and so forth. I mentioned that I sometimes fantasized during intercourse. She asked me if I had had erotic daydreams the first time we made love. I said yes, which was a mistake. She grants that fantasies are normal but thinks I must be pretty weird to drift off in the middle of a completely novel encounter, when I should be totally absorbed in my new partner. Am I strange?—K. R., Madison, Wisconsin.

Depends on what you were dreaming about. Baseball? The Dow Jones? A psychologist at the University of Michigan polled 421 college students and found that nearly 60 percent reported fantasizing at least sometimes during intercourse. Over 35 percent of the males reported erotic fantasies during their first coital encounter—so you have some company. (In contrast, only 18 percent of the females were in fantasyland on their first night.) The reasons given for fantasizing varied: Thirty-eight percent of the men said it facilitated sexual arousal; 18 percent spent their time thinking of sexual activities that they had yet to engage in with their partners; 30 percent used fantasy to increase their partner's attractiveness, three percent to relieve boredom. An honest ten percent said they had no idea why they did it. Next time you have this discussion with your girlfriend, just paraphrase the old art critic: I don't know if it's normal, but I know what I like.

Since all marijuana plants are generally the same, I've been wondering what it is about a particular strain that gets you higher than another or gives you a different kind of high.—M. T., San Jose, California.

We understand your problem, since every dealer we've ever run across classifies his current product as "dynamite," regardless of the quality. You're no doubt aware that the main psychomimetic ingredient in grass is THC. Tetrahydrocannabinol is only one of about 40 known cannabinoids that are found in the herb. Most are not important to the high. The ones that are are THCV (tetrahydrocannabivarin), CBD (cannabidiol), CBN (cannabinol) and CBC (cannabichromine). The lesser cannabinoids are found in various ratios to the amount of THC and, depending on the ratio, affect the high proportionately. For instance, it's been suggested that CBD, a cannabinoid with reported sedative, analgesic and antibiotic properties, delays

the onset of the high but makes it last longer. Whereas CBN in high proportion tends to potentiate the disorienting qualities of THC, making you feel dizzy or drugged. The ratio seems to be determined by climate more than anything else. One old rule of thumb claims that anything below the 30th latitude has a high potency; anything above the 30th is great for tying boats up and lassoing dogies. That, of course, is changing as more tropical strains are introduced to moderate climates. Natural selection is improving the quality of the grass available. Even the old faithful Mexican variety is getting better, due to the introduction of Colombian and Asian seeds. As those seeds adapt to cooler climates, the original potency may fall slightly, but the over-all effect is an increase in quality.

A couple of my friends were talking about dating and how expensive it is to maintain a relationship these days. It is no longer merely acceptable for a girl to share the cost of an evening—in our circle, it has become mandatory. Is it my imagination, or does inflation hit singles harder than the rest of the people?—S. W., New York, New York.

The old marriage proposal that two can live as cheaply as one is based on the notion that married people don't have to date. Singles are an endangered species. Ray DeVoe, a New York investment strategist, recently compared the cost of loving with the cost of living. As quoted in the Chicago Tribune, *he found that the average price of an evening on the town has increased 340 percent over the past 25 years, while the consumer price index rose only 172 percent during the same period. Some of the grand gestures have gone up astronomically—the cost of flowers has increased some 740 percent in 25 years, a gold necklace some 1000 percent. Diamonds are a girl's best friend—they've increased in cost by 1650 percent. The basic candlelight dinner has escalated by 464 percent. Dom Perignon bubbled up a mere 317 percent. Even a low-rent date (pizza to go) has risen 180 percent over the past 25 years. Maybe the Government should establish a rebate system for singles. Take a girl to the movies and get a check. Take a girl to dinner and get a check. Take a girl to Plato's Retreat and get a check and a checkup. No one said that being single was easy.*

I lead a very active sex life and am finally facing the consequences. The last time I went to the doctor, he found I had gonorrhea (I thought I might have been exposed to it) and then proceeded to run tests for just about every other known venereal disease from syphilis to nonspecific urethritis. His comment was that if I had one, chances were I had two or three. Was he going overboard? It made me feel like I'd made love in a leper colony.—L. D., Los Angeles, California.

You have a good doctor. A researcher recently reported in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality *that he found that between 25 and 40 percent of gonorrhea patients are also infected with* Chlamydia trachomatis *(the cause of about half of all cases of nongonococcal urethritis and over three fourths of all cases of postgonococcal urethritis). Another study revealed that some 61 percent of the women who visited one V.D. clinic had two or more sexually transmitted diseases and 35 percent had three or more. The U. S. Public Health Service now recommends tetracycline—a wider-spectrum antibiotic than penicillin—as a first-line treatment for V.D., since it can also handle coincidental infections. Your chances of recovery are excellent. One of the best cures for the epidemic of venereal disease is information: The person who doesn't know enough to know that he has one disease is more than likely to be ignorant of a second or a third.*

I hate shopping for clothes more than anything in the world. When I walk into a store, I'm immediately intimidated by the kaleidoscope of colors, the racks of possibilities and the pushiness of the salespeople. Usually, I end up buying something I don't want, can't use and that, nine out of ten times, doesn't fit. Is

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this problem unique?—P. G., Chicago, Illinois.

*Oh, for the simple days when a man's wardrobe consisted of skins from the animals he had killed—no one questioned the fashion sense of a guy wearing the remains of a saber-toothed tiger. There are certain things you should do before shopping for a fall or spring wardrobe. First, acquaint yourself with the new looks. (*PLAYBOY *publishes fashion roundups several times a year. Memorize them. There will be a test.) You might also read a general text on men's fashion, such as "Looking Good," by Charles Hix. You should learn what fits. Some styles will suit your build, others won't. If it doesn't fit, it won't look good, period. (Check next month's "Playboy's Pipeline" for guidelines to the art of custom tailoring.) Once you have some confidence, head for the store. When a salesman approaches, look at how he looks. If he's out to lunch, shop somewhere else. Find a salesman who listens. If you find a suit in a store that works, go back to that store—chances are the buyer has the same taste you do. Wear your best suit to show what has worked in the past. And you might look for that label in the future, since certain houses design for particular body shapes.*

My new 35mm camera was purchased last summer and has yet to go through one of our freezing-cold winters. What should I know in order to protect my substantial investment?—S. T., Boulder, Colorado.

Your camera hates cold as much as you do, but it will not be incapacitated by it if you take certain precautions. Naturally, the main thing to do is try to keep it warm. That means carry it inside your coat rather than slung exposed over a shoulder. Take it out only to shoot, then put it back, if only for a minute. If you're spending time outside without using your camera, remove the batteries and put them in your shirt pocket, next to your warm bod. Batteries work best in 70-degree-plus temperatures. At temperatures of 20 or below, their capacity drops to from one half to one quarter of their power. Which simply means they won't work as long or as well. In fact, you should be sure to take along a spare set, just in case. (If your light meter is battery operated, it may also be affected by the chill.) Protect the body of the camera from slush and snow by putting it in a watertight plastic bag. Seal the bag, then slip a hood over the lens from outside the bag. Then carefully cut away the plastic from around the lens opening. Cold also contributes to static electricity; those little internal lightning bolts can cause flares on your film. Some experts recommend wiping the pressure plate in your camera with a cloth soaked in antistatic fluid (available in stereo shops). Besides that, all you may need is a little antifreeze for your own body and you're ready to shoot.

When I pick up my girlfriend after work, I often have to wait a few minutes before she appears. I've always left the motor running if it's just a short wait, since I've heard it takes more gas to start it up again than I'd save if I shut it off. My girlfriend, an energy-saving freak, disagrees. What do you say?—R. T., Omaha, Nebraska.

Let's get this straight: Is it your motor that's running or the car's? If it's your motor, starting up after a shutdown could take a while longer. But if it's your car's motor, and it starts easily, shut it down if you're going to be stopped for more than a minute. You actually save more gas than it takes to start the engine. Anything less than a minute, leave the engine running.

People tell me that I'm a pretty good dancer. Very often when I dance, I clear the disco floor. Some of the steps I've developed are unique. Is there any way I can patent them so they won't be ripped off?—M. P., Los Angeles, California.

Depending on the degree of difficulty, you may not have to patent your steps. But even if you could, a patent on one step would be hard to enforce. Modern choreographers use a notation system developed by Rudolf Laban half a century ago to record their dances. However, the University of Pennsylvania has been developing a computer that can store and retrieve choreographic notation, as well as provide a visual aid in the form of a dancing figure. Disco dancing is not yet in the picture, but when the machine is completed, dancers will have a way to record their dances and, it's hoped, copyright them.

I have sex with my girlfriend often and we both enjoy it. However, something is missing. I want her to talk dirty. I want her to say things like: "I want to feel your giant cock in my pussy!" or "Cram your prick in and screw me!" We love each other very much and I've tried talking to her. I know she would do it if she could, and she wants to talk dirty, but when she tries, nothing comes out of her mouth and she gets upset with herself. What can we do?—T. N., Windsor, Connecticut.

Obviously, your girlfriend thinks that love means never having to say "Cram your prick in and screw me!" She should be reminded of her civic duty. The First Amendment guarantees freedom of expression—verbal, if not physical. (We have a hard time separating the two.) She's also missing something. The February 1978 "Playboy Sex Poll" found that 82 percent of men liked a good talking to in the sack. Seventy-eight percent of the women liked words of love. If she doesn't know what to say, try flash cards. Or, perhaps, find a suitably risqué novel and have her read aloud while you tuck yourself in.

Despite having a fairly good stereo system, I can't seem to get the kind of booming bass that, say, a disco system could give me. I mean the kind of bass I can feel. Since I own my own house, noise is no problem. What do you suggest?—P. C., Dallas, Texas.

We haven't had a request like this in a long time. Most folks want less window-rattling noise. But if that's what you want, here goes. First, you've got the loudness switch on your receiver to play around with. It will boost both bass and treble at low volumes, but it works only up to about one third gain. That's enough rumble to make your pet mice pack up and leave, but it won't crack the plaster in the walls. For that, try putting your speakers on the floor in the corners of your listening room. Then take up the sound-dampening shag rug. You should get about a six on your personal Richter scale from that. Next, you should make a trip to your local stereo shop for two nifty items: an equalizer and a bass booster. The equalizer will allow you to change the tonal balance of your music and adjust it to your listening-room acoustics. The bass booster will take everything from 50 to 100 Hz and synthesize it an octave lower. Be forewarned, though, the vibrations produced by those babies (with names like The Boom Box and The Bass Excavator) could induce orgasm; so make sure you're not alone.

Ever since I saw Bo Derek in the movie *"10,"* I've been wondering about scoring systems. Just what criteria are used to judge women?—P. R., Washington, D.C.

An interesting question. We know one masochist who has spent his whole life looking for the perfect 1. We know another guy who regularly scores 10 the hard way—with five 2s. Everyone seems to have his own private system, one that is easily influenced by alcoholic intake, acute horniness and other unscientific factors. But we are curious. If you have an interesting scoring system, drop us a note. We'll publish the best ones in a future "Advisor."

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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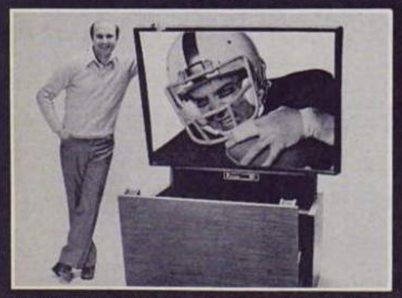

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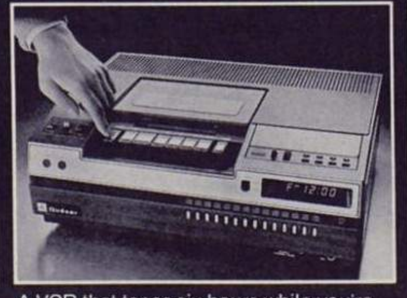

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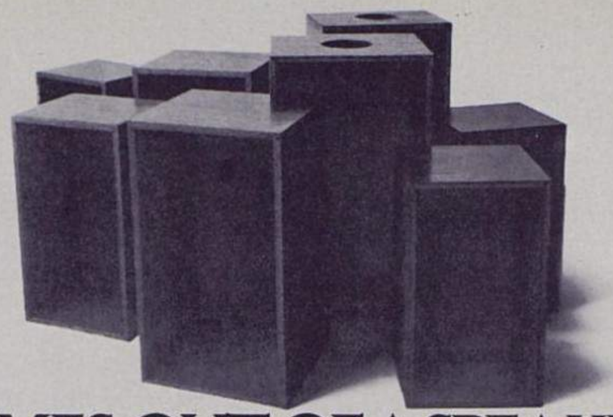


WHAT COMES OUT OF A SPEAKER IS ONLY AS IMPRESSIVE AS WHAT GOES INTO IT.

Most speaker companies try to impress you by describing the "incredible" sound that comes out of their speakers.

At Pioneer, we think the best way to describe how good HPM speakers are is to tell you what went into them.

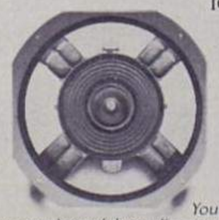
Instead of a conventional tweeter, you'll find HPM speakers have a unique *super*tweeter. In brief, it works on a thin piece of High Polymer Molecular (HPM) film that converts electrical impulses into sound waves without a magnet, voice coil, cone or dome.

The HPM Supertweeter: speaker technology rises to new highs.

As a result, it can reproduce highs with an accuracy and definition that no conventional tweeter could possibly match.

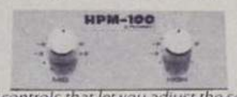
We've also created special mid-range driver cones that are light enough to give you sharp response, yet rigid enough not to distort. So you're assured of hearing a lot more music, and a lot less distortion.

And while most woofers are still made with the same antiquated materials used in 1945, ours are made with a special carbon fiber blend that's allowed us to decrease the weight of the cone, yet increase the strength needed for clarity. This, plus an oversized magnet and a long-throw voice coil let you hear even the deepest notes exactly the way the musicians recorded them.


You'll never hear a sound out of these die cast aluminum frames.

Of course, we could go on and on about the fact that every HPM speaker element has a cast aluminum frame, instead of the flimsy stamped out metal kind. Or about our special compressed wood cabinets that have better acoustic properties than ordinary wood cabinets.

It's features like this that begin to explain why unlike speakers that sound great on only part of the music, HPM speakers sound great on all of it. And this virtue isn't something you'll find in only our most expensive HPM speaker. It's found in *every* HPM speaker.



Level controls that let you adjust the sound to your listening area.

At this point, we suggest you take your favorite record into any Pioneer dealer and audition a pair of HPM speakers in person.

If you think what went into them sounds impressive, wait till you hear what comes out of them.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

COMPUTER TALK

That "Sexual Semantics" letter in last September's *Playboy Forum* makes a good point: Programmers *do* talk dirty, even when they're not trying to. IBM has, for its Sort/Merge program, an entire manual on SM 1. And when IBM, that proponent of peppy American wholesomeness, goes kinky, you know your basic scruffy programmer must be thoroughly depraved.

For example, where I work, we have both hardware and software specialists, while there is a constant demand for people who can bring our systems up. Implicit and explicit declarations are daily occurrences, as are single and multiple passes and the use of varied devices. We appreciate direct access and do our in/out business day and night. And we submit, again and again.

In fact, activities like these are so common that some of us are getting jaded, as demonstrated by my colleague who, in the middle of a session at his terminal, announced, "It just went down on me." And he wasn't even smiling.

Susan Bolotin Friedman
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Anyone with some imagination can find many examples of computer sex talk. Consider this:

- My system's performance is affected by the head movement and transfer rates of input and output devices.
- Another factor in performance is the capacity and the sizing of my system's hardware.
- When the system gets overlayed, it's really hung—and sometimes we have to do a cold start with the software. That can involve blowing a lot of users' jobs.
- If a programmer's job is blown when my system goes down, he has to determine the last entry point or the exit routine he was in. That could involve looking through his last compile (pronounced cum-pile), unless it was a load-and-go-through background. There's a good chance that there were bugs in his compile, anyway.

(Name withheld by request)
Macungie, Pennsylvania

Enough! Enough!

ACTION!

My husband and I, both photographers, were stuck for a gift idea for my parents until I remembered that they had asked for a "nice family picture" of us together—presumably instead of our usual artistic efforts, in which "you can't see what people even look like." So we stuck the 35mm on a tripod, set the self-timer and posed ourselves in front of the fireplace. We took several shots, smiling stiffly into the lens, before the zanies began to hit us and we came down with a case of giggles. Pretty soon, we were rolling around on the rug, laughing and smooching, but in the interests of *cinéma vérité*, my husband managed to keep getting up and setting the camera. Our silly

"Then our high spirits turned into high passion."

mood soon progressed into good-natured ass grabbing and crotch groping. Then our high spirits turned into high passion as we realized that the silent witness to our sexplay was turning us on incredibly and we started getting into a porn-film fantasy. My husband began to direct me to lie such and such a way, arch my back at a certain angle, place my legs just right, and so forth. The running back and forth to set the timer only heightened the excitement, especially for my husband, who was obliged to maintain his directorial "control" for the duration of the project. In fact, long after the film was used up, he was still in the running for the Harry Reems look-alike contest.

(Name withheld by request)
Dayton, Ohio

SOUNDING OFF

PLAYBOY has done much more for soldiers than adorn barracks walls with pinups. The Playboy Foundation has also helped launch the first newsmonthly to champion the rights and publicize the plights of the younger, noncareer GI.

Although 18-to-29-year-old men and women from the rank of recruit through first sergeant make up two thirds of the Armed Forces, they are still treated like an inferior minority. There are officers-only bathrooms, drinking faucets, mess halls and private clubs, and fraternization rules forbid touching or even socializing between officers and enlistees.

Some of our ship-stationed readers tell us of 16-hour workdays and six-month cruises that often strain new marriages to the breaking point. Some readers in the Army's 84th Engineering Battalion have told us of their assignment to clean up plutonium-laced topsoil from the Eniwetok atoll—work that even a prison chain gang could refuse to perform.

Where else can a citizen be busted for possessing rolling papers? Where else are you denied the right of patient-doctor and lawyer-client confidentiality? Where else do you lose the right to sue your employer for negligence? Nowhere but in the military.

Enlisted Times addresses these inequities head on, which probably explains its popularity with lower-rankers and its lack of it with the higher-ups. Base commanders have told many base exchange managers not to put it on their newsstands. And publishers of base newspapers have even refused to accept its advertising.

We salute PLAYBOY for helping us break through this stonewalling. The career N.C.O.s and officers have always had their own papers. Now the younger enlistees have *their* voice with *Enlisted Times*. Thanks for helping.

Steve Rees, Publisher
Enlisted Times
2180 Bryant Street
San Francisco, California 94110

CHURCH, PLUS STATE

It's like taking a trip in a time machine to watch what is happening in Iran, a nation regressing to the sort of religious tyranny that prevailed in most of the world in the days of the Crusades. Under his dictatorial holiness, the Ayatollah Khomeini, anonymous judges find people guilty without giving them a chance to defend themselves, have them

dragged out of the courtroom and shot. Women are relegated to second-class status and fired upon by troops when they protest. Newspapers are censored. Dancing and drinking are treated as crimes. Religious minorities are harassed and threatened. Barbarous penalties, such as cutting off the hand of a pickpocket, are being revived.

This regime seems to have the approval of a large part of the populace, but it offers remarkably few benefits. The economy is failing fast. Civil liberties are, if anything, more curtailed than they were under the shah. Society is divided into violently warring camps. Perhaps the new masters of Iran feel that it is not necessary that a government benefit people as long as all goes according to the divine will. It reminds me of the Eighth Century Moslem general who captured the library at Alexandria, the greatest in the world at that time. He declared that if there were anything worth while in the library, it would already be found in the Koran, and anything in the library that was not in the Koran could not be worth while, so he had the library burned.

We sometimes forget, here in the industrialized Western countries, how far we've come since our own days of rule by religion, and how much we owe to the reformers of the Renaissance, the Enlightenment and the American and French revolutions who painstakingly arranged the divorce between church and state and proved that each institution flourishes a lot better when it isn't in bed with the other.

In controversies ranging from prayer in schools to tax exemption for the churches to legal abortion, there are a lot of people in our society who would like to push religion back into the public sphere, even at the risk of subjecting us to a divinely inspired despotism. Doubtless, they'd love to see the holy man of their choice throwing his weight around the way the Ayatollah does. For the rest of us, though, Iran is a needed reminder of what can happen in a society in which that vital barrier between church and state does not exist.

(Name withheld by request)
Palo Alto, California

COMMENT ON KILLING

Let me begin by stating that I have always had strong personal feelings on the subject of capital punishment, which I think is better described as state-sponsored vengeance killing that does more to discredit our system of justice than to deter violent crimes. My feelings are now even stronger, because I have heard a Texas judge sentence a man to die by lethal injection—in words that describe, in chilling technical detail, the coursing of the poison through the human system "until you are dead."

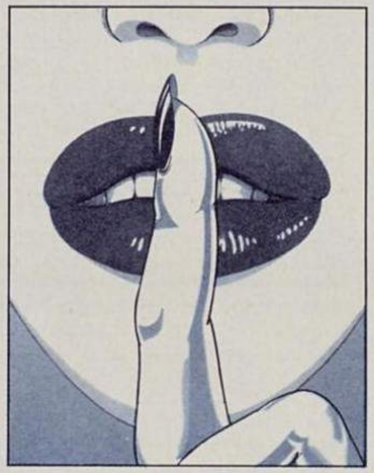
I don't suggest that anyone should feel

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

SEXUAL SLANDER

SAN DIEGO—*An airline pilot, spurned by a stewardess, has been ordered to pay her $36,000 in slander damages for allegedly spreading a false rumor that she was a lesbian. Another stewardess*



claimed she was similarly slandered for refusing invitations of the defendant but settled out of court.

FALSE ALARM

FULTON, NEW YORK—*Responding to a report of a "rape in progress," police raced to an apartment building and banged on the door where the crime was believed to be occurring. When they gained entry, the cops found only an embarrassed couple on their honeymoon. The bride explained, "I do get a little loud when I'm having sex," and the officers apologized for the intrusion, extended best wishes for a happy marriage and left.*

PRENATAL GUARDIANSHIP

HOUSTON—*A Harris County judge has dissolved a court order, issued earlier under a Texas child-protection law, that had granted an anti-abortionist guardianship of the fetus of an unmarried 19-year-old pregnant woman. After obtaining the ruling, the American Civil Liberties Union said it would next go into Federal court to challenge the constitutionality of the Texas guardianship law that permits judges to establish temporary guardianship without hearings, evidence or even notification of the person for whom the guardianship is sought.*

QUESTION OF PRIVACY

HONOLULU—*The Supreme Court of Hawaii has ruled that oral sex performed in a public place does not constitute the crime of "open lewdness" if no one is likely to see the act. The decision reversed the 1976 misdemeanor conviction of a man arrested for engaging in oral sex with another man in an automobile parked on a residential street at 3:30 in the morning. Arresting officers admitted that they could not see what was going on until they shined a light in the car.*

CURE FOR SUPERCLAP

A powerful antibiotic, presently used in cases of serious multiple infections, has been found highly effective in treating penicillin-resistant gonorrhea. Writing in The New England Journal of Medicine, *Dr. S. William Berg and three of his associates at San Diego's Naval Regional Medical Center announced their discovery that the drug cefoxitin is not susceptible to the penicillin-destroying enzyme produced by some strains of gonococcal bacteria. The first cases of resistant gonorrhea were reported in London in 1975 and since then, the strain has become increasingly common, particularly in Pacific port cities.*

NEW V.D. PROBLEM

CHICAGO—*Statistics released by a pharmaceutical company indicate that the once-rare venereal disease trichomoniasis was contracted by at least 2,800,000 American adults in 1978, a 20 percent increase over the previous year. The disease is caused by a microscopic parasite and produces an irritating vaginal infection in women but usually no symptoms in men, who may become unsuspecting carriers of the disease.*

Meanwhile, the Center for Disease Control in Atlanta has warned that this and other sexually transmitted diseases that once were rare are becoming a major national health problem.

MARITAL RAPE

SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS—*A 32-year-old man has been convicted of burglary and of raping his estranged wife and has been sentenced to three to five years in prison. The district attorney called the conviction "clearly a precedent-setting verdict for Massachusetts. . . . I think it indicates that if victims of sexual abuse come forward, they can be protected by the law." In the only previous husband-wife rape case in Massachusetts, which occurred in the 1800s, the defendant was acquitted, as was the husband in the much-publicized Rideout case in Oregon last year.*

Meanwhile, a 31-year-old man has been indicted for felony rape of his estranged wife under a 1977 New York law that permits such a charge in cases where a husband is under court order to stay away from his wife while a divorce is pending.

BROKEN HOME

CHICAGO—*In an unusual child-custody ruling, a circuit-court judge has allowed the four children of a divorced couple to be the permanent residents of their Chicago home and has ordered their parents to move in and out according to respective visitation rights. The judge said, "The children want to live in the house, they love the neighborhood, that's where their roots are and they've been in school there. . . . Let the inconvenience go to the parents rather than to the children. Usually the kids are shuttled back and forth. This time the parents will shuttle back and forth."*

LETTER OF THE LAW

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VERMONT—*A state's attorney, after researching Vermont law, has declined to prosecute a man accused of exposing himself to women on an interstate highway. At least three women motorists complained to police that the man had stopped his car beside the highway and then displayed himself in a state of total*

undress. But under present Vermont statutes, that doesn't constitute lewd behavior, the official decided, because "there was no overt action other than standing there nude."

MEDICINAL MARIJUANA

LANSING, MICHIGAN—*By a vote of 100 to 0, the house of representatives passed and Governor William G. Milliken has signed a bill making Michigan the 16th state to legalize marijuana for therapeutic use by certain cancer and glaucoma patients. The new Michigan law, recognizing the continuing problem of obtaining the drug from the Federal Government, allows the use of confiscated marijuana "if Federal sources do not provide supplies of marijuana adequate for patient use."*

PROHIBITING PARAPHERNALIA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*At the request of the Carter Administration, the U.S. Justice Department and the Drug Enforcement Administration have jointly drafted a "model law" aimed at combating the sale of bongs, roach clips, hash pipes and similar devices. The proposed law would not be adopted on the Federal level but would provide states with model uniform legislation for use against head shops and other outlets for drug paraphernalia.*

STRIKE-OUT

EUREKA, CALIFORNIA—*Humboldt County has rejected a $20,000 Federal grant earmarked to create a special "strike force" to fight the cultivation of potent sinsemilla marijuana crops in Northern California. The money would have secured the assistance of Federal drug agents, helicopters and a $50 "turn in the grower" award. Reportedly, the county supervisors objected to the idea of heavily armed drug police invading the region and possibly starting a violent pot war.*

COMBAT CASUALTIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The Veterans Administration has released a preliminary study indicating that Vietnam veterans have been suffering more personal problems in civilian life than previously believed. The study, involving 380 veterans in New York and Connecticut, found that 40 percent have emotional and drug problems and that a substantial number have nightmares and difficulties in their jobs and marriages. Similar studies of veterans in other parts of the country are currently under way.*

NO WOMEN ALLOWED

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE—*Two assistant fire chiefs and four captains have been placed on administrative leave while officials study charges that a woman was tied to a bed in a fire station and raped by numerous firemen over an 18-hour period. A special unit combining personnel from the police department and the district attorney's office is conducting the investigation. Knoxville mayor Randy Tyree commented, "It is city policy that civilians are not to be in these areas. . . . There was an obvious breakdown of supervision."*

WELFARE COSTS

GARY, INDIANA—*Welfare caseworkers in Calumet Township have been issued a directive forbidding them to use "voodooism, witchcraft, spiritualism or any kind of mind control" with welfare clients. The issue came up when a city official learned that not just one caseworker but possibly several appeared to be using various kinds of superstitious*

practices to exploit people on welfare, persuading them to share food allotments or suggesting that participating in séances or witchcraft was a condition for obtaining relief payments.

MALE CONTRACEPTION

PEKING—*Chinese scientists report they have developed yet another method of male sterilization, this one using an injection to block the sperm duct. The procedure involves the simple hypodermic injection of a phenol mixture directly into the sperm duct and is claimed to be more than 90 percent effective. Last year, the Chinese announced a male oral contraceptive claimed to be over 99 percent effective.*

NIGHT STALKER

SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT—*A 19-year-old man has been found guilty of masturbating in front of the window of a shop called the Sticky Fingers Bakery at four A.M., to the dismay of one of the bakery's women employees working the night shift. He received a jail sentence of up to one year, which was probated on the condition that he receive psychiatric counseling.*

great sympathy or forgiveness for a man who caused the death of another, though I myself have come to know just such a man as a human being whose mind was and may still be crippled, and who therefore may not be fully accountable for his actions. What depresses me is the righteousness and solemnity that surround the occasion of legally killing a man. The expressions capital punishment and execution are, in fact, merely polite terms for killing.

In cloaking this form of killing with legalese and ceremony, I find a certain amount of absurdity. One can almost laugh at the lengths to which we go to legitimize the very act, when performed rationally by the state, that we condemn the individual for performing out of madness, panic or for other reasons neither he nor anyone else can ever fully understand.

Let me carry this absurdity to its extreme and paraphrase my friend Maury Maverick, Jr., a former Texas legislator of considerable renown and one of our most respected champions of human rights. In a moment of black humor—pun intended—he noted both the passage of our state law that replaces the electric chair with the hypodermic needle and the fact that most people in this country scheduled for execution are black. His suggestion was that we make execution even more humane by injecting poison not into the person but into a watermelon, which would then be served as the traditional last meal. That should appeal to the pious who find killing humorous in jokes and morally correct when performed under the color of law.

Gerald H. Goldstein
Attorney at Law
San Antonio, Texas

SMALL THINGS ADD UP

I would like to comment on Kurt Krüger's letter in the November *Playboy Forum*, concerning his objections to the inclusion of female pronouns when referring to management in business. Until recently, the predominance of male pronouns when referring to certain professions—law, medicine, business—gave credence to the misguided belief that those professions were male bastions. Likewise, the almost exclusive use of female pronouns when referring to nursing and the secretarial fields indicated the reverse. While Krüger may feel this problem to be of little consequence, those of us trying to break through sexual barriers do not need one more obstacle blocking our way, however small.

And it doesn't really matter whether you call it bullshit or cowshit, as Krüger suggests, it still stinks.

Joan E. Dolamore
Waltham, Massachusetts

CONDOM CONDEMNATION

Great news! With a little community organization, the good guys can, and do, sometimes win.

A few months ago, three of the largest chain stores in St. Louis removed condoms from open display in their pharmacies as a result of the singlehanded efforts of one Billie Lasker, a self-appointed guardian of the public morals. I was outraged to see how easily these otherwise sophisticated businessmen caved in to her. Fortunately, many others in the community felt as I did and together we organized the Coalition for Reproductive Freedom to flex our social and economic muscles. We prepared to launch a Condom Buy-in, in which several hundred people would shop for condoms at the same time on a crowded Saturday afternoon. Our slogan was: "If we have to ask for condoms, then so we shall—en masse!" To our enormous satisfaction, the stores conceded after receipt of our letter of intent and condoms are once again easily available.

I highly recommend the buy-in technique as an effective means of dealing with corporate bodies that need to be convinced that their policies are not in the public interest.

Barry Schapiro
St. Louis, Missouri

COUNSELING FOR THE GI

A few years ago, *The Playboy Forum* published our letter advising GIs of our counseling service and we received such a large response that we would like to offer it again. The information is basically the same as before: that we can help many Servicemen and -women with their military problems, from getting recruitment promises fulfilled to obtaining compassionate reassignments or even discharges. We can be reached at 212-475-5654 or readers can send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for informative pamphlets free of charge.

Middy Streeter
Military Counseling Office
Religious Society of Friends
15 Rutherford Place
New York, New York 10003

BEANING YOUR HORSE

Regarding your *Forum Newsfront* item "Horse Lover" in the October issue, reporting a complaint to police that a man was publicly fondling the genitals of a horse:

As a longtime horse lover and horse owner, I want to share with PLAYBOY readers some information about such things. As part of standard horse hygiene, a male horse's genitals (likewise, a mare's teats and vagina) must periodically be cleaned—a process called beaning that is somewhat like the cleaning of the penis of an uncircumcised human male. While to an unenlightened observer this may appear licentious, it is simply good hygiene. Beaning is such a standard procedure that it appears as a code at the bottom of the printed billing form of most large-animal veterinarians.

Caroline Jaffe
Attorney at Law
Chicago, Illinois

Good to know these things, though in the case we reported, out of Golden, Colorado, the beaning apparently did not involve a consenting horse in private.

REEFER MADNESS

A New York doctor who is a member of an antidrug organization suggested in a locally televised interview that drug-law-reform efforts are sponsored by or in some way connected with organized crime.

That nuttiness, in itself, did not bother me; what did was his inclusion of the Playboy Foundation and the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. He implied that both groups have ties with organized crime, as evidenced by their liberal positions on pot.

I feel it is important for you to comment, not only to inform those who are unfamiliar with the work of both organizations but also to assist legislators in making rational decisions on decriminalizing marijuana.

Randy Watkins
Lansing, Michigan

Good grief! If any groups stood to lose from the reform of drug laws, they would be the organized criminals who bank-roll and engineer massive smuggling operations and the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration, whose agents would be put out of work. Which causes us to wonder if the nitwits who come up with such ideas aren't on the payroll of the Mafia or the Government or both. At least that would make some sense. For example, some of the most outspoken opponents of Prohibition repeal in the early Thirties unwittingly were financed by bootleggers who were appalled by the prospect of legalizing booze. Just think what legalized marijuana would do to the multibillion-dollar-a-year illegal pot industry.

IMMIGRATION POLICY

We'd like to thank the Playboy Foundation for its grant to our public-interest law firm, Gay Rights Advocates, to assist in seeking change in the immigration-and-naturalization policy that for the past 27 years has excluded lesbians and gay men from entering the United States, classifying them as afflicted with "psychopathic personalities."

Last August, Gay Rights Advocates succeeded in obtaining directives from the Surgeon General and from the Commissioner of the U. S. Immigration Service to cease examining and deporting aliens based on their sexual orientation.

William Dillingham of Pillsbury, Madison & Sutro, who associated with Gay Rights Advocates on the immigration cases, stated that, "Since the medical profession no longer recognizes homosexuality as a mental defect or disease, the enforcement mechanism became obsolete and the statute unenforceable. We welcome the INS directive and fully expect that INS will no longer inquire into the private sex life of entering aliens." In effect, this leaves to Congress the decision whether or not to continue to exclude persons on the basis of their sexual orientation and, if so, to provide clear standards and procedures for exclusion.

Don Knutson, Director
Gay Rights Advocates
San Francisco, California

NUT OF THE MONTH

It has come to our attention that your organization has been making contributions to research on homosexuality, so we thought it time to tell you: Keep your money and mind your own business.

From our observations of heteros, we arrive at the conclusion that (A) hetero females (i.e., cunt contamination) are fat-assed cows with diarrhea of the mouth and (B) hetero males (i.e., cunt lappers) are fools.

It is also an established fact that heteros are lower in intelligence by far than homosexuals. Therefore, although homosexuality is increasing and heterosexuality decreasing, we suppose heteros (i.e., stupidity) will always be with us.

In view of these facts, Kipling's statement that East is East and West is West should be applied to homosexuals and heterosexuals, inasmuch as they are not the same. So you go your way and we will go ours and if you want projects for your funds, start with some of the problems existing solely because of heteros.

Walter J. Phillips, Vice-President
Homosexuals Intransigent!
New York, New York

We hope this letter generates a little sympathy for the average homosexual person. With friends like Homosexuals Intransigent!, gays don't need enemies.

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

I now find myself sympathizing with the "Old Soldier" who wrote to you about his refusing to join the Veterans of Foreign Wars because he would have had to sign a statement saying he believed in God (*The Playboy Forum*, March 1979).

I once answered no to a similar question on an application to join my hometown Elks Club. Not long after filling out the application, I was summoned to meet with the club's application review board. It was no review board at all but seven men who conducted one of the best inquisitions imaginable. Not only did they reject my application but they made me out to be some kind of heathen.

Needless to say, the meeting left me emotionally upset, since I consider myself to be a good member of our community and am a family man with a full-time job, a Vietnam veteran and have no police record. The whole incident is disturbing because before and after my rejection, some members of the club told me that even though they don't believe in God, they answered yes to the question, just to be accepted. In other words, the so-called righteous members of the community are now chastising me for merely being honest.

"Members of the community are now chastising me for merely being honest."

Tom T. Davis
Everett, Washington

We commend your integrity and only lament that it so often makes trouble for honest people. Like the loyalty oaths of the Fifties. We're not ready to recommend such a cynical approach to the problem, but some people argue that the best way to deal with such chickenshit (an old Army expression) is just to smile, say yes to everything, make everybody happy, get where you're going and then make trouble. The reason we don't approve of such infiltration and subversion is that it's used only by atheistic Communists, but you get the idea.

ABUSE OF FREEDOM

The rising clamor against pornography is something I predicted over a year ago, and it didn't require any great intelligence or insight, just common sense. Quite frankly, the porno industry brought it on itself. The material available today is probably not any kinkier or more violent than before, but I have noticed that the "smut kings" are advertising it more widely and flaunting it more boldly. Which is all it takes to provoke a counterattack. It seems that when any oppression is in any way moderated, a few entrepreneurs go apeshit, abuse the new freedom and soon ruin it for everyone, including themselves.

That is the one worry I have about legalizing marijuana. Presently, there is some reticence in its promotion and sale because it is flatly illegal. I fear that if it were otherwise, we'd suddenly have billboards exhorting everyone to get stoned and the result would be another dark age of drug-law Gestapoism. Already, the head shops, with their gaudy displays of every kind of drug paraphernalia and the noisy marketing and glamorizing of same, have managed to spook the politicians and much of the public into trying to put them out of business entirely.

The same with legalized abortion. The one thing the Right to Lifers needed was a bunch of quacks opening mass-production abortion mills that were operated on the ethical and professional level of used-car lots.

In every new area of freedom, there seems to occur a race to see who first can kill the golden goose.

(Name withheld by request)
New York, New York

There's truth in what you say. Unfortunately, abuses and excesses are not the only prices people pay for their freedom; too often, such excesses provide an excuse to destroy the freedom. Since everything in life is a matter of conflicting interests and priorities, we'll always choose freedom, in the belief that we can somehow survive its worst consequences.

PORN PARADE

When opposition started growing against pornographic violence, I was sympathetic; when it expanded to include all pornography, I thought, Oh, no!—the nuts have taken over. Only a case-hardened antisexual fanatic confuses healthy sex with neurotic sex and tries to suppress both, when the former should be regarded as the most effective antidote to the latter. Love and brutality are the polar opposites, and I would strongly argue that violent sadomasochistic sex is a *result* of puritanical repression that inhibits healthy sexual expression.

I fear that now that the radical feminists have stirred up the crackpots, we can kiss women's liberation and the Equal Rights Amendment goodbye. The Phyllis Schlaflys, the Anita Bryants, the Right to Lifers and the Southern Baptists desperately needed some feminists to lead a crusade against porn, and those feminists may soon find themselves leading a parade made up of anti-abortionists, anti-gays, antiwomenists, racists, moralists and radical rightists of every description. Nice going, girls! I wonder what kind of country I'll be returning to.

Karen Wilson
London, England

The New York Times *reported that the antipornography march last October was, in fact, joined by opponents of abortion and gay rights, to the dismay of the feminists who led it.*

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TERRY BRADSHAW

a candid conversation with the steelers' country-boy christian quarterback

The boots are made of elephantskin. They are almost pure white and in the middle, where they shelter his shins, there is a big black number 12 made from the bellies of a lot of little lizards. Terry Bradshaw lifts the boots up on the coffee table and leans back on the crimson soft velvet couch. "Sometimes," he says, tilting his suede Stetson back on his balding blond head, "I worry about comin' off like a dime-store cowboy."

And with that, Terry Bradshaw, who, at the age of 31, makes about a quarter of a million dollars a year for throwing a football very straight and very hard, starts plunking his $75 guitar. "Y'all join in if you know the words," he tells his two city-slicker guests. He sings alone:

"'The heart is a funny thing with a mind all its own. / It withers like a garden left unattended and alone. / And the thorns of loneliness invade and destroy what they can't steal. / So easy to hurt. But oh so hard to heal.'"

He looks out of place here, his back to a full-length picture window of this sooty steel town of Pittsburgh, a sullen city where the air is grayish brown, the rivers polluted by tiny tugs and the hills alive with the sound of belching smokestacks.

Here, in this unlikely city of champions, the most valuable player in the single most important game in sports sits still in his 17th-floor apartment overlooking the Monongahela River and rests from a long day of hard practice. The stadium where 50,000 fans cheer him is just over his right shoulder, not more than a fly pattern away.

He is sharing the apartment with a dog named Sugar. His wife, known to most people as JoJo Starbuck, the ice skater, is on a nationwide tour for a noodle-soup company. His folks are down home on his ranch in Louisiana, right near where, as a child, he hopped up the hills and slid down the slop.

Bradshaw grew like a Louisiana weed, to over 6'3" and 200 pounds. When he finished at Louisiana Tech, a neighborhood college he went to because he didn't think he was good enough to make it at the bigger schools, the people who scout and tout for pro football were calling him the next Joe Namath, a country kid with an arm like a howitzer. They thought so much of him that he was the number-one pick from the college crop that year. But that was a decade ago.

It didn't come easy for Bradshaw. He came to a team that had played 14 games the year before and won one of them. Many people thought that, as a new quarterback playing in a new stadium, Bradshaw would immediately turn things around for the Pittsburgh Steelers. But that wasn't the case.

"Bradshaw may have a lot in common with this stadium," owner Art Rooney said that first year. "He'll be beautiful—when he's finished."

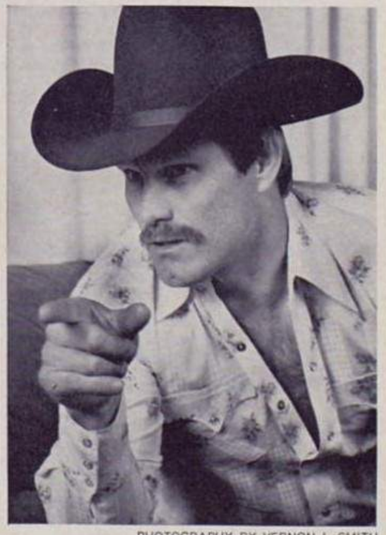
Bradshaw played erratically those early years. He was an occasional hero and a frequent goat. Some of his frustrated teammates complained very loudly that he called dumb plays. Dumb was a label that would be picked up by the press and branded on Bradshaw. The country bumpkin. Li'l Abner in football shoes.

It all started to get to him, that and a bad marriage to a teenage beauty queen. By 1974, he had lost his starting quarterback job to a black player who, it was later revealed, was a heroin addict. But he kept believing in himself and, most of all, he kept the faith. He became an avid Christian, a belief that would come to rule his very being, a persuasion that would help him pull himself up by Tony Lama's bootstraps, win back his starting role and take his team to the Super Bowl that year.

His victory over the Minnesota Vikings

"The worst they could say about me was, 'Obviously, the guy's not very intelligent.' That's so ludicrous. Man, if you can write your name, you're not dumb. Plus, I talk like thii-iis."

"I found Christ. I had a revelation while I was watching 'Monday Night Football.' . . . The tears were coming down my face and I said, 'Jiminy Christmas, what is this? What's with these tears?'"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY VERNON L. SMITH

"As I look back on it now, when JoJo was home, was I a great husband? No. Did I talk to her and baby her and pamper her? No. Did I communicate with her? No. I was a jerk of a husband."

would lead to consecutive conquests of the Dallas Cowboys. In January 1979, Bradshaw would lead his team to victory in a game that many called the greatest Super Bowl ever. And, in the greatest of games, he'd be named the best player.

But the problems were not over. His three-year-old marriage to JoJo was almost sacked. She wanted to pursue her career, he wanted her to stay at home. Only their faith kept them together. (He has since published two ghostwritten books attesting to that faith.) There is evidence of that all over their Pittsburgh home. Prominent among all the game-winning footballs and trophies are drawings of Jesus and simply stated prayers. Like the one in the kitchen that gives the recipe for a happy marriage. The biggest ingredient listed is "one gallon of faith in God and each other."

As Bradshaw answered his detractors by leading the Steelers to another probable Super Bowl this year, a lot of questions remained about his life both on and off the field. To get the answers, PLAYBOY *sent* **Maury Z. Levy** *and* **Samantha Stevenson** *to talk with America's latest football hero. Levy and Stevenson had just finished a bout with Pete Rose for last September's "Playboy Interview." This time, their subject wasn't hostile. The three of them got along very well. The interview sessions turned into marathons of singing and talk about philosophy and football. Bradshaw related immediately to Stevenson, herself a newborn Christian. It took longer with Levy, a once-born Jew. Levy reports:*

"Terry's biggest concern was not to offend me when he talked about his Christianity. Once I assured him that I had a good alibi for the Crucifixion, we became fast friends.

"It quickly became clear that Bradshaw was one of the most honest, down-to-earth people I'd ever worked with. That first day, when we left the stadium to head to his apartment, we walked out to a parking lot full of Caddies and Corvettes. Terry walked by them all as we climbed into his Ford Bronco wagon.

"Once we got to know each other, he shared more than just his thoughts with me. We wear about the same size in athletic shoes and shirts, and he insisted on giving me some of them to take home. We finally settled on a trade. He gave me a pair of white Spaldings. I took him a pair of blue-and-green Ponys. 'The ugliest guldarn shoes I've ever seen,' he said, accepting them graciously.

"Our talks were somewhat scattered. Once, we stopped to go down to the lobby of his apartment building so he could throw some footballs at me. I still have the black-and-blue marks on my chest. That lesson finished, we went back up so Terry could give me some even more important instruction. He didn't want me to leave until I'd learned all the words to 'Amazing Grace.' Samantha went into the kitchen to make us dinner while he did that. He wasn't worried about her. She already knew the words."

Stevenson reports:

"I think Terry felt more comfortable explaining his faith to me. It was our mutual faith that allowed me to push him on some of the harder questions—like who is Jesus Christ and how could he help him throw a touchdown pass?

"To be a touchdown hero in my book, you have to really be something extraordinary. I grew up around professional football players and learned early on what most people never realize: that they are very human. And Terry Bradshaw was one of the most human of all those I'd met.

"My impressions of him were immediate. I thought he had a good heart and a great sense of humor. He kept telling JoJo on the phone that I was a Playboy Bunny. 'Gor-gee-ous,' he lusted. I'm afraid she believed him for a while.

"But through all the fun, we ended things on a very serious note. After baring his soul, Terry took my hands and we sat—knee to knee on the couch. 'I'd like to pray about this,' he said.

"And so we prayed together—both for a Steeler Super Bowl and for this interview. Terry prayed that the interview would come out funny, that he be shown to be intelligent and honest. He prayed that all people would understand. I said amen."

PLAYBOY: Knowing your fundamentalist Christian background, we wonder why you agreed to do this interview.

BRADSHAW: Well, if Jesus were on earth today, he'd want to be interviewed by PLAYBOY.

PLAYBOY: He would?

BRADSHAW: I don't think Jesus ever shied down. And, as one of his children, neither should I. Jesus was for the people. He *is* for the people. And he was teaching and preaching to *all* the people. Murderers. The rich. The poor. You know. Everyone. And today, it would include people who read PLAYBOY. He hasn't spoken to me about it, but I know he would want to be in here. I had reservations about doing this. I told JoJo and JoJo was upset when I told her I was going to do this interview, but I said, "Hey, it's an opportunity for me to witness to 22,000,000 people." And she said, "You know you're going to get asked *every* question." I said, "I know that. I'm just going to answer as openly and honestly as I possibly can. And when I think it's really controversial, I'll just lie." [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Tell us something about your religious feelings before we move on to football. How did they start?

BRADSHAW: I found Christ. I sort of had a revelation.

PLAYBOY: When did you find him?

BRADSHAW: While I was watching *Monday Night Football.*

PLAYBOY: Are we talking about Christ or Howard Cosell?

BRADSHAW: I'm serious. I was watching *Monday Night Football,* but I had the volume turned down. And I was watching it, but I really wasn't seeing it. There's a song that talks about being with a person all your life, but finally one morning you roll over and look at her face to face—and you finally see her. This was kind of what happened with me and the Lord. I finally saw him. I was a Christian and I had fallen out of a relationship with the Lord. And this night in particular, he and I got reacquainted.

PLAYBOY: While you were watching *Monday Night Football*?

BRADSHAW: Right. I was watching it and tears were coming down my face.

PLAYBOY: You were by yourself?

BRADSHAW: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: In your apartment?

BRADSHAW: Right. And I said, "Jiminy Christmas, what is this? What's with these tears?" I was embarrassed, but there was no one in there. So I kind of sat up and they just kept coming down.

PLAYBOY: It had nothing to do with the *Monday Night Football* game?

BRADSHAW: No. Nothing. And then it was like God was sitting in front of me and I was shakin' on my knees. I said, "OK. I need You in my life to straighten me out. *I* can't. I've tried to help myself and I messed it up. You've just got to take my life and straighten me up and help me get over this pain of not playing. Help me get over this hate and help me get myself back together again."

PLAYBOY: Now what's the most important thing in your life?

BRADSHAW: The most important thing? Well, used to be this profession that I'm in. Football used to be my god but no longer is. I still love it, I'm still aggressive, I still want to be very successful at it, I want to win a lot of football games. And my job is to be the best football player in the world, because it affords me a life; it pays, it's my job, and so it hasn't dulled my senses for the game or the love or the great excitement I get from the game. It's just that I'm very much at peace with myself because of my faith.

PLAYBOY: But it must have changed your perspective of the game.

BRADSHAW: No. No. No. It shouldn't have.

PLAYBOY: You don't take it any less seriously?

BRADSHAW: I couldn't play the game if I felt like this is not what the Lord wanted me to do. Everybody has to ask, "Is this what the Lord wants me to do?" Others ask, "Do I feel like it's wrong for me to play a game that's very rough and brutal and cruel?" But I don't feel that way at all. I feel like I've been blessed with the ability to play quarterback and very

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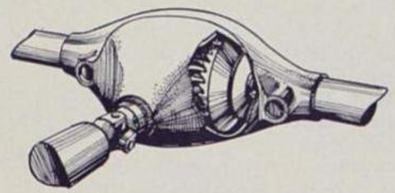

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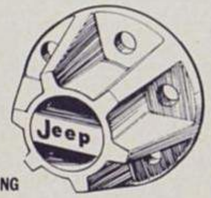

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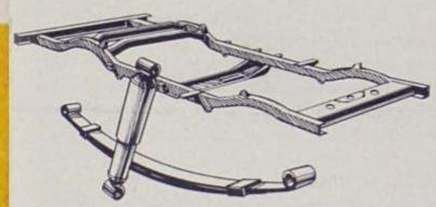

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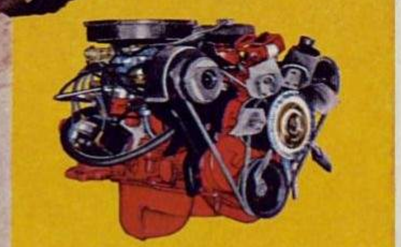

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The 1980 Jeep CJ has the best gas mileage of any American 4-wheel drive vehicle! Bet you're wondering what you have to give up to get greater fuel economy. Nothing! Our feisty, new 4-cylinder engine and power train perform like a champ, on-road or off. You'll be amazed by the power and pep. With a newly designed 4-speed transmission and upgraded high efficiency gear ratios, you can expect all the gutsy performance the Jeep CJ is known and loved for. As always, each and every rugged, durable CJ is built with famous Jeep dependability and four decades of unbeatable 4-wheel drive know-how. So, whether you choose the agile CJ-5 or spirited CJ-7, with extra room, you're in for the most fuel-efficient 4-wheeling fun—ever! Economy doesn't have to be dull! Jeep CJ for 1980 proves it! *Remember, use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway mileage will be less.

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proud to have been selected to play for the Pittsburgh Steelers. And I think I'm doing exactly what the Lord wants me to do at this point in my career.

PLAYBOY: When you say the Lord wanted you to be a quarterback——

BRADSHAW: That sounds corny, doesn't it?

PLAYBOY: Maybe just hard to understand.

BRADSHAW: I don't understand it myself.

PLAYBOY: Do you hear a voice, do you just know it in your soul?

BRADSHAW: It's not easy to explain. You see, I've always thought about Jesus. There's not hardly an hour that goes by that his face, or just the thought of him, doesn't flash through my mind. I believe that there is a heaven. And I believe that the Bible teaches you that there is also a hell, a place that's not so wonderful. So I want to be at the place that is good, and not because of the consequences. Not because if someone came up to me today, and I wasn't a believer, and said, "If you'll accept Jesus as your Savior, you're going to go to heaven and, boy, it's going to be great up there; you'll live forever and forever and just have a blast. But if you don't accept Jesus, you're going to go to hell and you're going to burn, boy, you're just going to really be a mess. Now, which do you want to do?" "Well, I'm going to heaven." "OK, brother, you're saved." "Hey, great." Well, it's not like that. It takes a long time to understand this feeling and it started with me as a young child in Bible school. And it builds up inside of you. If I told you that the bells rang and tears flowed down my face, that might not happen for you. But it could come while you're driving the car or asleep, it can come any time, but you know it happens and it's a tremendous feeling and I can't explain it in words. I can't. Any more than I can explain why I don't have to concentrate on breathing. It just happens. It's just amazing. It's just one of the miracles in life.

PLAYBOY: It seems more and more athletes are turning to Christianity. At least more are talking about it.

BRADSHAW: Well, people aren't ashamed to admit it anymore. Yeah, more and more closet Christians are coming out—it seems to be in vogue. And everybody's just looking for answers. I think they're finding out that Christ is the answer. I think they're slowly finding out——Wait, I can't see the TV. Ah, good. It looks like Southern Cal won.

PLAYBOY: Have you always led such a clean life?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, a clean life. Kind of a wholesome life. I didn't booze and drink. And I wasn't out whore hounding. You know, whoring around. I was pretty much a straight and what would be classified today as a square human being.

PLAYBOY: Did you come from a close family?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I'm crazy about my folks. They're the most fun. And I love them to death. My family. My uncles are like brothers to me. We hug and kiss every time we see each other. That's just the way I was brought up. I was lucky.

I was a kid who loved to play games. Any kind of game, any kind of ball. Give me a baseball, give me a basketball, give me something I can bounce and throw. Why? I don't know why. Only the Lord knows why he picked me to be attracted to such a sport. But I was fascinated by it. I loved it.

PLAYBOY: Were you as open as a kid, or were you shy?

BRADSHAW: No. I was never shy. Well, I was shy as I got older. Because I was unsure of myself. When I was young, I was like most kids. Ah-la-la-la . . . who gives a hoot? I was a troublemaker.

PLAYBOY: *You* a troublemaker?

BRADSHAW: My mother says I was just into everything. I must have been a really tough kid to corral. I got disciplined quite frequently. I guess that would be the best way to say it. The rod, I wore out the rod. You know, Spare the rod and spoil the child? Well, I wore out the rod.

PLAYBOY: What was so special about growing up a country boy?

BRADSHAW: I could go barefooted and go fishin' with my cousins and we dug our own earthworms. We made up our own poles, and then we fantasized we'd go fishin' all the time and we'd go bird huntin' with our slingshots and we'd play hide-and-go-seek and ride the horses and we'd steal watermelons and we'd run in the dirt and just have a ball. We'd play those pasture baseball games and it was just, it was a boy's dream. Those were my happiest days. Plus, I love my cousins. We were eight, nine, ten, eleven years old, just out there having a hootin', hollerin' good time. My grandfather would come in the evening and we'd get on the truck and sit on the hood and ride it home and breathe and smell cow dung out in the fields. And steppin' in it. You ever stepped in it with bare feet, playing hide-and-go-seek, or slide in it? Takin' a bath in a number-two washtub?

PLAYBOY: Can't say we have. It must be a strong memory for you.

BRADSHAW: There ain't hardly a minute of it I don't remember. And all the family was there. See, every Sunday, all the family would come and there'd be a huge cookout and they'd be frying chicken and makin' pies and cakes and black-eyed peas and green beans and bacon and mashed potatoes and sweet potatoes, corn on the cob. And just everybody would be there and everybody would be eatin' and havin' a ball and, well, you see how excited I'm gettin' just talking, I get louder and louder. And then we'd all go out and the men would play Rook, a card game, and they'd get tired of that and they'd want to play baseball with the kids and we'd all have a big baseball

game and they'd all want to go fishin' and we'd all get in the back of the truck and all go fishin'. These are all just great times in my life.

PLAYBOY: Can you draw on those memories, now, when you're lonely?

BRADSHAW: That's probably why I have my farm.

PLAYBOY: You didn't even leave that part of the country when you went away to college, did you?

BRADSHAW: I went to a major power, Loosiana Tech. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned at all about the fact that you pronounce your state incorrectly?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I know it. It's Looeasy-ana. I'm sorry. Thank you.

PLAYBOY: Are you having trouble keeping your Southern accent?

BRADSHAW: Well, sometimes [*goes into a heavy country twang*], y'all see, if I'm not real careful like, I'll slip, but most of the time, it's a troublesome thing not to be able to be around my kinfolk and all that kind of stuff. [*Takes off his cowboy hat and runs his hand over his bald head*]

PLAYBOY: Say, why *do* you wear a toupee?

BRADSHAW: Because the people, well, uh. . . .

PLAYBOY: What?

BRADSHAW: 'Cause I *love* it! I do like to wear it.

PLAYBOY: But you don't wear it under your helmet. Just on commercials and things, to help you make money.

BRADSHAW: Yup.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep it on?

BRADSHAW: Simple, just a clip. It's easy. I wear it on all the TV shows and my public appearances, stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: Bring it out, let's put it on.

BRADSHAW: [*He gets up and goes to the bedroom to get the toupee*] Don't come in. I'll just stick it on. Watch me change from an ordinary feller to one of the most brilliant people. Here I go.

PLAYBOY: Drum roll, please.

BRADSHAW: [*Yelling from bedroom*] Wow, I've changed already! Darned if I'da knowed I was going to be this perty. . . . [*He walks in wearing the toupee and strikes a model's pose*] Ready or not, here it is. This is what I used to look like before I lost my hair.

PLAYBOY: There *is* a significant difference. You must have had all the women chasing you—before.

BRADSHAW: Basically.

PLAYBOY: Basically they did?

BRADSHAW: Basic quarterback sex symbol.

PLAYBOY: Isn't bald supposed to be sexy?

BRADSHAW: That's what my wife tells me. And I consider that a tremendous flattery, considering God overlooked me when He gave out looks.

PLAYBOY: Why did God overlook you?

BRADSHAW: He gave it to all my brothers. He overlooked me.

PLAYBOY: What is it about your family? They are all good athletes, aren't they?

BRADSHAW: It's gotta be the water. Who in the world would have any idea? I think it's just in the water. My mother's family are all great athletes. And I guess it just rubbed off. We were just going to be good athletes and maybe great athletes if we worked hard.

PLAYBOY: Is your mom a good athlete?

BRADSHAW: Mother? Excellent. Competitive.

PLAYBOY: What does she play?

BRADSHAW: Basketball, ping-pong, croquet, bowling. She's tough, boy, she's tough. She's very aggressive. Very aggressive.

PLAYBOY: Now you have JoJo. By the time you have your children, they're bound to be competitive athletes.

BRADSHAW: Well, you never know. It's like crossing Secretariat with Ruffian. You may get a dud. I mean, I don't mean to compare myself to Secretariat. Who knows what you get when you cross two athletes—professional athletes? Who knows? There's no guarantees in the cards.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as a stud like Secretariat?

BRADSHAW: Oh, yeah. And JoJo's a great skater and I'm sure if we make love, we're going to have another fine champion.

PLAYBOY: If JoJo were sitting here, we bet she'd be turning red.

BRADSHAW: Oh, she'd be mad as a hornet. Off the record there, tape.

PLAYBOY: What did you read when you were a child? You did read, didn't you?

BRADSHAW: Oh, shoot. I was heavy into Archie and Veronica. Donald Duck, Daffy.

PLAYBOY: Do you identify more with Archie or with Jughead?

BRADSHAW: Jughead.

PLAYBOY: Now, come on.

BRADSHAW: I never read that much. I didn't like to read. Unfortunately. I'm not proud of that. I do like to read now, though. But——

PLAYBOY: What was the last book you read?

BRADSHAW: Ah. Well, heck. It was one of what's-his-face's articles, like *The Bastard*? What's that guy's name?

PLAYBOY: The Bicentennial series by John Jakes.

BRADSHAW: Yes. I read those. That was the last group of books I read. I don't have much time. I read the Bible. I'm fascinated with that, but . . . I don't read. I really don't read that much. I read a lot of quarter-horse journals. I read a lot of agriculture, statistics stuff.

PLAYBOY: How did you fare in school?

BRADSHAW: I did well. I did very well. I was a good student. I never had to study that hard. Things came kind of easy. But I had too much energy. I couldn't sit long enough. Even now, I can't sit long. I've got too much going on. Either in my mind or outside, I can't sit. I'm terrible. And I'm surprised I did as well as I did as a student. Normally, that's not good or wholesome; it makes for bad study habits. But I pick things up and maintain them well enough that I didn't have to sit down and break my brains.

PLAYBOY: Then how did you get the reputation for being the dumbest quarterback in the league?

BRADSHAW: That's a good question. What happened was that in my growing pains as a quarterback, I made a lot of bad decisions. Which is only natural. And because there also were people who didn't like me. I was funny, I enjoyed talking. I was big and strong and fast and had blond hair and stood for Mom and apple pie, and God bless America and I love God and I tote my Bible and I pray and I love Momma and Daddy. I was too good to be true. I'm sure it made a lot of people turn off. So the first chance they had an opportunity, they got me. The worst they could say was, "Obviously, the guy's not very intelligent." It's probably the most ridiculous—sad—I can't even think of a word to describe how ludicrous it was. You know? Man, if you can write your name, you're not dumb. Plus, I talk like thii-iis. [*Speaks in an exaggerated drawl*] It was just a combination of several things. My own teammates would say, "He got in the huddle and changed the play." Which is true, but, hey, I had a lot of pressure on me. I didn't know the game. I was learning the game and I was wantin' to do well and we weren't that good a football team. And I was right in the middle of it and so I caught it.

It just started off by someone saying that that was a dumb thing to do and then the next guy heard it and I'm sure someone else heard him and said, "Well, Bradshaw called some dumb plays out there today." It just kept popping up. Finally, when I lost my starting job, they said obviously it was because I was dumb. And there you have it.

PLAYBOY: *Sports Illustrated* called you——

BRADSHAW: Li'l Abner. Hot dang. Shu my mouth.

PLAYBOY: You're shuckin' us.

BRADSHAW: Hey, I'm enjoying this.

PLAYBOY: Football has made you rich. Does your wealth ever startle you? Do you *feel* rich?

BRADSHAW: Well, monetarily I don't know what rich is. I feel rich in a lot of ways. I make a good living. But I don't really make that much money. I do make a good amount of money compared to the average laborer. But, as compared to your superstars in baseball or basketball, you know, I'm nowhere near that bracket. I'm not even in the top ten or fifteen. But that's not the point. The point is, I'm happy. And

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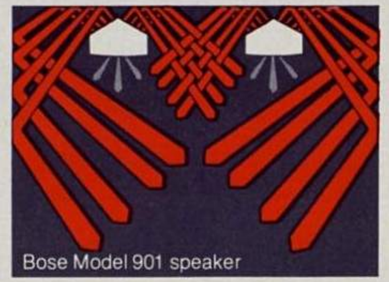
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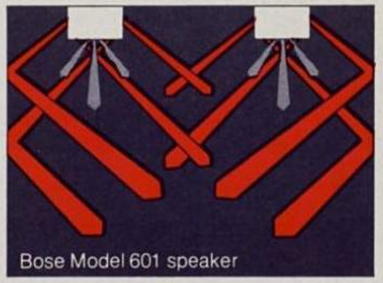
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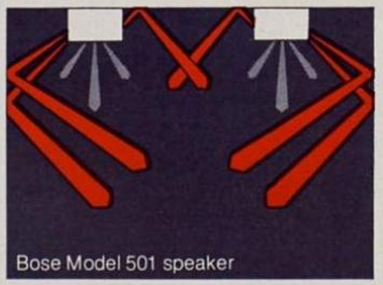
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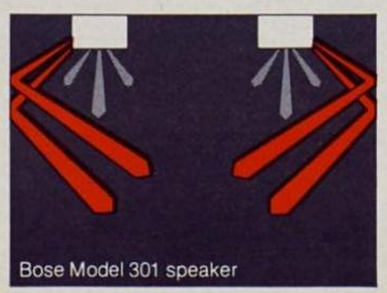
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that's the most important thing.

PLAYBOY: When you started making money, did you have problems knowing what to do with it?

BRADSHAW: I didn't have any problems with it. I didn't understand money and I probably did like most people that never had any—I bought a few things, but nothing extravagant. No houses or anything.

PLAYBOY: How about a car?

BRADSHAW: I bought a car and I bought my mother some nice furniture, because I wanted to. Outside of that, that was pretty much the end of my spending. Like I said, I wasn't making big dollars.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an agent at the time?

BRADSHAW: I got approached by them, but I didn't bite.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRADSHAW: My dad and I talked it over and he decided that as the number-one draft choice in the country, we didn't want to stir any traffic. We were scared an agent would be asking for a lot of money. And we wouldn't be able to get it and there would be a contract hassle. And coming in new to the Steelers, we didn't want that problem. We didn't want to cause any trouble. So we felt like we could better negotiate with a local attorney than we could with an agent.

PLAYBOY: Were you satisfied with what you signed for?

BRADSHAW: Looking back on it, no. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Could we ask how much you signed for?

BRADSHAW: Sure, go ahead.

PLAYBOY: How much?

BRADSHAW: I'm not going to tell you.

PLAYBOY: More than $100 a week?

BRADSHAW: Barely. I was satisfied then. But I reflect back on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you get involved in negotiating now?

BRADSHAW: Oh, yeah. I'm very much involved in it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any kind of setup with incentive clauses or achievement clauses?

BRADSHAW: Let's don't talk contract.

PLAYBOY: Why not? Why is that such a touchy issue?

BRADSHAW: Well, I think the primary reason is because kids coming out of school may say, "Well, Bradshaw was making X amount of dollars when he was a rookie and I want that because of inflation and what not." Plus, there may be some players on the team that are making more or making less and may feel that it isn't fair. So it just makes for unhealthy. . . . You know, there's nothing so great about my contract that the world needs to know about it, anyway.

PLAYBOY: We'll trust your judgment on that one. There are stories that you hated Pittsburgh when you arrived, especially when you were booed by fans. True?

BRADSHAW: No. No. Never hate. There was never any *love* lost between me and the city, but there was never any hate. Well . . . I can't say that, because I'm sure that at the worst times in this city, I hated everything that had to do with it. That's a sign of immaturity. Back then, it was a fly-off-the-handle judgment. Now I would analyze it very clearly before I'd become too wrapped up in it. One thing you learn very clearly about football is it's a very fickle business and they're with you when you win and they're against you when you lose. You know it's a must-win sport. And you just learn to live with it.

PLAYBOY: Do you learn to live with injuries, too?

BRADSHAW: Well, as soon as they take the pin out of my elbow and get the stitches off of the ribs, then I'll be in pretty good shape.

PLAYBOY: Are you serious?

BRADSHAW: Other than the torn cartilage and the lacerated kneecap, I'm in super shape. Seriously, though, folks, if I were injured badly and thought it would

"I loved getting scratches and cuts. Then I'd wrap them up and go to school and all the girls would say, 'Oh, you poor baby.' It was great."

jeopardize my career or my body—my life—I wouldn't do it.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't get shot up to go into the game, would you?

BRADSHAW: Get shot up?

PLAYBOY: Would you take a drug, a painkiller?

BRADSHAW: Not if it meant that . . . not if taking the shot was going to . . . no, I'd never do that.

PLAYBOY: You've never had shots before a game?

BRADSHAW: Oh, I've had shots. But nothing heavy.

PLAYBOY: Is your pain tolerance high?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I like to think it is. I'd like to think it is.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel the same way when you were younger?

BRADSHAW: I loved every part of it. I loved getting scratches and cuts and sprained fingers—anything that would show that I played football. I thought, Oh, look at me. Then I'd wrap them up, boy, real big, and go to school and all the girls would say, "Oh, you poor baby." It was great.

PLAYBOY: Is there something special about a person who becomes a quarterback, as opposed to another position?

BRADSHAW: It used to be the person who was the best athlete. But it's obvious I'm not the best athlete on *this* football team. The coaches used to want the guy who had the greatest athletic ability to be the guy to take the snap and do all the sprinting out and handing off and faking and throwing. But quarterbacks now are just——Hey, who *is* this girl on TV? Who is this gorgeous wonderful-looking lady? Is this *Hart to Hart*?

PLAYBOY: No. Well, it was, but you changed the channel. Before you started lusting, we were talking about quarterbacks.

BRADSHAW: Yeah. In professional football, they don't pick you because you're the best athlete. You're a quarterback when you *arrive*.

PLAYBOY: But do you think there's a special kind of intelligence or temperament that makes you different from, say, an offensive lineman or a wide receiver?

BRADSHAW: Well, a lot of it has to do with size. It's obvious that Mike Webster can't play quarterback. He's 6'2", 250 pounds. But I think almost all kids are going to pick a ball up and throw it. I pick it up and throw it and it looks really nice and goes pretty good. I say to myself, Heh, heh, I can *throw* this football. Or if I start singing a song I've never sung before. I go [*sings*], "Well, my heart's so blue, but I can't get over you." You say, Hey, that doesn't sound so bad, so you think you can sing—so you work on it, you know? Or if you put on ice skates and you go out and, hey, you're swinging around pretty good the first time ever—so then you got a little ability. And this is how it kind of got started with me. I picked it up and threw it some more and it kept going good and I could always throw it. Everybody else had to struggle with it. And that's how we all get kind of caught in our own field, you know, we just kind of attempt something and we're kind of halfway fascinated with it because we had some success at doing it and we were kind of halfway decent. But other people, it wasn't so easy for them.

PLAYBOY: Most football players have nicknames. Mean Joe Greene and others. What do your teammates call you?

BRADSHAW: Brad.

PLAYBOY: That's the best they could come up with?

BRADSHAW: Well, they came up with a couple. Dummy, Idiot. I had a few unique nicknames.

PLAYBOY: But Brad is the main one. Dummy?

BRADSHAW: Everybody calls me Brad. And occasionally they'll get me mixed up and call me Robert.

PLAYBOY: Are you being funny?

BRADSHAW: Redford, get it? Robert Redford. Or Paul. Paul for Newman. How we doin' so far, we got a heck of a story, don't we?

PLAYBOY: Just great. Anything else you want to get off your mind?

BRADSHAW: [*Grabs a microphone and imitates a roadhouse singer*] I'd like to say a special hello to Punkin Reed and his lovely wife, Leona May. Punk and I will be up around Hog Summit the 15th of December, doing a gig up there. Then I'm going to be down to T.G.&Y. in Kashada, doing a big opening down there, me and the boys, the Traveling Brads, will be down there and we're going to rip-roar and have a wonderful time up there at Miss Wilma's place. We're going to be up there for dinner down there having spaghetti and all that good stuff. I only wish you'd all come out and see our show. . . .

PLAYBOY: We'd better get back to football or we'll lose control here. When you finally got to be quarterback, were you calling your own plays?

BRADSHAW: I *wasn't* callin' my own plays. I'd like to say a special hello out there also to my Aunt Wilma Nell and, ah, Cousin Nater. And I want to say hello to Tater. Nater and Tater.

PLAYBOY: Why weren't you calling your own plays?

BRADSHAW: In high school, we just didn't call them.

PLAYBOY: How about college?

BRADSHAW: I called my own plays in college. Sometimes the coach would want to run them on third down and I definitely felt like we should throw. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Whether or not a pro quarterback calls his own plays doesn't have anything to do with what he did in college. It depends on the pro coach's system, doesn't it?

BRADSHAW: You're quick. Well, I'm used to calling my own plays and always have been. I think it's the responsibility of every quarterback to make the decision on a football field and call his own plays. If properly schooled and well educated in things that are going to happen in upcoming games, I think he ought to be the man to make the decision. I think it also shows a sign of leadership. Although a great number of coaches certainly would disagree with that. But I just think that you can take so much away from the game if you continue to take more and more away from the athletes. And one of the best things you can do, I think, is let your quarterback call the plays. It's not that difficult. It's time-saving. I think a quarterback gets a handle on the situation much easier if he's calling the shots. Because I'm going to take the blame if it does go bad and I'm going to get the credit if it does go good. And if it goes bad and I'm not calling the shots, I'll turn and say, "Well, don't get on me, get on the coach, he's the one who called the plays. *I* didn't call the stupid play." So I don't think it's fair to a great quarterback, because when it's all said and done, it's the one thing that kept him from being the greatest.

PLAYBOY: What does that say about your friend Dallas quarterback Roger Staubach?

BRADSHAW: Roger Staubach is the example of a man who's complete but doesn't call his own plays. [*Rolls his eyes and laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You're being evasive.

BRADSHAW: I'd like to say a special hello out there. . . . Roger's very unique. He's such a tremendous athlete. [*Puts his hands on his throat, pretends he's choking and smiles*] But Roger will tell you hisself he'd rather call them than have Tom Landry call them. You know, there's an edge. If I were a voter and you gave me two quarterbacks with equal records and they're going to face off in the greatest game and one calls his plays and the other's coach calls his plays, I'd pick the guy who calls his own plays. Because when the heat was on, he made the decisions. When they're on third and six to go, he called the play that went for the touchdown. He made audibles. He set up the drives and everything. I just don't see

"If it goes bad and I'm not calling the shots, I'll say, 'Well, don't get on me, get on the coach, he's the one who called the plays.'"

how you could do it any other way. Rather than standing out there with your hands in your lap and waiting for a play to come in. Sorry, Roger.

PLAYBOY: Play calling aside, if you were a coach and you had a Terry Bradshaw and a Roger Staubach on your team, whom would you start?

BRADSHAW: Staubach.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRADSHAW: He's a better quarterback.

PLAYBOY: He is?

BRADSHAW: Sure he is.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRADSHAW: He is much more consistent than me, which is probably the greatest grade of a quarterback. He's very consistent. He always has been. Probably always will be. I've beat him a few times and he's beat me a few times. But he has more poise. I think he makes his mind up and throws the ball extremely well. I definitely think Roger is a superior quarterback to me.

PLAYBOY: Who are the others? Where do you rate yourself?

BRADSHAW: Shoot. I'm not much on rating me. I'd like to think I'm in the top ten. That may be flattering myself a little bit, but I always thought Staubach and Bob Griese. Griese I always thought number one. Staubach I always thought was right with him. And there's—how do you separate? There's three, really. Griese, Staubach and Kenny Stabler. When the three are all having their best days, you can't separate them. I think Bert Jones of Baltimore and Joe Ferguson of Buffalo are next and then the quarterback of San Diego, Fouts, Dan Fouts. Who is next?

PLAYBOY: How about Jim Zorn in Seattle?

BRADSHAW: A great athlete but a long way to go. A lot of times you'll find these quarterbacks are measured by the successes of their team more than as quarterbacks.

PLAYBOY: Are you?

BRADSHAW: Oh, yeah. I'm a product of my team. I'm a good quarterback because I'm on a great football team.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't with the Steelers, what would that do to you as a quarterback?

BRADSHAW: Oh, I don't know. It's hard to separate the two. I think that eventually I would have been a good quarterback.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't a lot of it depend on the people you have around you?

BRADSHAW: Let's face it. You gotta have a great offensive line, you gotta have running backs, you gotta have a running game and when you chuck that thing, you gotta have people that aren't afraid to go get it. I got [receivers John] Stallworth and [Lynn] Swann and Jim Smith and Theo Bell and Randy Grossman at tight end and Bennie Cunningham at tight end and Rocky [Bleier] and Franco [Harris] in the backfield, along with Sidney [Thornton] and Greg Hawthorne. I've got excellent people surrounding me, along with a great defense. A defense that's very aggressive. I am on a great football team. We're unpredictable from week to week at some stages during the season, but I am on a great football team. And my job is much easier than, say, if I was playing for the New York Giants or a team that's rebuilding. And it's helped me overcome the problems I had in my early career, because we all got better. Together. When I came here, I wasn't on a very good football team. And they surrounded me continuously with greater, better football players and I caught up to them. You know, a little slower—hold up, boys, hold it, I'll be there in a minute. Now I'm up there where I feel very comfortable. I feel like I belong right up there with Franco and Rocky and that's my football team, you know? I'm very happy and very comfortable right where I am and don't want to go anywhere else.

PLAYBOY: You don't make many personal appearances. Why?

BRADSHAW: People just harass me so.

PLAYBOY: You mean for autographs?

BRADSHAW: Well, I *will* do autograph sessions. I've done three this year, but I pretty much stay in, I don't go out. I subject myself to a lot of abuse from a

lot of people and my wife gets upset. Even when things are going good, I've always got an enemy out there. I get very uncomfortable around people I don't know. Especially crowds. And I feel like everybody's staring at me or analyzing me. I'm afraid if one hair's out of place or I may pick my nose or something. I just get to sweating. I get very uncomfortable.

PLAYBOY: Are you under the microscope more because you're such an ardent Christian?

BRADSHAW: If you profess to be one thing and people find out that you even strayed a tad, you just get it. Like my chewing tobacco. I have had people pull my books out of the bookstore because I can't be a Christian and chew tobacco.

PLAYBOY: Why *is* Terry Bradshaw such a hot item?

BRADSHAW: I don't really understand it myself, because I've really only had one good year in the pros, one super year. I just don't know what the appeal is, other than maybe I'm down to earth or country. I'm not a city slicker. I don't try to be.

PLAYBOY: Do you have heroes?

BRADSHAW: My heroes now are Boston Mac, Impressive, Tardy Two, Two Eyed Jack. They're horses. They're great quarter horses.

PLAYBOY: We were thinking of human heroes.

BRADSHAW: No, I don't really have any. My heroes have kind of shifted. I dream of having a great horse. I own a great horse named Impressive Steeler. And I dream of having a hit record in country music. You see, my field's kind of shifted.

PLAYBOY: From recent books and movies, a lot of people have come away with the impression that pro-football players are one big boozing, brawling bunch. True?

BRADSHAW: Nope. These guys are very businesslike. I mean, we're very neat and clean and everybody keeps a clean locker and everybody goes out and works hard and everybody comes in and showers and shaves and goes home. Before a game, it's very casual and quiet. Everybody gets dressed and everybody's a little emotional on the edge before the game starts. But nobody's screaming and shouting and hollering.

PLAYBOY: Well, what about all the screaming and hollering about the drug scene in football? Do you see any drug abuse going on?

BRADSHAW: No.

PLAYBOY: Is that an honest no? Would you answer us if you *did* see any abuse?

BRADSHAW: No. But, honestly, no. When practice is over, we all go our separate ways.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever at a point where you were just curious to try a drug—to see what it would do?

BRADSHAW: No, I never cared anything about it. All I've heard about drugs is bad, so why get hooked on something that's bad? You know. As the old cat says, I'm high on life, pardner. Look, I'm representing the N.F.L. in this interview and I'm not going to say anything that is going to tarnish the reputation of the people I work for. So until they come up with a large N.F.L. drug bust, then I would try to uphold its name and its image completely. Period.

PLAYBOY: But you can't ignore what's on the public record. For example, your former teammate Joe Gilliam. He had a heroin problem the whole time he was playing alongside you. Surely, you know about that?

BRADSHAW: Well, I—there was talk that Joe was on drugs. I had never seen Joe on drugs, so therefore I didn't know. If you tell me the sky is blue, I'm going to look for myself. I'm not going to take your word on something that's very touchy. I never saw Joe on drugs, but obviously he was. But I wasn't aware of it. Joe was a unique person, with a great amount of ability, and it's sad to see what has happened to him.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people believe that the racial animosity in the N.F.L., since he was the first starting black quarterback, affected him and led him to drugs.

BRADSHAW: Well, I'm sure we can all sit here and dream up a lot of reasons why. There were maybe home pressures, frustrations, unhappiness, I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your feelings about Pittsburgh when you first came to the city. How did you react?

BRADSHAW: Um-hummmm.

PLAYBOY: Let the record show that Mr. Bradshaw is snoring.

BRADSHAW: Pittsburgh. Are you kidding? Do you think I wanted to come to Pittsburgh all the way from Shreveport, Louisiana? I had never seen Pittsburgh, not even on TV. I'd read about its team in the history books. They won one game before I arrived. No, Pittsburgh was the last place I wanted to come.

PLAYBOY: As a team or as a city?

BRADSHAW: As any of it. I didn't know anything about anything. All I knew about was New Orleans and Dallas.

PLAYBOY: All things being equal, if you had had a choice, where would you have gone?

BRADSHAW: Dallas.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a dream of playing quarterback for the Dallas Cowboys?

BRADSHAW: Being a home boy and a momma's boy, if I had my druthers, I would have wanted to stay close to home. You realize how hard it is to go home from Pittsburgh? You can't during the season. There are lots of times I would like to go home and see my family. Sure, I had a dream.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather have been a lower draft choice and gotten on a team that was a winner?

BRADSHAW: I was thrilled to death to be the number-one draft choice. That overshadowed the fact that I was coming to Pittsburgh. But, all things being considered, I would have much rather been closer to home. That was my thinking back then, ten years ago. My thinking now is that I'm tickled to death to be here, I love it.

PLAYBOY: There were times when things weren't going as well as they could have. Did you ever hope you'd be traded?

BRADSHAW: Sure, I thought about those things. I don't think anybody in the National Football League's never thought about being traded. Either because they're unhappy or they're not playing or they have problems or the fans are on them. Now, tomorrow, if that came out in quotes as, "Bradshaw—I would have loved to have been traded. . . ."

PLAYBOY: No, we keep things in context.

BRADSHAW: Well, once it came out like that in a newspaper.

PLAYBOY: And what do the people in the front office do when something like that happens? Do they ask you if you really said that?

BRADSHAW: Oh, yeah. They call and I say, "Hey, man, the guy forced me into a corner. This newspaper guy said, 'If you were traded, would you like to go to San Francisco?' " Obviously, I would have no say if I were traded, so, yes, if they traded me to San Francisco, I would be glad to go to San Francisco. The next day in the paper, "Bradshaw wants to be traded to San Francisco."

PLAYBOY: Were there negative things about being the number-one draft choice?

BRADSHAW: Sure. I was probably very badly prepared for the National Football League and the status. I hadn't been schooled. I hadn't been subjected to a great deal of press. It was all new, so I was fresh. Press conferences? I had never seen a press conference in my life. I mean, the first one I saw, I was *in*.

PLAYBOY: Certainly, you'd been in front of the public and gotten paid before.

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I modeled clothes for a slack company out of Monroe, Louisiana, in downtown Dallas at the Mart. I got $100 for being the number-one draft choice. A hundred dollars the guy gave me. That was a lot of money. And the guy said, "Will you model a dress?" I said, "Shoot, for a hundred dollars a day, you bet."

PLAYBOY: What was the single most difficult part of breaking into the pros?

BRADSHAW: Being booed. It was very difficult for me to accept. Being benched was also very difficult. The booing would have to be the hardest, because I had been benched all through my college career, and so I had experienced the benching, but I had never experienced the booing. And I never had experienced the hostility that an N.F.L. crowd could place on you. It was shocking to me. Now I'm very used to it. Heck, it doesn't bother me. As a human being, I can accept it, I can live with that

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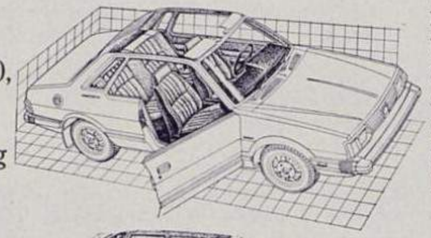

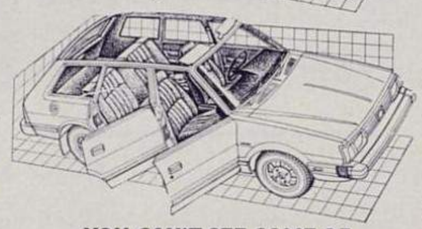

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adversity and a bad time in my life on a particular night.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't bother you when a hostile crowd boos?

BRADSHAW: As I say, it did at first. You know, when I came here, it wasn't a good football team. It was a team that had given away some great quarterbacks, like Lenny Dawson, Johnny Unitas, probably the greatest $100 quarterback gift to date. Went to Baltimore and became the greatest. Billy Nelsen to Cleveland. So they had given away a lot of quarterbacks and they had Terry Hanratty and Joe Gilliam for a while and myself. The big quarterback controversy, which one of us should be the starter, was a big issue around here for five years. The crowds got very hostile when one of us messed up. And they're very hostile today, even after the good years we've had. I can have one bad game and be walking downtown and I catch it pretty heavy. So that's why I stay in my apartment. What really made this hard was the fact that I'm such a sensitive person.

Fans don't care about you as a person. When you're on the football field, they don't care about your beliefs, they don't care what kind of grades you made, they don't care who your dad is, all they want is for you to perform and perform well, period. Sure, I have fans that sit in the stadium and have been pulling for me all along because they thought I was a nice guy. But a lot of people heard me talk and make jokes and stuff and thought I was being cocky and smart-alecky. They didn't like that. So they boo me.

PLAYBOY: It doesn't change with success, obviously.

BRADSHAW: There's 50 people out there that like me and there's 50 out there that don't like me. And if we win ten Super Bowls in a row, there's 50 out there that likes me and there's 50 out there that don't like me. I don't think the professional-sports fan will ever change. I think they will be the same way in the year 2000.

PLAYBOY: Who *is* the professional-sports fan? Is he the hard-working person who saves his money to get to the game and expects to get his money's worth?

BRADSHAW: The people outside those super glass boxes up there, those private booths, are the ones who have had to scrape and put their bucks together and try to get a seat in that stadium.

PLAYBOY: So they really feel they have a stake in it?

BRADSHAW: They do, because they play *through* us. Their frustrations are taken out through us, and if we let them down on a Sunday, then it just goes to back up all the frustration. A lot of people come here to get a bad week out of their systems. They go to a Steelers game and as they beat up on their football team, their frustrations are relieved. I throw a pass; I throw it for 50,000 people. They all feel like *they* caught it. We very much reflect our fans. Pittsburgh has always had the reputation of a tough, tough city. I'd want this town on my side if we had to go to war again. These are good, honest, hard-working, tough people. That's a compliment, that's not to put them down. And I think our football team is a reflection of that.

PLAYBOY: So the Steelers are Pittsburgh all the way?

BRADSHAW: Right. When you think of us and you see us in black-and-gold uniforms and those black helmets, you think of Pittsburgh. You can't think of a better color that reflects the city, can you? We wouldn't look right in green and white, would we? Or red and blue. But black and gold, steel town, furnace, coal mines, blue-collar town, river-boat gamblers. It fits. We got an owner who's been here for all those years and never had a winner. Then we come in with a coach that puts in a power offense and we have an Italian stallion named Franco Harris that steals the town and we come up with Franco's Italian army and they roll tanks out on the football field. This is a sports town. A crazy sports town.

"A lot of people come here to get a bad week out of their systems. I throw a pass; I throw it for 50,000 people. They feel they caught it."

PLAYBOY: Compare the Pittsburgh team with your friend Staubach's Dallas team.

BRADSHAW: Dallas is flashy and sophisticated. And I think quarterbacks reflect their coaches. Roger certainly reflects Tom Landry in the style that he plays, because Landry calls the plays. Landry's a very intelligent man and Staubach's a very intelligent man from the Naval Academy. So here's Terry Bradshaw, a quarterback from Louisiana Tech, fighting bulldogs, bayou bomber. The guy that came up with a dumb image. A guy that would run over and say, "Yes, sir, no, sir." A guy that made a lot of mistakes screwing up. But the difference was, I came to a team that wasn't winning and I suffered my growing pains with them and made them more obvious. You hear about Dallas computer programming on athletes and we don't do that. We just go out and scout them and pick them out and do everything through the draft. I like to think that I'm kind of a rawboned, tough kind of kid, and I kind of fit in this town.

PLAYBOY: We got on this subject after discussing the pressures and the booing that you took. Did you ever choke?

BRADSHAW: I choked. I choked my rookie year.

PLAYBOY: How?

BRADSHAW: I felt the pressure so much that I couldn't respond to it. I felt so much pressure on my shoulders my rookie year that I could not lift my arm up to throw the football without throwing it hardly into the ground. For fear that I was going to make a mistake. For fear that I was going to disappoint people. For fear that I wasn't going to live up to my reputation. All this was placed on my shoulders. I felt it. I didn't come in here loosy-goosy and relaxed, thinking, What the heck, these guys were one and 13 last year, what do you all expect from me? I choked because I wanted to win so badly.

PLAYBOY: Was winning, as they say, everything to you?

BRADSHAW: Sure, it was everything. Everything, everything. Winning is the only thing in professional football.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that you were a flop back then?

BRADSHAW: Sure. I didn't feel like it; I *was*.

PLAYBOY: Do you look at opposing teams as the enemy?

BRADSHAW: Yeah. But you don't put fuel to the flame. You learn the hard way, you try to make friends. I don't want anybody in the N.F.L. not to like me. I want to be everybody's friend. If a guy hits me hard in a game, I say, "Hey, man, great shot." It's a tough game if you don't have friendship. I get in fights on the field and push people around because I'm frustrated, upset, just like everybody else. And I let it get the best of me. But when the game is over, I search them out and say, "Hey, man, I'm sorry. I don't know what happened to me when I kicked you or whatever. I'm sorry."

PLAYBOY: You still run down and hug your receiver after a score.

BRADSHAW: Yeah, but the older you get, if you don't stay in shape and you throw a 70-yard touchdown pass, it's hard to run that 70 yards and jump up and down with that receiver. So you gotta stay in shape to be emotional. And I plan on throwing some 70-yarders and I want to be able to get to the end zone.

PLAYBOY: Is Chuck Noll a strong type of guy who would chew you out?

BRADSHAW: Oh, yeah, he would get on to me. Not in front of the team. If he really wanted to chew me out, he'd take me into his office. And he wouldn't chew me out, we'd have talks. We're past the chewing-out stage, man to man, we have talks. He'd do most of the talking.

PLAYBOY: Do you say, "Yes, sir, no, sir"?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, well, I'm 31 years old now. Not a kid anymore. I can call Chuck Chuck. It doesn't sound right to call him Coach Noll anymore. That sounds like something a rookie would

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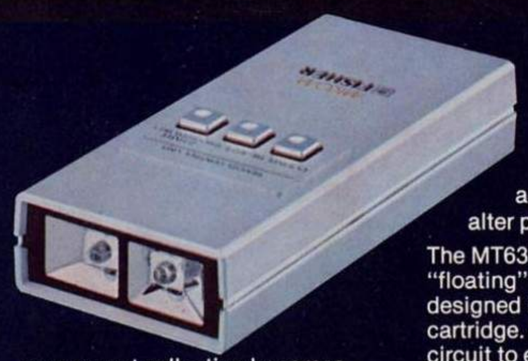

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call him. But I've been here with him, been down the wars with Chuck Noll. We've been through it together and we both have gotten better for it, the years we've been together. And so, you know, I like Chuck. I like him a lot.

PLAYBOY: Is he a Christian?

BRADSHAW: Yes. And I like him and I think he's a good coach. I get mad at him at times and he gets mad at me, but we can talk about it. I can holler and he'll holler and we don't hold it against one another. I'm not hurt. And he doesn't have to congratulate me after a game. I know when I played well. He doesn't say much to me after a game if I play badly, because I know I've played badly, too. But he also knows that I'm going to do everything I can to get back out there and play well the following week. He's a friend.

PLAYBOY: Since you're not discussing friendship on the side lines, what *do* you discuss during a game?

BRADSHAW: We don't do a great deal of collaborating during the game. Once I'm set on my game plan, once I've got it in my mind, I don't like distractions. I don't want someone feeding me new stuff. If I'm missing some coverages, I want to know what their tendencies are, but don't try to change a bunch of things that we don't do. I know when I'm wrong and what can be done.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel your team is a family? We're thinking of that other Pittsburgh team, the Pirates.

BRADSHAW: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRADSHAW: Well, the players on our football team are all players we drafted ourselves. They all are original Steelers.

PLAYBOY: And that makes a difference?

BRADSHAW: That's family. We don't have people from other teams who are here. A lot of this football team has been together for a few years. And we're close.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone on the team asked you about your Christianity or asked you to explain your religion to him?

BRADSHAW: No.

PLAYBOY: There is no witnessing going on?

BRADSHAW: There's witnessing going on, but it's very quiet. And it's not outward, because you have to be very careful in how you approach people. We invite people. We have a Bible study at my apartment every Wednesday and the players are invited to come and bring their wives or girlfriends. We have a chapel service before the game that averages 20–21 players each game. So there is a great sense, an awareness of God and His presence on this football team.

PLAYBOY: Your first seasons were five–nine, six–eight, then 11–three. Then you had the A.F.C. championship game. What made that big difference?

BRADSHAW: I lost my job after the 11–three season. But the big difference was we had a defense that had gotten their parts together a little quicker than the offense. Then we drafted Franco Harris and had an outstanding offensive line. We started running the football and making things happen. We were a very young and very exciting football team. But Franco was really the key to our offense, as well as Joe Greene and Jack Ham. We had Andy Russell as an all-time old pro, and we had key people. Mel Blount came into his own, and so did Donnie Shell. We had some key personnel at that time and our football team was responding to Chuck Noll and to the things that they wanted to get done on the football field. It was a great assembly of football talent—young and experienced. But Franco was the key. He made things exciting. Then we came up with the great defense. That was really the change.

PLAYBOY: But you lost your job again, didn't you?

BRADSHAW: Yeah. I lost it my fifth year. We finished ten and three. Joe Gilliam had a phenomenal preseason; he won the starting job and I lost it. We had the players' strike, I stayed out a week—he didn't. He played well and I got the ax.

PLAYBOY: When did you get the job back?

BRADSHAW: The seventh game of the year.

PLAYBOY: What happened to Gilliam?

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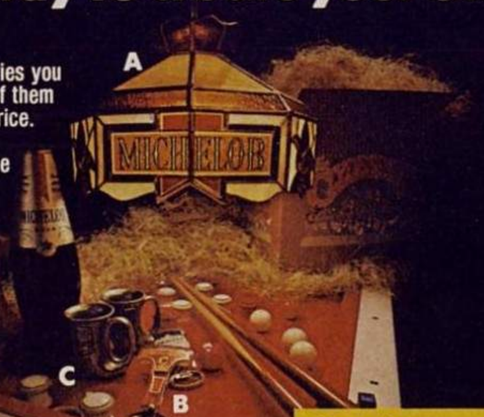

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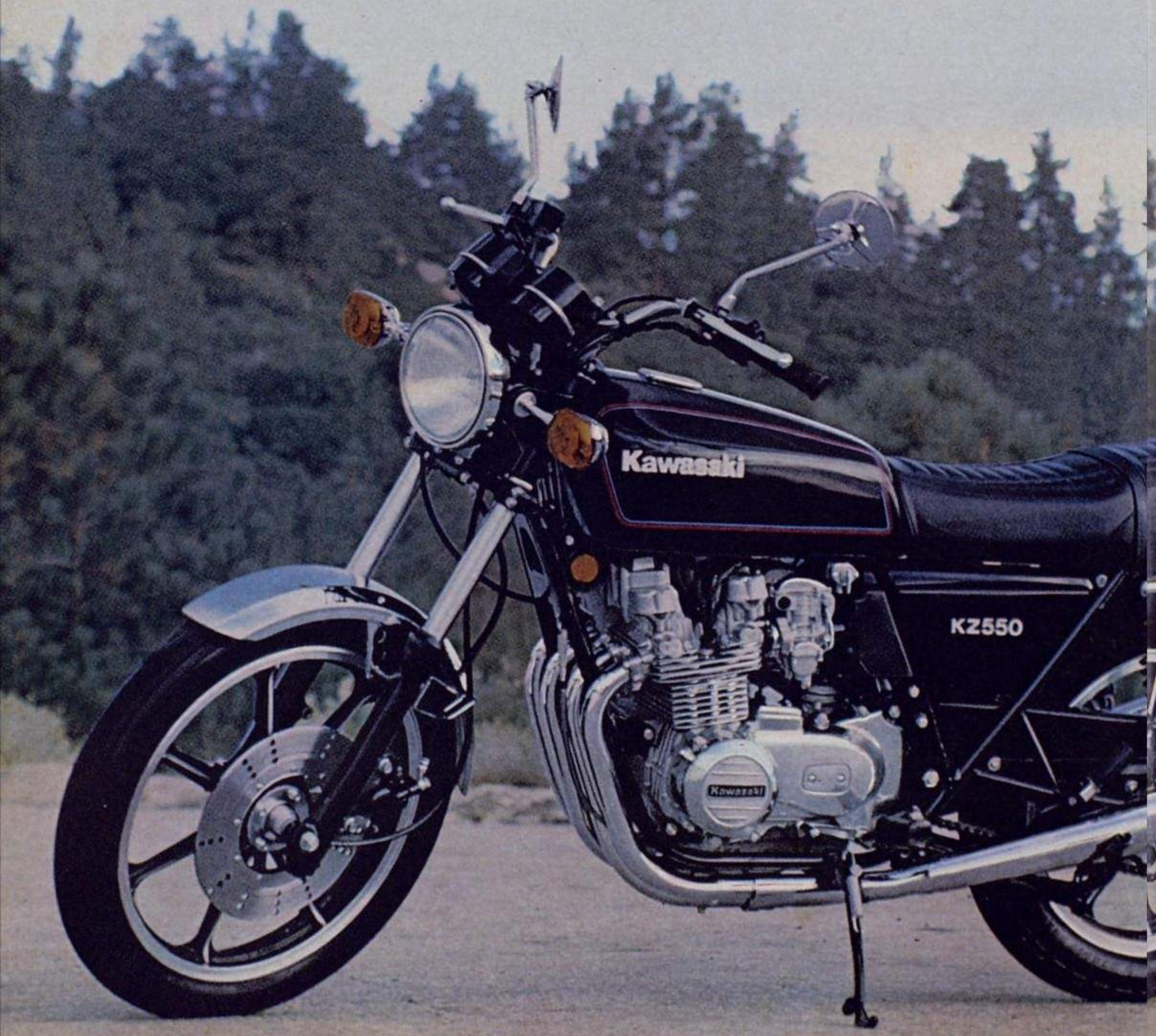

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BRADSHAW: We were a full one and one with him, but from what I can recall, there was a lot of pressure from fans and he was throwing the football a tremendous amount of times and we weren't running the football and we lost our edge and we lost our aggressiveness and a lot of flak around the city, boy. And they chucked me back in there, which was a terrible time to do it. It was kind of a touchy situation. I responded all right for a couple of weeks, and then I faltered and Hanratty played, and then he faltered, and then I played and I did all right, and then I faltered, and then I played and I did all right, and then I faltered the following week, and then Chuck decided to stay with me in the New England game, for what reason I don't know, because I had not played that well. We had been in and out. Nobody could play well under those conditions. And we sewed up the division. Beat Oakland in the play-offs and went to the Super Bowl and led the team to victory. Didn't do anything great except hand off to Franco, but I was out there handing off and calling my own plays. We won the Super Bowl and that established me as the number-one quarterback for the following season. I felt the vote of confidence from Chuck Noll, which is really what I'd always been needing. I lacked in my own feelings the assurance that I was his quarterback. Whether I was or not, if he'd just told me, I could feel that. It could have made a difference early in my career. But I always felt if I screwed up, I was going to be benched. And you can't play that way. *I* can't. I needed to go out there and not know that if I screw up, I'm going to be jerked out of the game. I've been pulled in the middle of a quarter and back in at the end of the game. The following year, I felt this confidence. And for probably the first time in my life, I played like an N.F.L. quarterback.

PLAYBOY: That was the difference, winning the coach's confidence?

BRADSHAW: I was always the kind of guy that was looking for approval, I guess. What compounded that even more was the fact that I'd been benched and I'd been booed and I'd been jerked out. And Noll had made statements like, "I'm waiting for one of my quarterbacks to take the bull by the horns." How can you take it by the horns when you're sitting on the bench? You know? And so it was going in and out of the line-up and criticism in the paper and all this and that. All I needed was that handshake: "Hey, Terry, you played a great game and you're my quarterback no matter what, so get out there and get the job done. I know you can do it." Whew, that's all I needed.

PLAYBOY: Did Noll come through and say it?

BRADSHAW: Well, he never said it, I just pretended like he did. He never has

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said . . . he's said some nice things to me, but——

PLAYBOY: What made you pretend he had given his confidence to you?

BRADSHAW: Just a look. Just a look. I felt it that year when I came back.

PLAYBOY: Landry said you got lucky in the 1979 Super Bowl.

BRADSHAW: *Who* said that?

PLAYBOY: Landry.

BRADSHAW: Well, you know, I'm like any other quarterback: When you're hot, you're hot.

PLAYBOY: So it *is* luck?

BRADSHAW: Sure, it's a lot of luck, it's also in just knowing what you're doing. Luck is when you throw a ball down the middle, and it shouldn't be thrown down the middle, and it's caught. That's luck. Calling the right play against the right defense is not luck. That's just good preparation. And, you know, I'm sorry to upset Mr. Landry, but it wasn't luck that we beat Dallas. It had nothing to do with luck.

PLAYBOY: Is Landry's offense as complex as it seems?

BRADSHAW: Well, when Landry and them get through running their plays, they're doing the same thing everybody else is doing. All the motion and double sets and shifting the strengths of the formation is just to screw up the key of the defense; and while they're jumping around and making adjustments and changing coverages, they get the play off.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about what you're going to do when the game is over, the lights are turned off?

BRADSHAW: I think about it a lot. I wonder what I am going to do. I have no idea. I'm pursuing singing. I'm pursuing quarter horses. I really would like to have a great breeding farm in Louisiana and to run my breeding farm. I love that country and I haven't really been home in 14 years.

PLAYBOY: When you're down there on your ranch and you've got some time alone, what do you do?

BRADSHAW: I get in my jeep and I drive out among my animals and I stop it and I park it and they come around me and I just meditate and I pray and I'm very thankful. This ritual I go through of driving out and having my prayer life out in the middle of a pasture with my animals just reminds me how very fortunate I am.

PLAYBOY: Before we retire you, a lot of people would like to know how strong your arm is.

BRADSHAW: My arm is strong. I've always had a strong arm. A very strong arm.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry about it?

BRADSHAW: No. I never give it a second thought. Once you build a reputation—I know now I don't throw as hard as I did my rookie year. But the reason is I am smarter and I'm wiser and I take a lot off the ball now and you learn the game, you change your philosophy. Even when the guys are wide open, I don't fire the football anymore. I don't throw it like I used to throw it.

PLAYBOY: But you could?

BRADSHAW: Yes, I could.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel when a 280-pound lineman is coming straight at you and you know he's going to get you, barrel you over head on?

BRADSHAW: You try not to think about it, because if you think about it, it'll psych you out. If you think that these guys are going to get you, then you'll not be able to play well. And if I'm thinking that, obviously, I don't have any confidence in the people on my offensive line. I've developed confidence in my offensive line. I have to believe in my mind and all my heart and all my inner being that they will not let anybody get there and I'm going to set right there in that pocket and I'm going to throw that football without a worry in the world.

PLAYBOY: On those rare occasions when some monster lineman might blind-side you, what goes through your head?

BRADSHAW: Normally, the initial blow doesn't hurt; it's the weight in falling, either falling on your shoulder or on your back, and your head pops the turf. The initial blow doesn't hurt, because they're either fighting around a tackle or coming off a lineman's block and they

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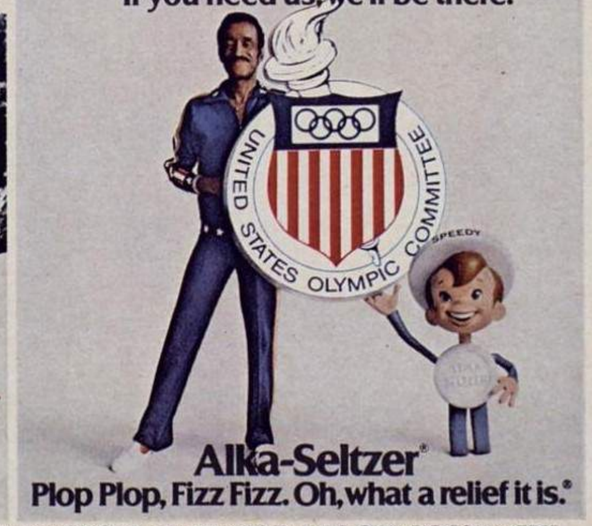

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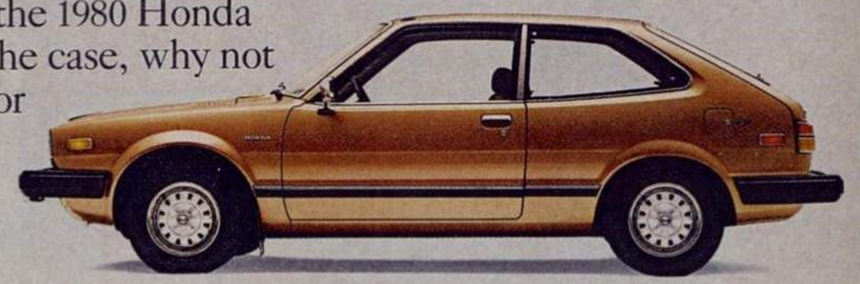

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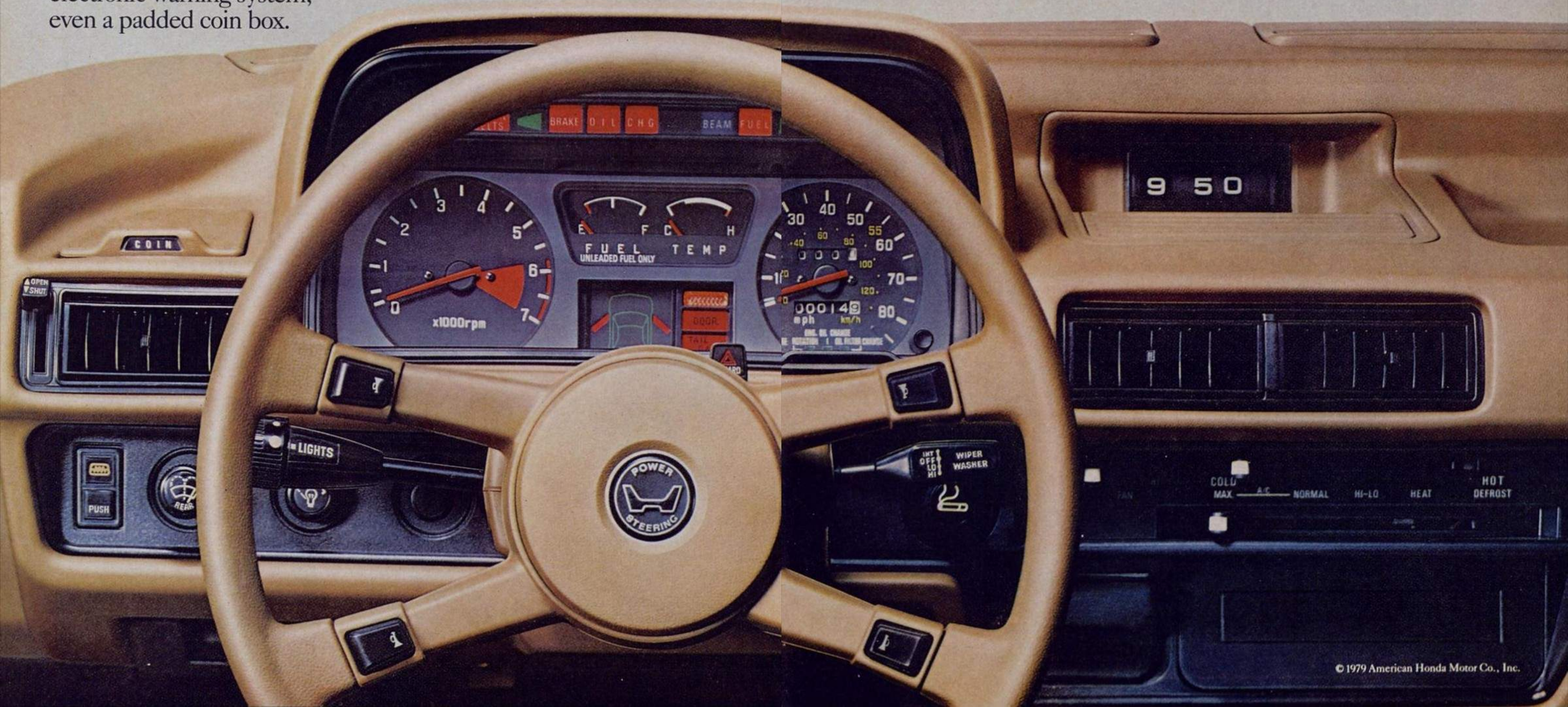

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don't really have just a direct shot at ya. So how bad can they hurt you? *Bad*. . . .

PLAYBOY: We suppose, then, you are pleased with the new N.F.L. rule on early whistles that is supposed to protect quarterbacks.

BRADSHAW: The game is a contact sport. I am against rules that restrict the athletic ability of players. What they don't realize is that when those guys get their hands on ya, you can blow the whistle as long as you want and the adrenaline and the excitement at the moment and the crowd noise make it impossible to hear those whistles.

PLAYBOY: Do you think about your statistics?

BRADSHAW: I care about statistics. But they can be very misleading. You know, I like to have as good statistics as anyone in the league. I like to throw 60 percent, 15 to 25 TDs every year and have over 2000 yards passing. That's being selfish, but let's face it, we're motivated by a lot of different things and one of them is our selfishness or greed—or wanting to be successful. And I would like to have good statistics, yes. And they are important. Yes. I'd be lying if I said they weren't. But, at the same time, when it comes down to it, the most important thing is winning.

PLAYBOY: Some TV sportscasters have been saying that you might be a strong candidate for the Football Hall of Fame.

BRADSHAW: For what? Well, let's go out and celebrate! [*Strikes a pose like a bronze bust*] Have I got my head bent! Oh, I got a mustache. I wonder if I should shave my mustache? I gotta put my hairpiece on. Are they going to put me in a cowboy hat or a football helmet?

PLAYBOY: Do you think about the Hall of Fame?

BRADSHAW: No, I don't like to think about that. I don't like to think about the good things. They make me very uncomfortable. I only like to think that I got five years left to play and, the good Lord willing, I want to play the best I can and win as many games as I can and I want to get out.

PLAYBOY: Wait a minute. You have said you had nine years left. Have you cut your career short?

BRADSHAW: Well, I had a bad back this weekend; that took four years off.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'd be more of a national hero if you were playing in a "glamorous" city, like New York or L.A.? Pittsburgh is certainly not a glamorous city.

BRADSHAW: Says who?

PLAYBOY: Says the average person out there. Just look out your window.

BRADSHAW: OK, look out my window. What do you see?

PLAYBOY: Murky steel mills and green water.

BRADSHAW: Hold it, hold it! I see the stadium. I see a barge coming up the Monongahela with cement and gravel on it. There's a parking lot over there. There's the Clark candy-bar company on the hill—you can see the back of it. That pretty bridge. The hillside. There's that TV tower over there. Hey. What better view could you want? How much more glamorous can a city get?

PLAYBOY: When you think back over your three Super Bowls, is there one that was more satisfying, that made you feel better than the others?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I think the first one, against Minnesota.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about that game?

BRADSHAW: I remember how our defense totally dominated Minnesota, just totally dominated. They didn't do anything, they had something like 20 yards rushing. Franco Harris had a super day for us. Our offensive line controlled their defensive line.

PLAYBOY: What did you do immediately after the game? After you finished the interviews?

BRADSHAW: I went back to the hotel where all my family was—my brother Gary bought a case of champagne for everybody. I had about 30 people down. And I had a migraine headache, couldn't hardly open my eyes. And I sat up in bed and they were all singing and doing cheers. My mother was leading in cheers because she was just so happy. She was beside herself because of all I'd gone through—the image thing—and I'm sure she just wanted to tell the world. I just sat there and couldn't believe it. I just really couldn't believe it. And it was the greatest experience of my life. The greatest moment in my life at that point in time.

PLAYBOY: We hear you're a jokester on the team. What kinds of pranks have you pulled?

BRADSHAW: I've pulled the old basic foam in a jockstrap or a cup of water in a helmet. Take their clothes and hide them and then pretend I have no idea what they're talking about. Put a potato in the exhaust pipe of their car. Lock them in the john. I've had my share of pranks.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever pull a prank on Noll?

BRADSHAW: No. I don't mess with the boss.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever gamble on a football game?

BRADSHAW: Why would you want to ask a question like that?

PLAYBOY: We'll bet you ten dollars that you don't answer it.

BRADSHAW: Oh, I'll answer it, but you know the answer. I'm going to say *no*.

PLAYBOY: Gambling is a billion-dollar operation in this country. Are you aware of point spreads before a game? Or are you aware of the gambling done on pro football?

BRADSHAW: Well, let me just say this about gambling. It's such a sensitive

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subject I'm scared to touch it, for fear I'll say something that might incriminate me. I mean, really, if I say it's bad and that I don't think they should do it, then all the guys that are making a living at it will say, "Well, how am I going to feed my family?" That's a poor example, but I'm faced with it on the street. If there's one thing that upsets me, that lights the fuse quicker with me than anything, it's when I run into someone on the street and even though we won the game, he says, "Ah, I lost 50 bucks on you guys." You know? Just because we didn't beat the point spread. It's not that we win; it's the point spread.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware of that point spread before a game?

BRADSHAW: No. No. Oh, well, I mean, I'm aware of it, I read it in the paper like everybody else, but I forget about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think a National Football League game could ever be fixed?

BRADSHAW: Well, I don't know how. I'm sure someone could be in control of a receiver or a running back and people who handle the football, where you could have turnovers and stuff. But honest to goodness, maybe I'm just too naïve to think it can ever get so corrupt they would really find out that one of our games had been fixed. I just could never believe that. *I* don't know how. I'm not smart enough to know how to fix a game. You know, maybe if I took the ball and just threw it to one of their defensive backs, I mean, it would be so obvious. Maybe in some of the games I look like I'm fixed the way I throw the ball—like one Sunday, I threw a pass right to a linebacker standing right in front of me. Maybe there's situations where you can get away with it, but I honestly don't see how you could fix a game.

PLAYBOY: It's a political year. Do you care who is President?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I care.

PLAYBOY: Did you vote for Carter?

BRADSHAW: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRADSHAW: Because I like peanuts. Anybody who likes peanuts has got to be a pretty good old fella.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you concerned about his performance in the White House?

BRADSHAW: I'm concerned, but not as concerned about him as I am about all the other problems we've got going. It just seems to me that we spend a lot of money to make up our national debt—and there's inflation and prices go up, the dollar goes down. Everybody talks about balancing the budget. For why? I don't understand it. I've lost a lot of money in the cattle business. We import a lot of meat. And so it's kept the domestic prices down because of the import of foreign beef. When we finally cut down our import of foreign beef, our domestic beef prices went up where we could make a living. By the time I put up hay and fertilize my hayfields and pay for my equipment and pay for my labor and then sell my cattle, I may make a profit. Most of the time, I lose money. If it weren't for my football money, which keeps my ranch going, my ranch would lose money every year. And if I had to live off my farm, I'd starve.

PLAYBOY: You acted in *Hooper*. Frankly, you've been a better actor during this interview than you were in the movie. Are you thinking about an acting career?

BRADSHAW: No, I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Why did you take that role in *Hooper*?

BRADSHAW: I did it because I wanted to see what it was like.

PLAYBOY: What *was* it like?

BRADSHAW: It was more different than anything I've ever been around. I got to see a little bit about how Hollywood works. The small part was well worth it from that standpoint. Period. There's no future for me as an actor. I'm not sure I *don't* have the talent to do it, but I don't have the desire. I don't want to get caught up in that, reaching for something that I know I can't possibly attain.

"I'm not smart enough to know how to fix a game. Maybe there's situations where you could get away with it, but I don't see how."

PLAYBOY: Why not?

BRADSHAW: Because there're too many good-looking guys in Hollywood who are starving to death. Just because I am a successful quarterback, a football player, what rights does that entitle me to as an actor?

PLAYBOY: It's happened to others.

BRADSHAW: Yeah, but my ego is not that big. I don't need acting, I just don't need it.

PLAYBOY: But you are a fairly good singer, so you can look to country-and-western.

BRADSHAW: Yeah, but I've had no successes as a country-and-western singer. You see, what you don't understand is to get to be a professional football player, I've worked hard at my skills ever since I was eight years old. Now, actors and singers today have been studying the hard way for probably the same period of time that I've been getting ready for football. An actor can go on until the day he dies. Same thing for a country-and-western singer. And so, as a country-and-western singer, I experienced a lot of difficulty in being in front of crowds, because, well, I was nervous and scared. I lacked confidence in my voice, because my voice wasn't used to it. Now I can sit here and just sing, you know. [*Sings*] "My heart is. . . ." I *ought* to be in Nashville. Then I get onstage and it goes, "My hear--rrrrt. . . ." [*Bradshaw's voice cracks*]

PLAYBOY: Sounds all right to us.

BRADSHAW: Most of the time, it was very bad. I knew that I wasn't as good in public as I was in the bathtub. A few times, I did sing well. But more often than not, I would mess up quite a bit during my singing. So I took two years off and studied, worked on my voice. I have a chance to go back in February on the roads of America! By the time this interview comes out, I will either be touring and singing or I will just give it up completely. And be finished with it.

PLAYBOY: Well, one way or another, you strike us as a born performer.

BRADSHAW: That's true. I never thought I was, but that's true. I have to put it on, I have to put on the dog. It's so hard, though. When I come off the football season, I'm tired. The singing, I got to go right on the road February first and I'll be gone February, March, April, May and June.

PLAYBOY: What about JoJo?

BRADSHAW: She'll be doing her skating.

PLAYBOY: When will you be together?

BRADSHAW: We will. Oh, yeah, yeah—yeah, sure.

PLAYBOY: Is it like other show-business marriages—grab a weekend between gigs?

BRADSHAW: For the off season this year, yes. We've been like that, just about, our three years of marriage.

PLAYBOY: OK. Let's talk about your marriages. In 1974, you were divorced from your wife of 18 months. She was Miss Teenage America of 1969. You seem to go after women who are famous.

BRADSHAW: Well, don't most Hollywood people date glamorous ladies?

PLAYBOY: But you said you're not a Hollywood person.

BRADSHAW: [*Laughs*] No. But that's what it seems like, true. I love beautiful women. I'm attracted to gorgeous, beautiful women.

PLAYBOY: A connoisseur?

BRADSHAW: I appreciate beauty like the normal male would. And then everything else has to come into play as to whether or not the chemistry is there, whether you love one another, blah, blah, blah. Being a professional quarterback, being in the limelight, period, makes us more attractive to people, whether we are or not, whether we got teeth missing or whatever. It just makes you more attractive, because we're special. I don't find myself a really good-looking guy. I just got too many things missing—like my front tooth. But I've had the opportunity to meet some very beautiful women in my life and I'm lucky I'm married to one now.

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BRADSHAW: I was very lonely. And thought I loved her. Didn't love her. I tried to break the wedding up two days before, but it hurt her and she was crying and bellyaching and I said, well, maybe. But it was a bad thing to do. I messed her life up and mine.

PLAYBOY: How much did that marriage have to do with the bad years of football?

BRADSHAW: I do remember being very depressed after my third season. I was very lonely. I remember I was staying at my parents' house and I was real irritable and my brother was picking on me and I grabbed him by the throat and threw him down. I was just furious and I didn't know why.

PLAYBOY: Why did the marriage go so bad?

BRADSHAW: Immaturity was one thing. It was lack of good judgment, it was poor timing, it was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Did you go out hustling other women right away?

BRADSHAW: No. I never hustled. I never was good at hustling.

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRADSHAW: I just wasn't aggressive enough. I didn't like to go out and hit the streets at night and have people harassing me. I never like the bars; I was always preaching or singing in church or giving a testimony. The Lord had just kind of dampened my thrill for that.

PLAYBOY: Did you go out?

BRADSHAW: Sure, I went out. I hit the joints like everybody else, but not nearly as often. I bet I can count on both hands the times I've been in bars in Pittsburgh. And I've been here ten years.

PLAYBOY: Did you want to get married again?

BRADSHAW: No, I never thought I'd get married again. But I'd been praying for JoJo. I was praying for a Christian woman with a Christian life. And then I met JoJo.

PLAYBOY: During the 1974 season?

BRADSHAW: Right. Six or seven months after the divorce. I met her at the skating show, the Ice Capades had come to Pittsburgh. Some of us were meeting some of the chorus-line girls afterward to go out and have dinner.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised she was a Christian?

BRADSHAW: Well, that's the whole reason we got together. She had some friends who had read my book, *No Easy Game*, about my Christian faith. JoJo said, "Oh, I know that guy. He's just like me."

PLAYBOY: Were you in love?

BRADSHAW: No, I wasn't in love, but I was attracted to her. And I was thrilled to death she was a Christian. So I pursued her every night and we were together every day off.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted to have premarital sex?

BRADSHAW: [*Jumps up, falls down on his knees and hides his face in the pillows on the orange couch. He is moaning*] Tempted!

PLAYBOY: You're human.

BRADSHAW: That's a tough question, because, boy, I could get blasted if I say no, and I get blasted if I say yes. So I'll say I don't know. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: But you *do* know.

BRADSHAW: I would think that every hot-blooded American male in this world today would be lying if he said he didn't think about premarital sex. And I'm no exception. I mean, I can't lie. I could lie, but then everybody is going to say, "Who are you kidding?" Sure, I thought about it, but there was no way that I was going to pursue my thoughts. Because I had something very special and I didn't want to destroy it, because she's such a wholesome, wonderful person.

PLAYBOY: She was really committed?

BRADSHAW: Absolutely. Straight and narrow. She's my wife, a super woman. She was a tremendous inspiration to me. She was so tender and young, really naïve and girlish. She'd been sheltered, she'd not been around, hadn't dated that many men. She'd always been in the Ice Capades. And never had a date life. I actually was probably one of the first men that she'd ever dated.

PLAYBOY: What did she do on the road? Were you jealous?

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BRADSHAW: No. Not jealous. What was there to be jealous of? Most of the guys in the ice show were gay.

PLAYBOY: But how about other guys?

BRADSHAW: See, JoJo is so open that she just tells me how much she loves me and I believe her. And she would call between shows and we were in steady communication. I never had to worry. And she never had to worry about me.

PLAYBOY: When did you ask her to marry you?

BRADSHAW: Four weeks later.

PLAYBOY: You're a quick worker.

BRADSHAW: She accepted two weeks later. Nine months later, we were married.

PLAYBOY: And you really knew this was *the* one.

BRADSHAW: Man, I never had any doubts. I had nothing to compare it with. The first time I got married, it was a mistake and I was miserable. After this marriage, I turned to my dad and I said, "Hey, Pop, this is the happiest day in my life. This is the real McCoy."

PLAYBOY: Didn't you suspect you might have problems with JoJo and her career?

BRADSHAW: Well, the possibility of problems was always there because of JoJo's career and my ranch. We both realized we would have problems that we'd have to work out. I would give her the freedom to pursue her career—so we covered all the territory.

PLAYBOY: But later on, you *did* have misgivings, right?

BRADSHAW: Nope, not now.

PLAYBOY: What about before now?

BRADSHAW: That was last year's results. Last year was tough because it was the first year I'd had to do without my wife. I was jealous of her career and everything that was happening to her in New York City. I didn't understand it. I never have. I told JoJo I'd never experienced these feelings in myself. I felt that she loved her job more than she loved me. I felt she was never going to be happy doing anything but being in the bright lights and the heck with everything else.

PLAYBOY: And you took your feelings out on her?

BRADSHAW: Oh, yeah. As I look back on it now, when she was home, was I a great husband? No. Did I talk to her and baby her and pamper her? No. Did I communicate with her? No. I was a jerk of a husband. So, naturally, she sought other things to get fulfillment, because, obviously, she wasn't getting it from me. And she'd fly to the end of the world to do a show for free. I wouldn't go to Germany and give up two weeks of myself for free. She'd do anything for free as long as she thought she could skate and entertain. I knew she didn't like the ranch.

So I experienced a whole set of new problems. But I did love her. That was the one main ingredient. And she loved me. We kept praying that the Lord would work our lives out. It was hard, because we wanted to control them. She wanted New York. I wanted her here. Well, what did the Lord want? She said he wanted her in New York and I said, "He wants you here." Now it's just worked out.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there a passage in the Bible that says the woman should be submissive to the man?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, but that's one verse. What about the passage in the Bible that says it's a sin to waste your God-given talent? In other words, if God blessed you with some talent, you should use it.

PLAYBOY: Did your attitude change?

BRADSHAW: Yeah, I've developed. I've got a career wife. I have to realize I have a career wife. Now, after three years of bickering and quarreling and crying and fighting, and all this, and loving, I can accept it. Don't ask me why. It's just amazing.

PLAYBOY: There are a lot of men out there who look up to you as their version of the *macho* man——

BRADSHAW: [*Sings*] "*Macho, macho* man!"

PLAYBOY: You don't really believe that a woman's place is in the kitchen?

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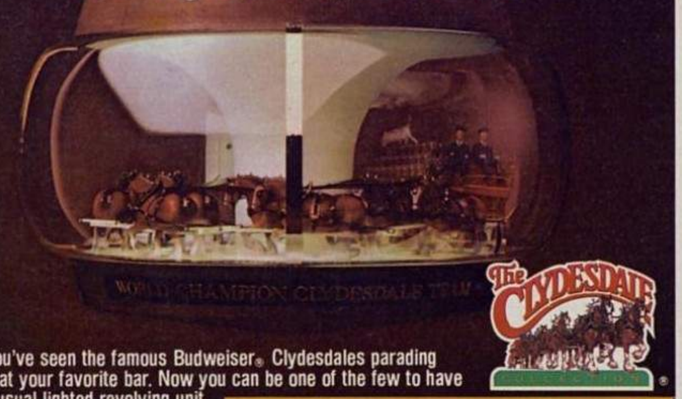

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BRADSHAW: No, I don't.

PLAYBOY: You were once quoted as saying that.

BRADSHAW: I said a lot of that stuff just because those press people ticked me off. I don't think that anymore. If the wife wants to get in the kitchen, fine; if she wants to get out in the yard, fine. I never put any pressure on JoJo to do that. I just wanted her home. I wanted her *with* me. The main thing, I didn't want the pressure of moving from my ranch. She hated it. I don't care what you do, but don't force me into making a decision of having to give up something I struggled so hard to pay for and love so much.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry now about losing JoJo?

BRADSHAW: No, I've got a lot of confidence in both of us.

PLAYBOY: Before you met JoJo, what were your feelings about sex?

BRADSHAW: I already said that I'm a normal, healthy human being; no matter what your faith is, it's gotta cross your mind. Just like Jimmy Carter said, he has lust for women and we all want—— Hey, Carter's a man, he was honest and, you know, people lashed out at him for it. But, hey, ask anybody and they'd tell you the same thing: You're human and lust is a sin, it's. . . .

PLAYBOY: Yes?

BRADSHAW: But this premarital sex. . . . As a Christian, you *know* premarital sex is wrong. And I'm so glad that my wife and I didn't.

PLAYBOY: So your relationship isn't built on sex?

BRADSHAW: You can't base a lifelong lasting relationship on sex, because as you grow older and get wrinkled, if you don't love one another, then it's not going to last if it's all built around sex. But to two people who love each other, it gets more beautiful. And a lot of people who are out there reading this are going, "Gag, gag, gag." But those are the people that were like me during my first marriage. They didn't have the relationship the way it should be and went after the body. Not in the right order. The body, great body. And you always hear men getting on to women, "Hey, you're getting heavy, that body better not get fat on me." What about the men? *They*'re going to get fat and sloppy. They got it pointed in the wrong direction. It's not the body, it's the woman herself and sex is just the cream of the crop.

PLAYBOY: Some people would think——

BRADSHAW: I know, they're going to think, What a square, what a true square.

PLAYBOY: Are your beliefs tested a lot because of all the women who hang around athletes?

BRADSHAW: Oh, you're tested, you're tested all the time. I found out the best way to avoid being tested is to stay away

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from the places you can be tested. That's one good thing about having JoJo here. If you meet the guys and you go out and there's tons of women around and you're lonely and your wife's been gone a couple of weeks, you subject yourself. If you're not strong, it could be hard. I want to remain faithful and true and it's very hard. It's sure hard.

PLAYBOY: On the road, do you still see groupies?

BRADSHAW: You see them, but not in big numbers. There's no Joe Namaths around now, and everybody knows I'm a Christian and that I'm married and they leave me alone. I don't have a problem at all.

PLAYBOY: Can a married man who is a Christian still have sexual fantasies?

BRADSHAW: [*Laughs, picks up microphone*] Folks, what we have here is really tricky questioning. Being of solid mind and foundation. . . . Why are you asking me? I can't respond to these terrible questions. What are you trying to do? We're talking about being a Christian and now you're hitting me with——

PLAYBOY: Just part of an in-depth interview.

BRADSHAW: Well, I don't know, maybe a man can and maybe he can't, I don't know. If I have them, it's about my wife.

PLAYBOY: So you didn't give up *everything* to be Christian?

BRADSHAW: What a dumb question. Anyhow—any way I answer this—I'm stuttering. Anything I say will get me in trouble with my brethren out on the street. [*Mimics Gomer Pyle*] "Well, Terry Bradshaw has sexual fantasies. Why, simple, simple." I mean, if I do, they're about my wife. I don't have many of them, if I have any. I don't *have* them. I don't sit back and fantasize making love. Is that what you're saying, making love with another lady?

PLAYBOY: Well, yes, that, too.

BRADSHAW: No, I haven't done that in a while. [*Gazes upward*] Lord, I don't know how to answer these questions without getting in trouble. You're just going to have to take these interviewers and direct them on the right path.

PLAYBOY: You haven't put your foot in your mouth.

BRADSHAW: Really? Whew. [*Sings*] "Help me make it through the night. . . ."

PLAYBOY: Do you think we've been too rough, pressed you too hard on personal matters?

BRADSHAW: The Devil is speaking through you right now. [*Uses a deep preacher voice into the microphone*] Lord, take the Devil from their heart.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps we should have prayed about this before we started this interview.

BRADSHAW: I know. We're going to pray about it when it's over, I know that.

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if nobody believes you
until it's too late?

BAD DREAMS IN THE FUTURE TENSE

article **By WALTER L. LOWE**

ON A THREE-BLANKET NIGHT in January 1972, a middle-aged woman in New York had a dream about George Wallace. It is not clear whether that woman was fond of Wallace or disliked him, or thought about him at all. What is important is that in her dream, she saw him walk onto a stage in a brown suit, surrounded by an enormous crowd. Suddenly, she sensed danger and heard her own voice say, "George Wallace will be shot." On May 15, 1972, Wallace could have used that information.

But then, what would he have done with it?

What would *any* of us do with such information, coming, as it does, from beyond left field—from out of the ball park, so to speak? I asked a New York cabdriver what he would do with such

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

information. He was from Brooklyn, so I figured he'd cut through the bullshit.

"I wouldn't want to hear it," he said. I asked him if he thought science should try to tap the mechanism in dreaming that produces foreknowledge.

He thought for a moment, then replied, "No, sir. You know why? We got enough problems that we *know* about without worrying about people's dreams. You know, a lot of people have bad, *bad* dreams, my friend. Some people wake up crying."

•

David Booth woke up crying on the night of May 24, 1979, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He'd just had the same bad dream for the tenth night in a row. It wasn't your average indigestion-caused monster-type nightmare, either—nothing that personal. And therein lay its horror for Booth, the slender, mustachioed 27-year-old manager of a Cincinnati car-rental agency. For in the dream, he was

the helpless witness of a plane crash. Booth says it was the same, *exactly* the same, every time:

"I was standing beside this one-story building . . . and now I'm looking away from the corner of the building and I'm looking out over a field and there's, like, a line of trees going down and I look up in the air and there's an American Airlines jet, a great big thing, and the first thing that strikes me—that always struck me—was that it just wasn't making the noise it should be for being that close, you know?

"Then it starts to bank off to the right. And the left wing goes up in the air and it's going very slow. It wasn't like slow motion. It was just going slow, and then it just turned on its back and went straight down into the ground and exploded. . . ."

As he watched the explosion, as the sound thundered in his ears, he woke up. Crying. Ten nights consecutively.

After the third night—the night of May 17—Booth had been afraid to go to sleep. He was afraid to tell his wife, Pam, that something very spooky was going on. The next day, he drank coffee by the pot, which made him irritable both at home and at the agency. And that night, he dreamed it again. "On the fourth night, I got so drunk, so very drunk, in hopes that it would prevent me from dreaming, that I poured myself into bed. But the next morning, Saturday, just before I woke up, I had the dream again. It came in with me standing next to the building and ended with the explosion dying in my ears. And when I woke up, I didn't have a hangover. None. It was as though I hadn't touched a drop. I don't know how I can explain it. I felt as though I'd been *taken over* by something."

And Booth was finding out what everyone who ever saw *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* knows—you can't stay awake forever, even if you know that the moment you snooze, some eldritch horror awaits you. So, despite himself, he dozed again Sunday night, the 20th, and there he was again on the airfield, beside the building, watching the American Airlines jet floating too quietly through the air.

"And you have to try to understand that although I'm calling this thing a dream, it wasn't like a dream at all. Only someone who has had this happen to him will know what I mean when I say that it was *real*. There was no sense of unreality. Nothing like weird sounds, strange colors or me floating up in the air. It just felt like an everyday spring afternoon. As I remember it now, I remember it like you remember a real experience, not like you remember a dream. That's the difference. It's in my memory as a real experience. The only thing about it you might say was unusual is that I didn't have any sense of *I* when it happened. Like, I had no personality. I was just this pair of eyes and ears watching and listening."

On Monday, as soon as Booth got to work, he scanned every newspaper he could get his hands on for news of plane crashes. He kept the radio on and listened to each news broadcast with a pounding heart. In less than a week, his life had become a quiet horror because of a dream. And Monday night, despite his nerves, despite the coffee, despite the *Late Show*, he dreamed it again. "Very few people know what it is to be completely helpless. I mean the pain of it. You've got to *want* to help to feel really helpless, and that's how I felt on Tuesday morning when I went to work." But he tried. He really tried.

He called the local office of American Airlines to tell them about his dreams, but no one was available to listen. Then he called the FAA at the Greater Cincinnati Airport and managed to get through to Ray Pinkerton, the assistant manager for airway facilities. Pinkerton listened and took notes that would later verify Booth's account of the dreams. He says he respected the tremor he heard in Booth's voice. "He sounded so sincere, I just couldn't slough him off. He sounded truly concerned."

Pinkerton shrugs. "But what could I say? What could I do?" He and his assistant, supervisory electronics technician Paul Williams, tried, anyway. They called the regional FAA office in Atlanta that afternoon and reported all the details of the dream to Jack Barker, public-affairs officer.

"It sounded like any of a hundred dreams I've heard reported in my 25 years in the aviation business," Barker says. "People call in with them all the time, but what could we do? We didn't have a date, we didn't have a time, we didn't have a city. What could we do?" Well, frankly, he couldn't have done anything. So he didn't.

Booth first talked to Pinkerton and Williams on May 22nd. He had the dream again on the 23rd and the 24th. Each day, his foreboding deepened, and by Friday, May 25th, he was teetering on the edge of madness. "I was an emotional wreck. I went to work and I was jumping on everybody for nothing. I felt like I could start slamming my head against a wall and not stop. I went home early and as soon as I walked in the door, I sat down in my living room and started crying. I started complaining about my job to Pam, and I never complain to her. I felt like somebody I knew had died, but nobody had."

When he finished weeping, they went into the kitchen to eat dinner and turned on the television. They were watching *The Rebels* when the news of the plane crash flashed onscreen. That afternoon, at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, American Airlines flight 191, bound for Los Angeles with 271 passengers (including three PLAYBOY employees and a PLAYBOY contributor), lost an engine during take-off, rolled to the left and slammed to earth, exploding on impact. It was the worst domestic crash in history. Booth was stunned by an aerial photo showing the wreckage virtually atomized by the explosion. "I'd seen that crash," he says. "I'd seen the explosion. I called Paul Williams at the FAA and began just freaking out. He helped settle me down."

And when he finally got to sleep that night, David Booth did not dream.

Because of its thorough documentation, Booth's extraordinary dream was recounted in nearly every newspaper in the country. A series of photographs of the crash, taken by fantastic coincidence, showed the DC-10 descend, roll over, then disappear behind some buildings for only a moment. Then the fireball. Not every detail of Booth's dream matched the facts—for instance, he saw the plane bank to the right, whereas flight 191 banked to the left. But no one, not even the FAA, questions the uncanny similarity between major details of Booth's vision and the actual crash.

Two days after the tragedy, Booth was asked to appear on a Cleveland television show to talk about his dream. When he arrived, a strange thing happened.

"I felt agitated again, very agitated. The number 40 kept coming to me. I seemed to remember the number 40 being associated with the dream somehow, though there was no number 40 in the dream. Yet the number 40 had hung in the back of my mind for several days. I'd even mentioned it to Paul Williams. Then, suddenly, when I was introduced on this talk show, I felt very angry, forceful, and I'm not that kind of person. I started warning—and it was somewhat of a surprise to me—that there was something structurally wrong with the DC-10 and that if those aircraft weren't taken out of the air, there would be another DC-10 crash within 40 days caused by the same thing." Within two weeks of the crash, all DC-10s flying in the United States were grounded and inspected, and potentially lethal defects were found in several of them.

Yet when a vice-president for public

(continued on page 114)

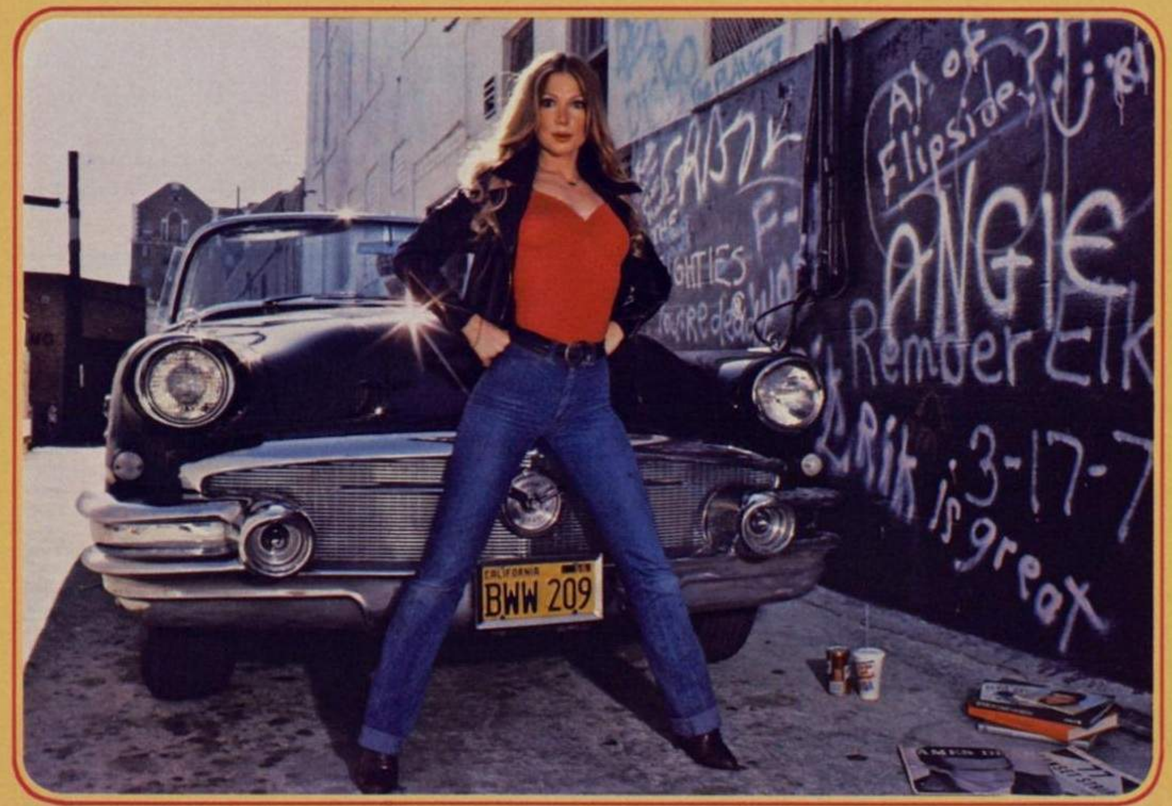
"This is Dr. Baumgarten, your sex therapist. How's it going over at your house tonight?"

"The guys on *Kotter* were great. They would really get into character. During run-throughs for network execs, they would drop trou and moon the camera."

"I'm not really a tough kid, but before *Kotter*, I worked in New York for two years. I picked up a lot of street sense. I based my character on the people I had observed."

WELCOME BACK, HALLER

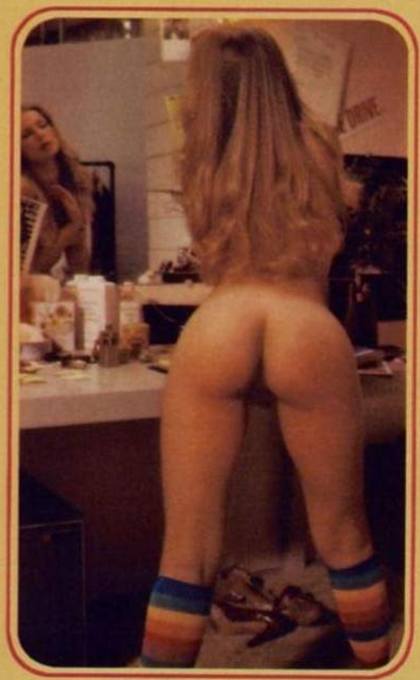
the fairest member of the sweathogs shows a different side of herself in this exclusive playboy pictorial



MELONIE HALLER has great timing. She joined the cast of ABC's hit comedy series *Welcome Back, Kotter* on a Sunday, to portray Angie Grabowski, girl Sweathog. She memorized her first script on Monday. On Tuesday, she taped two shows before a live audience, working for 18 hours on close-ups, pickups, retakes. The next day, John Travolta went to the premiere of *Saturday Night Fever*. The rest is history. "We did just eight more shows after that," Melonie says now. "No one was really prepared for what happened. John was just a regular guy, kind of nervous. No one knew he was going to be a superstar. When it finally happened, the other guys kind of tripped out. They'd been together for two and a half years. They were used to helping one another out when they didn't have enough money for a date. I was only a newcomer, but I told Bobby Hegyes, 'Hey, you don't have to get uptight. This will open doors for the rest of you.' And that's the way it turned out:

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

"The guys on the set gave me a nickname: Bullet. It seems that whenever I got in front of a camera, my nipples would become erect. It drove the censors crazy. They tried Band-Aids. Band-Aids didn't work. I had to reshoot scenes in a padded bra."



They're all doing pretty well." Melonie also survived the rigors of sudden stardom—the intergalactic battles of the network sex symbols ("Where you have to race 50 yards with an egg in your mouth or play volleyball without a bra . . ") and the Hollywood A-circuit parties ("Cher would invite you roller skating, if she thought you'd bring along Travolta"). She finished her stint on the tube and went to Europe to learn film acting ("It's easier to get work overseas"). The experience paid off. She returned to America to star in a film account of the Hillside Strangler and to do a shooting on the set of *Buck Rogers* for a poster ("It's spacy"). Along the way, she took time out to pose for this exclusive PLAYBOY pictorial. Welcome back, Haller.

"Angie Grabowski, Sweathog, was 16. In *The French Connection*, I played a schoolgirl. In *The Love Machine*, I played a 14-year-old hooker. I've finally decided to act my age. This is the real me."

FUTURE TENSE

(continued from page 106)

"Odds are, sooner or later, somebody you know is going to see tomorrow before it gets here."

relations at American Airlines was asked what he might do the next time he received a report of a dream like Booth's that specified an American Airlines plane, he told reporters, "Absolutely nothing. I'd ignore it. We discount the occult here. It goes against everything scientific and logical to even discuss such a damn thing as a dream."

Booth had never been interested in the occult. And somehow, it's better that he hadn't. The great mystery and profound question posed by his dreams would only be obscured if he'd been calling himself the Grand Wizard of Cincinnati. Because this isn't a story about the Jeane Dixons and Edgar Cayces of the world. It's about you and me, guys like Booth and guys like Pinkerton, Williams and Barker, for whom theories about ESP and "other dimensions" are no more than just that—theories—until suddenly they collide horrifically with our staunch reality and we cry out, "What can I do?"

•

Perhaps you don't consider yourself psychic. But some parapsychologists say that the power of precognitive dreaming is latent in just about everyone. So why not you? Experiments with ordinary people have sometimes produced greater percentages of psychic accuracy than your average big-time soothsayer ever dreamed of (no pun intended).

Every night, more than 200,000,000 Americans hit the sack to sleep, perchance to dream. Odds are, sooner or later, somebody you know is going to see tomorrow before it gets here. It might be you. So what can you do if you wake up one morning absolutely certain that somewhere in the Midwestern United States a nuclear reactor is going to have a catastrophic fuel meltdown? The first thing you can do is immediately write down your dream and send it to Robert D. Nelson at the Central Premonition Registry, P.O. Box 482, Times Square Station, New York, New York 10036.

Blond, blue-eyed Robert Nelson, assistant to the vice-president of *The New York Times*, regularly leaves his office in the Times Building at lunch hour but doesn't go to eat right away. Instead, he heads south one block to 42nd Street, then west toward Times Square Station, walking as fast as his 41-year-old 5'8" frame will propel him. The sidewalk is crowded, the air is muggy and maybe because this particular day is a Monday, there is irritation on the face of nearly everyone he passes. Someone pushes Nelson into an orange-juice vendor's stand and the vendor, a young Italian with a SMILE button on his T-shirt, yells, "Hey, what the fuck?" as oranges roll into the gutter. Nelson apologizes and keeps stepping. He's in a hurry. He has an appointment back at his office in an hour and this trip is eating up his lunchtime.

Between Eighth and Ninth avenues on 42nd Street, he turns into the Times Square Station. In a moment, he's slipping his key into P.O. Box 482. He removes several letters, looks through them and opens one. "Shit," he says, "I sure hope *this* doesn't happen." The letter reads:

Dear sirs,

Please note that the following events will take place within the next three years:

1. General Haig will become the 40th President of the United States.

2. Queen Elizabeth of England will die suddenly of a heart attack. There will be a downpour of rain that will seem to symbolize the sadness of the people.

3. President Sadat of Egypt will be successfully assassinated, making his body almost unrecognizable.

The letter was sent from East Haven, Connecticut. It's neatly typed on crisp bond paper. All the spelling and grammar are correct. One is struck by the writer's tone: He doesn't think, suspect or have a hunch that these things might happen. He is simply informing Nelson that they *will* happen. If somebody doesn't like it, he can go suck eggs. You have to respect that kind of letter. And Nelson does.

"Now, *this* is a damn good bunch of shots. Good detail. Like Sadat's body being mutilated, specifying a heart attack for the queen and the downpour of rain. Good stuff."

They're not all like that, of course. Many are vague, some obviously the navel ruminations of the mentally unhinged. But a surprising number of the predictions to the Central Premonition Registry are, like this one, remarkably specific and coherent. It's no wonder that many Americans have no patience with the vague predictions of professional psychics; we ourselves have far more balls when it comes to laying the future on the line.

Nelson can attest to that. As the founder and principal staff of the Central Premonition Registry, he's read more than 7500 predictions from the American masses and, take it from him, Jeane Dixon doesn't necessarily get any more hot tips on the futurity stakes than your uncle Erskine. In fact, the widely known psychics rarely send premonitions to the registry.

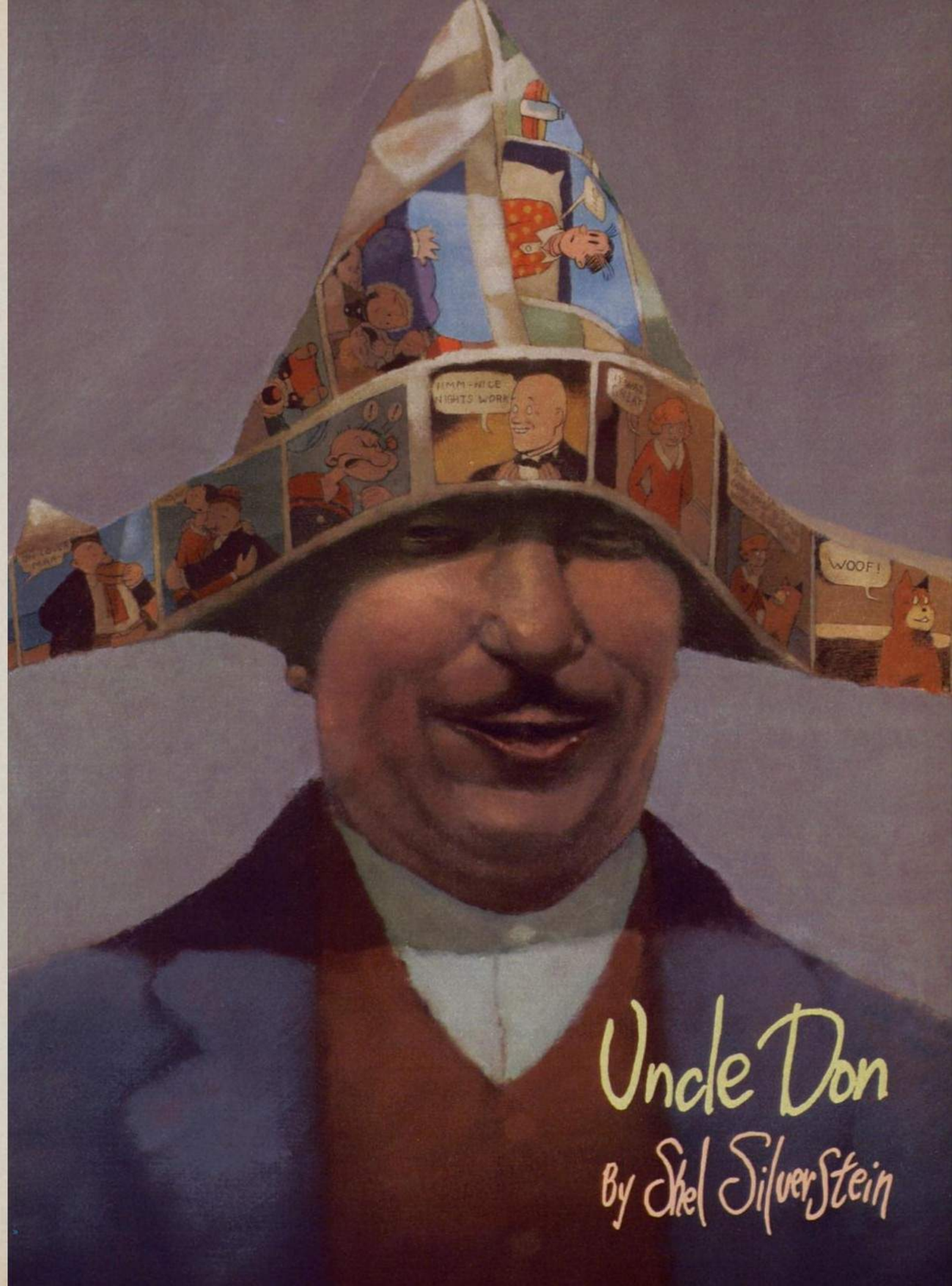
"Of course they don't send their predictions to me," Nelson laughs. "Even when they're 'right,' their descriptions are so vague that by the registry's standards, they often wouldn't be credited with having made a solid prediction. Take the Sadat prediction in this letter I just opened. It has key details. A lot of professional psychics avoid giving those kinds of little details. They'll say something like, 'If Sadat isn't careful in the forthcoming year, misfortune could befall him.' If he is assassinated, they can say they had a 'hit.' Also, if he breaks his leg or loses his wallet. Of course, if nothing happens to him, they can then justify the prediction by saying that he must have been careful. I may earn a lot of enmity from well-known psychics with that statement, but I think I can stand the vibes."

And what are those standards that professional psychics don't want to be judged by? Simply what you would expect: that a prognostication correspond in easily recognizable ways with an actual future event. The more correspondence of details, the stronger the hit, as Nelson calls accurate predictions. But don't assume from Nelson's statements that John Q. Public is all that accurate, either. In the 11 years he has been taking Mr. Public's prescient pulse, only 47 of the predictions the registry has received have qualified as hits.

But some of those are remarkable. Among them: the difficulties of Apollo 14 (shortened second moon walk, descent problem); the capturing of the Joseph Yablonski killers (including a description of the four of them, correctly identifying one as a blonde woman); the crash of Rocky Marciano's Cessna; a 1976 Guatemalan earthquake that killed thousands; the deaths of Gamal Abdel Nasser, Igor Stravinsky and Nikita Khrushchev; the shooting of George Wallace; the apparent suicide of Congressman William Mills.

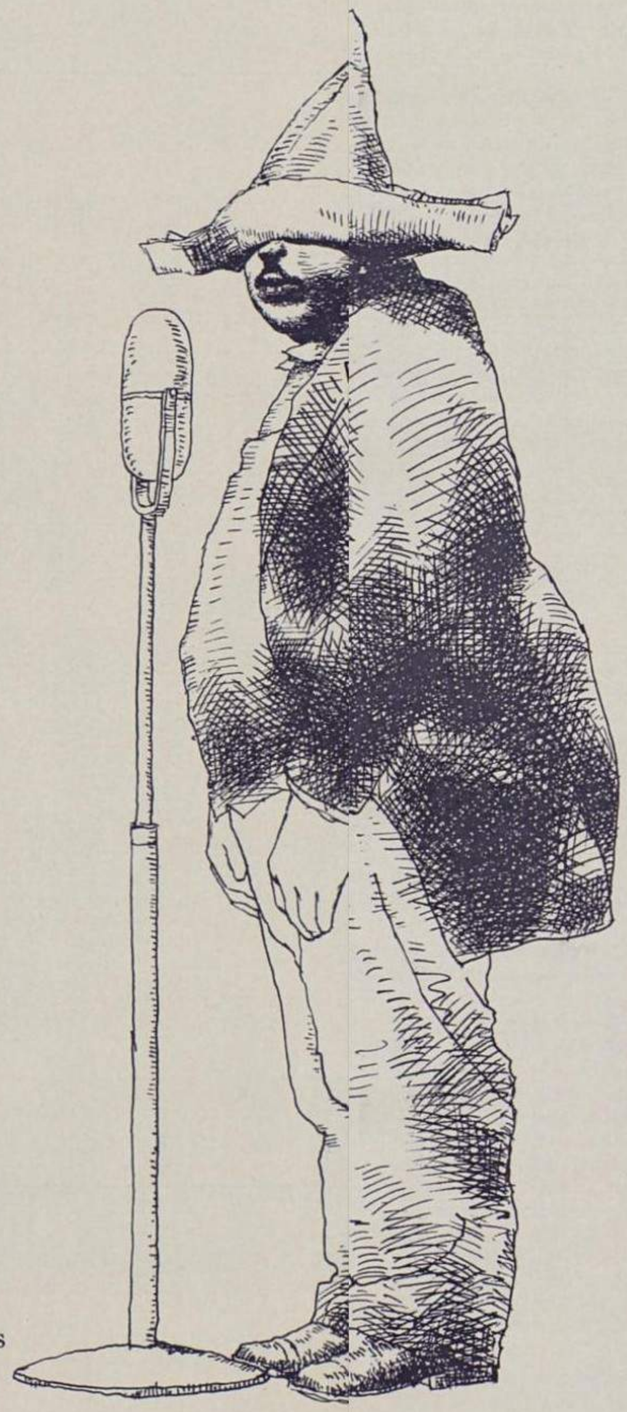
A former Ohioan, Nelson became interested in psychic phenomena when he was a psychology major at Ohio

(continued on page 118)



Uncle Don

"Who read us the Sunday funnies on the radio"



Where are they all today, Uncle Don, where are they all today?
My heroes and sweethearts of comic-strip days,
Where are they all today?

You say that Dagwood Bumstead died of ulcers?
From eatin' all those sandwiches at dawn?
And Blondie's turnin' tricks in San Diego?
And Mr. Dithers, he's her favorite John?

And Plastic Man's appearin' in a side show?
And Sandy's gotten rabies and he bites?
And I hear tell that Olive Oyl and Wimpy and the Jeep
Were orgying behind poor Popeye's back.

Someone said that punchy Joe Palooka
Now works as a wrestlin' referee,
And Little Goody Two-shoes, she bought some high-heel new shoes
And she's dancin' topless down in Tennessee.

You say the Revenooers, they nabbed ol' Snuffy
For makin' that illegal mountain dew?
And there's a warrant out for Daddy Warbucks
For the things he made poor Orphan Annie do?

But don't tell me that Tonto and the Lone Ranger
Was doin' anything but fightin' crime,
Yeah, I know they had no gals, but they was only pals.
What's that, you say Prince Valiant's doin' *time*?

I hear the Human Torch works in a steel mill,
He had to get himself a steady job,
While Punjab and the Asp ran a little short of cash,
They're workin' now as hit men for the Mob.

Perry Winkle's now a true transvestite.
Why did his parents make him dress that way?
And Lamont Cranston spends his time cloudin' people's minds
And hanging round the Y.W.C.A.

Dick Tracy, he now works as a night watchman?
Took a bribe and got thrown off the force?
And Red Ryder ain't around 'cause he got run out of town
For doin' somethin' freaky with his horse?

Rex Morgan, he got busted for abortions
And Smilin' Jack don't fly much anymore.
I hear they grabbed his ass with a planeload full of grass
And Downwind turned him in for the reward.

Where are they all today, Uncle Don, where are they all today?
My heroes and sweethearts of comic-strip days,
Where are they all today?

By Shel Silverstein - one of the little bastards"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

FUTURE TENSE

(continued from page 114)

"Greywolf experienced a peculiar rush known only to those who have seen premonitions come true."

Wesleyan. He conducted his first experiments with his twin brother, who, says Nelson, was a gifted medium. But the idea for the registry wasn't born until Nelson settled in New York, took a job in the circulation department of *The New York Times* and, in his spare time, volunteered to work with Dr. Stanley Krippner, director of the dream laboratory in the psychiatry department of Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn. With the inspiration and guidance of Dr. Krippner (who, along with Dr. Montague Ullman, pioneered and made respectable research into the psychic possibilities of dream states), Nelson established the Central Premonition Registry in 1968.

Once a few newspaper articles informed the world of the registry's existence, predictions gradually began flowing into Nelson's P.O. box. As he and his wife, Nanci, monitored them, they found that they fell into 14 categories:

1. Prominent Persons—Injury or Death
2. Politics
3. War, International Relations
4. Air, Land, Sea Disasters
5. Natural Disasters and Fires and Blasts
6. Economics
7. Miscellaneous: Arts, Religion, Etc.
8. The Kennedys
9. Science/Medicine
10. Space Exploration/UFOs
11. Civil Unrest, Protests
12. Prominent Persons—Miscellaneous
13. Sports, Races, Lotteries
14. Crime—Kidnaps, Murder

Of the registry's 47 hits, spread over those categories, the largest number (nine) fall within the area of natural disasters, fires and explosions, followed by air, land and sea disasters and prominent persons, injury or death, each with seven. The only two accurate sports predictions are the Mets' victory in the 1969 world series and the win, place and show numbers in a 1976 horse race. Obviously, in the twilight zone, death is more important than baseball.

But what's more interesting about those 47 hits is that almost half of them came from only six people—the folks Nelson aptly calls his "heavy hitters." Of those six, only one could be called a professional psychic. The five others are a Cincinnati minister, a London voice instructor (the C.P.R. receives several predictions from other countries each month), a San Diego housewife, a hotel housekeeper in Onsted, Michigan, and an aide in a New York State mental hospital. Most of the hitters are like that. Ordinary folk. No swamis, no black-magic weirdos. Just, as far as Nelson can tell, humble working people. Some of them are so humble that they record their predictions under code names like The Arc, The Queen or the man who registers his predictions under the name Greywolf.

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There's something immediately likable about Greywolf, but rather than describe him, I'll let him describe himself. "I live in New York. I'm 52 years old, 5'11", I got almost all gray hair, but I use Formula 16 to keep it dark. Actually, my hair started getting white when I was 11. I'm married. I weigh about 245 pounds. I'm Puerto Rican, but I look Jewish, and I'm ugly as hell."

Greywolf doesn't want anybody to know much more than that, not because he's afraid of losing his reputation among the New York literati nor because his swami told him never to use his powers for personal gain. "I'm hiding out from my ex-wife," he admits.

It's a paradox that such an enormous hulk of a man could possess such a delicate power as precognitive clairvoyance, but then, if things were always what they appeared to be, life would have no mystery. And Greywolf is a mystery compounded. Because he has recorded *five* accurate predictions with the Central Premonition Registry, making him Nelson's number-one amateur heavy hitter.

Greywolf specializes in air disasters. And that's something you should know about multiple hitters. Many of them are particularly attuned to certain kinds of tragedies: the deaths of movie stars, assassination attempts, train derailments. It makes you wonder if maybe all of human history, past, present and future, isn't hooked into a suprasensory switchboard where each classifiable event has its own listing in the cosmic directory: Department of Earthquakes, Department of Million-Dollar Robberies, Department of Ax Murders, and so on.

Anyway, Greywolf has a hotline to the Department of Air Disasters, having predicted no fewer than four of them over the past ten years. And those are the documented, recorded predictions. He claims, without proof, that he has accurately foreseen twice that number of aircraft-related catastrophes but failed to register them for a variety of reasons. For instance, his very first extranormal experience was so frightening that it didn't occur to him that it might be a psychic event. "I didn't know *what* the hell had happened."

It was in 1962, concurrent with the Cuban Missile Crisis. Greywolf was then a more compact 220 and he worked out with weights regularly. He was in the middle of one such workout at a local gym when he began to feel unusually fatigued. "I lay down and I was groggy, out of it. I just passed out. I don't know how long I was out, but when I woke up it was as though I sort of half woke up. Like I was semiconscious. And as I became more conscious, the first thing I knew was, 'I am a pilot.' I felt goggles over my eyes. I saw the canopy of an airplane. I was cold. Very cold. I thought to myself, I can't breathe. If I don't get oxygen, I'm going to pass out. There were two oxygen bottles, one on either side of the cockpit. I began hitting the one on the right, slamming it with my fist, trying to get it to work. I couldn't get it to work. I slammed the other one with my elbow. I couldn't get them to work. My heart was pounding. I remember thinking, My God, I'm dying."

Two days later, he heard a radio report that a U-2 photographic spy plane had disappeared while flying a mission over Cuba. Two weeks later, he recalls, he found a small newspaper story, reporting that the U-2 plane had been found, crashed in the Andes. The body of the pilot had been recovered and an autopsy determined that before the plane crashed, he had already died from lack of oxygen in the freezing winter air at a high altitude.

The moment he laid eyes on the article, Greywolf experienced a peculiar rush known only to those who have seen premonitions come true: a jolt of immediate recognition, followed by a moment of slipping, sinking into a fathomless void because the rational mind refuses to compute what has happened. And then a surge of excitement that borders on the sexual, the desire to let others, someone, *anyone* who'll believe you, know that there is far more here than meets the eye. He sat down and composed a letter to an Air Force commander, recounting the synchronicity of his "vision," as he termed it then, and the actual U-2 crash.

Then, as he reread his letter, he experienced a downer also known only to those who've had premonitions: the realization that once you tell others what's happened to you, 99 percent of them

(continued on page 223)

THE CASE FOR CANADIAN WHISKY

the mellow thirst quencher that's been crossing our northern border for generations definitely isn't maple syrup

drink **By EMANUEL GREENBERG**

CANADIAN WHISKY, spelled without the E—like Scotch whisky—may be the most misunderstood spirit in the liquor cabinet. It is often called rye—a misnomer that the usually unimpeachable Alexis Lichine perpetuates. Conversely, it's thought to be a premium version of an American blend—equally incorrect. Federal regulations define Canadian whisky as "a distinctive product of Canada, manufactured in Canada in compliance with the laws of Canada." That is a Catch-22 legalism that, in effect, says Canadian whisky is anything the Dominion government deems it to be.

In practice, relatively little rye goes into Canadian whisky. The mash bill—trade lingo for the proportion of grains used—is heavily weighted to corn, some of which, ironically, comes from Iowa and Nebraska. To qualify as a rye whisky

(concluded on page 172)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

humor By IRVING WALLACE, DAVID WALLECHINSKY, AMY WALLACE and SYLVIA WALLACE

The (Sexual) Book of Lists

from the team that gave us "the people's almanac" and the original "book of lists," here's a lively, lusty update

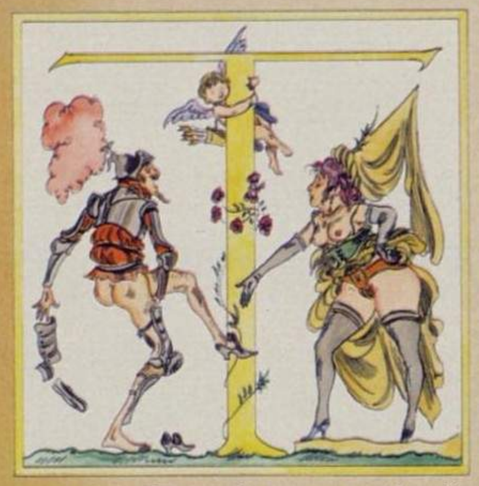
ou remember the Wallechinsky/Wallace team (husband and wife, daughter and son), who built a family business and a couple of runaway best sellers by compiling lists of everything anyone ever imagined wanting to know.

Well, just when you were beginning to get to the end of their existing listings, here they come again, bouncing back with yet another batch—to be published later this spring in *The People's Almanac Presents The Book of Lists 2*. We went through it and picked out, you know, the *good parts*. And then the authors rounded out our selection with a few lists of lusts you won't find anywhere else.

Let's see: There's the preserved-penis list, the chastity-belt list, the 26-mammal sperm-count list, the religious-scandal list. . . . But there's no point in our listing the lists, is there? Why don't you discover them for yourself?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD BERSON

SEVEN WOMEN WHO WORE (OR MAY HAVE WORN) CHASTITY BELTS



The chastity belt, a device used by men to keep their women faithful, usually consists of a waistband to which are attached front and back straps that go between the legs and hold plates that cover the genitals and the anus. The plates are pierced to allow for the passage of body wastes and natural secretions. A padlock secures the chastity belt so that a man can lock his woman into it, take the key and go about his business, confident that she will be unable to take lovers—unless they happen to be locksmiths or acquaintances of locksmiths. It is not known when the chastity belt was invented. According to some unauthenticated sources, Crusaders were the first Europeans to use chastity belts on women. We know of no women who used them on their men.

1. CATHERINE-HENRIETTE DE BALZAC D'ENTRAGUES (1579–1633)

Small and graceful, with feline sensitivity, the Marquise de Verneuil was only 20 when she entered into a stormy relationship with Henry IV of France (1553–1610). Although Henry loved her, he did not give her what she wanted most—marriage. (He wed Marie de Médicis instead.) He may have forced young Henriette to wear a chastity belt. The evidence? A 17th Century etching in the Hennin collection at the Bibliothèque Nationale: According to P. G. J. Niel, a French writer of the 1800s, the naked woman wearing the chastity belt is Henriette, and the man to whom she is handing the key is Henry IV. Hidden behind the bed, the woman's lover accepts a duplicate key from a maid in exchange for a bag of money. To underscore the message, the artist included in the etching a jester trying to keep bees from escaping from a basket and a cat watching a mouse. The caption reads: "*Du cocu qui porte la clef et sa femme la serrure.*" "Of a cuckold who carries the key and his wife the lock."

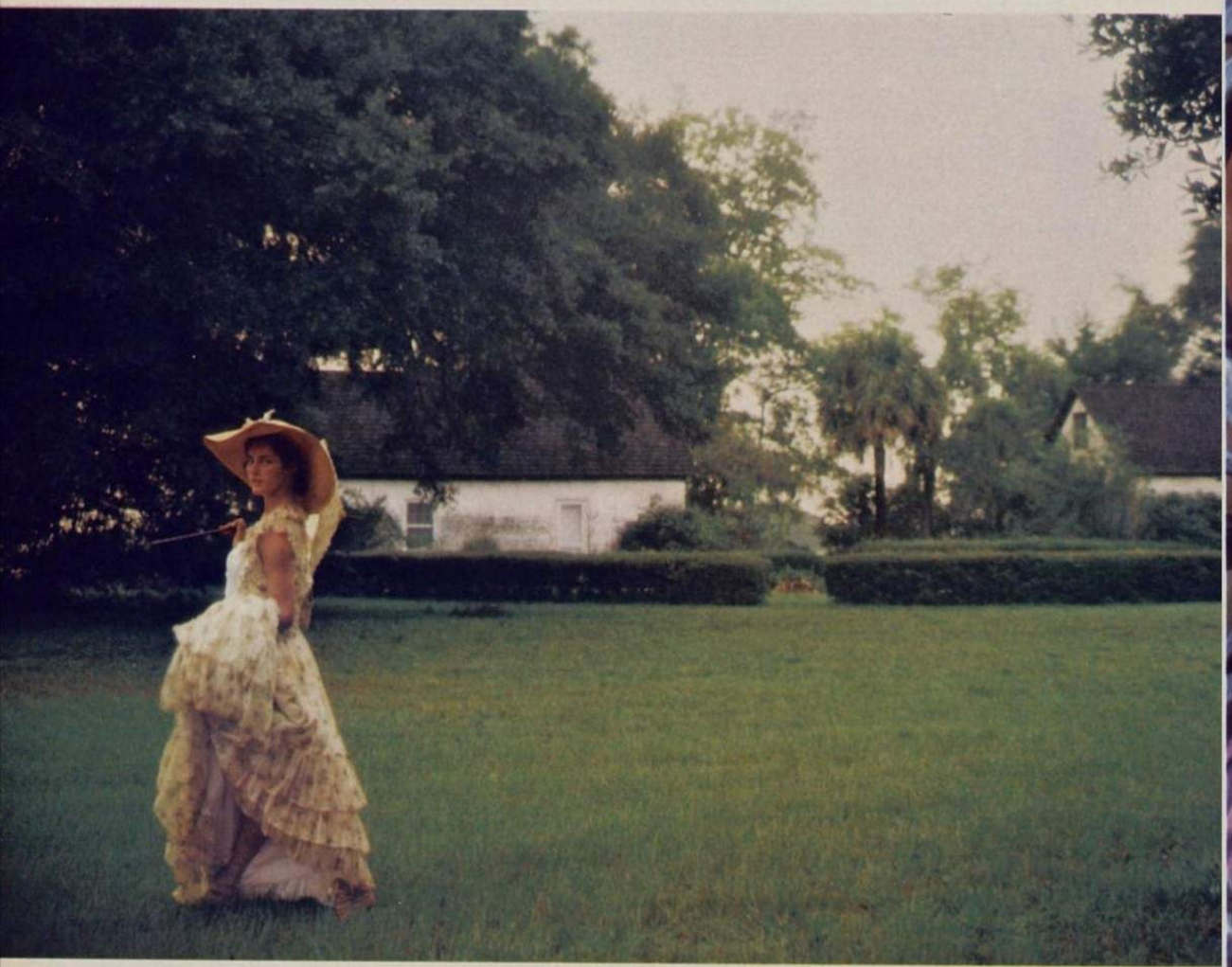
2. CORPSE OF AN UNKNOWN WOMAN (late 16th or early 17th Century)

In 1889, A. M. Pachinger, a Munich collector, was visiting an Austrian provincial town when a 15th Century church was excavated. An old lead coffin was unearthed and opened in a corner of the churchyard. In it were the remains of a woman—probably young when she died (her teeth were good), probably aristocratic (she wore a dress of expensive damask). Her reddish hair was done up in a braided hairdo and her gloved arms were crossed on her breast. Under the clothing, her pelvis was encased in a chastity belt—a leather-covered iron hoop to which were attached a frontal plate with a saw-toothed slit and an anal plate, which also had a small opening. Pachinger kept the belt and the woman was reburied. Who was the woman? Why was she buried in a chastity belt? Was her husband so jealous that he feared she would be unfaithful even in death?

3. ANNE OF AUSTRIA (1601–1666)

Item number 6598 in the Cluny Museum in Paris may have been made for Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII and mother of Louis XIV of *(continued on page 140)*

No, that's not Scarlett O'Hara strolling by Tara (below), it's March Playmate Henriette Allais. "In a whole bunch of ways," she says, "Scarlett and I are very similar."



SOUTHERN COMFORTER

meet henriette allais, a certified georgia peach. the south has risen again!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"I just love to go on a picnic," says Henriette, "but rarely in outfits like this one" (below). "I like to create little romantic scenarios and picnicking is wonderful for that."

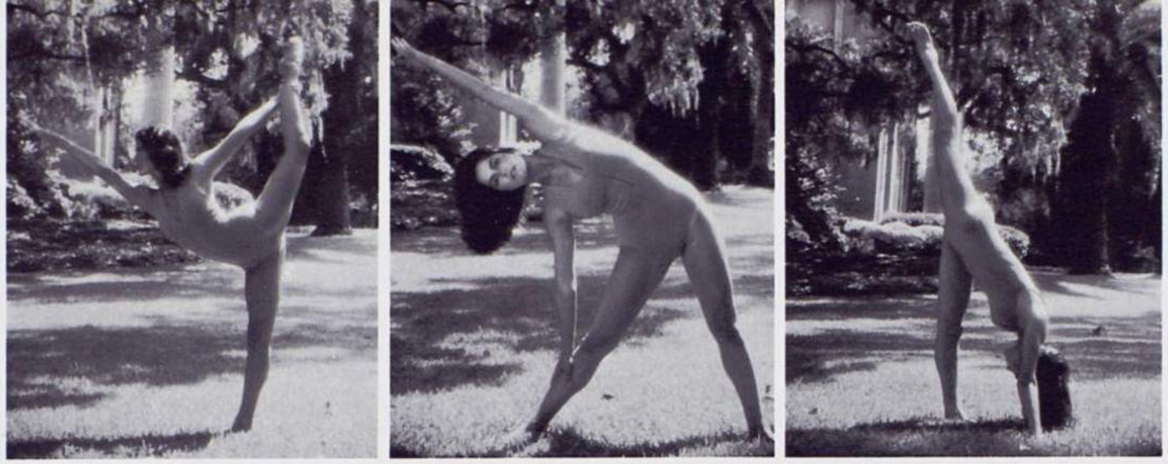
THERE'S SOMETHING about a Deep Southern accent, something lilting, something . . . well . . . inviting. After all, Southerners are known for hospitality. Henriette Allais, half French, part Cherokee Indian, born in Jacksonville, Florida, and raised in the heart of Georgia, has one *very* inviting Southern accent. "You might call me the quintessential Southern belle," she says, proud of the label. "For one thing, I'm real hospitable. On the other hand, I suppose I've got a few of Scarlett O'Hara's qualities, too—most Southern girls do. I'm a bit spoiled,

"I'm totally uninhibited," says Henriette, "and I love running around naked. Once, in the mountains, I just decided to take off all my clothes and run around in the nude. I love the way nature feels when it makes contact with your body."

like she was, and I can be sort of . . . well . . . cunning, but I'm not as mean." Unlike Scarlett, Henriette has what might be called an acute case of wanderlust. "I was raised in Brunswick, Georgia," she says, "and since it's a beach town, it was always full of tourists. Being around all those people, I just naturally developed a desire to travel." And she did. First stop was Miami, then a long, slow trip through the continental United States; last we heard, she was planning an extended visit to France. For a while, she settled in Los Angeles, went to dental school and became

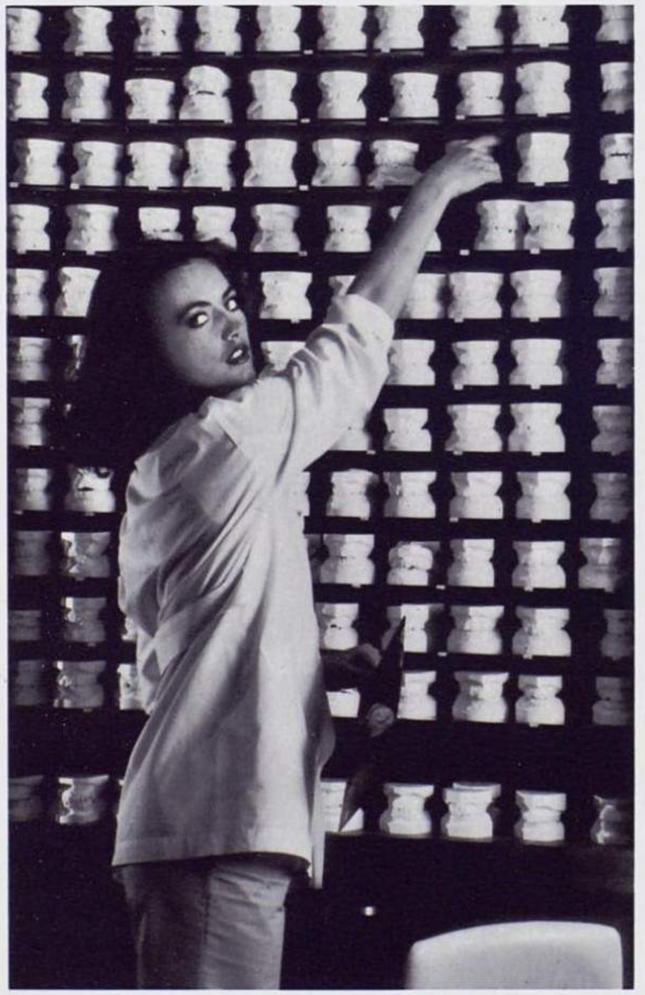
"Sex is one of my all-time favorite things—I'm willing to try absolutely everything, because there's no such thing as right or wrong when it comes to making love."

"What turns me on the most about a man? Well, I love a man who's able to say things with his eyes and, since I'm into yoga and sports, a good body is a must, of course. Hold it; this is beginning to sound like a grocery-store order!"



an orthodontist's assistant. We discovered her at an exercise class—exercise, sports and yoga being her primary passions. "Someday," she says, "I'd like to teach yoga. Yoga makes me high without taking drugs. It's not a real religion to me, though it is to some people. I just really like the body movements involved in yoga. It's such a challenge, because I have to push my body so *far*. Plus, of course, it's superb for keeping yourself in shape." We never would have guessed.

Henriette (practicing some yoga moves, above) spent two years working as an orthodontist's assistant. Below left, she checks teeth models; below, she gets to work on a patient's pearly whites.



GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

Terriutte Allais

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Henriette Allais

BUST: 35 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 125 SIGN: Cancer-Leo

BIRTH DATE: 7/22/54 BIRTHPLACE: Jacksonville, Florida

AMBITIONS: Professional modeling, to be a yoga teacher, learn to play flute

TURN-ONS: The smell and sight of spring, unexpected gifts, red roses, the face of a happy child

TURN-OFFS: Smog, traffic, neglected animals.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chinese food, chocolate, yogurt, mushrooms

FAVORITE DRINK: Fresh cold lemonade

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: All in the Family, Saturday Night Live, Mork & Mindy.

PLACES YOU'D LIKE TO SEE: Egypt, Africa, the Orient

FANTASIES: Being able to grow wings and fly, Visiting another planet, to be the mistress of Louis XIV

FAVORITE MOVIES: Casablanca, Gone with the Wind, Fantasia

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Ray Bradbury, John G. Neihardt

Little Indian with blue eyes Age 9

Thinking about boys Age 15

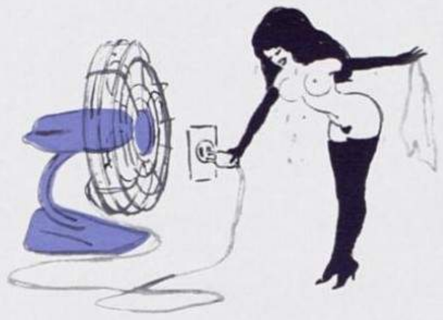
Smiling Portrait Age 18

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The world's best-known fighter of oil-well fires was having a drink one night when the bartender said, "Say, your face is mighty familiar. Who *are* you?"

"I'm Red Adair," replied the expert.

A well-liquored patron on the next stool looked around. "Red Adair!" he exclaimed. "Red Adair—well, I'll be damned!" Then he leaned closer. "Tell me, confidentially," he asked in a near whisper, "are you still doing it with Ginger Rogers?"



Business-lunch tax-deduction reforms are overdue," the secretary announced firmly to the company's grievance counselor. "When my boss returned to the office this afternoon, I was subjected to a three-martini lunge."

You may possibly have heard about the new TV documentary on animal family planning in East Africa. It's called *Wild Condom.*

Beset by a compulsion for extramarital sex, the man caved in before the tears and threats of his spouse and went to a psychiatrist for treatment. "Say, Gus," a drinking buddy ventured one night, "is that shrink really helping you?"

"I can't be sure yet," said Gus, "but I've got *him* cheating on *his* wife now!"

Though you paid me up front," hooker Flo
Told her client, "I'm still due some dough.
I felt, in gradations,
Eleven pulsations,
And I quoted you ten bucks a throe."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *incestuous yokel* as a country humpkin.

As the teacher pulled off her panties, the well-developed and willing teenager giggled, "You realize, don't you, Mr. Wolfe, that I haven't yet reached the age of sexual consent?"

"That's quite all right, my dear," answered the panting pedagog. "You can bring a note from your mother tomorrow."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *supersede* as Clark Kent's sperm.

I eventually found out what my ranch-foreman husband really meant," sobbed the fairly recent bride, "when he told me that he'd love me till the cows came home."

How'd you make out on your date with that foxy new WAC lieutenant?" the cocksman captain was asked at the officers'-club bar.

"Since I had my standing orders," he replied, "I reconnoitered the terrain and located the main objective. Next I slowly worked the flanks and carefully probed the center, softening it up for the inevitable attack. That done, I moved my elite unit into position for the decisive thrust."

"And then?" was the rapt query.

"And then," sighed the captain, "the artillery fired too soon."

But, your Highness," the Fifth Avenue furrier explained patiently to the Near Eastern potentate, "we simply don't have access to *that* kind of sheared beaver."

Is it proper for a man to profit from the mistakes of another?" a parishioner asked his minister.

"Definitely not," was the clergyman's answer.

"Are you certain?"

"Absolutely."

"In that case," said the man, "I wonder if you'd mind returning the ten dollars I gave you after my wedding last year?"

An aging professor named Frye,
Who yearned to swap wives on the sly,
Had a colleague named Klein
Who suggested, "Try mine"—
Thus inspiring the old college try.

When Dixie and I double-dated the other night," the girl confided to a sorority sister, "we ended up in a motel. When I came out of the john, her date was already going down on her in a strange sort of chirping and hissing way . . . but then, when I peered over from the other bed a little later, he had switched to slow, smooth humping."

"In other words," commented her friend, "he wasn't just whistling Dixie."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Tarzan . . . big."

A TOUCH OF CLASSIC

good news, traditionalists: the old-school ivy league look is undergoing a colorful renovation

attire By DAVID PLATT SLOAN WILSON IMMORTALIZED HIM in *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*. He is the individual for whom the boundaries of fashion are marked by natural-shoulder jackets, British country tweed slacks, buttondown shirts and rep ties. The labels in his clothes are a *Who's Who* of traditionalism and probably include Brooks Brothers, J. Press, Norman Hilton, Burberrys, Pendleton, Linett and Daks, among others. For him, a designer is someone who styles cars in Detroit. Nevertheless, the forces of designer fashion have left their mark on his conservative wardrobe. Jacket lapels have fluctuated in widths over the years and the design of trouser fronts and the placement of pockets have changed, as has the shape of the trouser leg. But the most significant fashion alteration in the way a gray-flannel man dresses is in his use of color. Pink oxford-cloth shirts may still be in his dresser drawer, but they will be side by side with ones that are peach and purple. The slacks in his closet may still be natural-colored ones from Daks with an extension waistband, but they'll be combined with a glen-plaid jacket. Let's call it the consciousness raising of a buttondown mind.

Left: Gum's the word for this traditional sticky situation. The evening does have one thing going for it, however—his classic polyester/cotton trench coat from Burberrys of London, about $270; worn over a muted striped polyester/wool/silk herringbone suit, by Norman Hilton, about $355; striped shirt, by Arrow Kent, about $18; and striped silk tie, by Resilio, about $16.50. Right: Another traditional pastime—girl watching—and these lookers are getting the once-over themselves wearing (near right) a polyester/cotton twill jacket, about $75, twill slacks, about $28, cotton vest, about $25, all from Lobo by PenWest; and a plaid shirt, by Pendleton, about $36; and (far right) a cotton/polyester jacket, about $65, brushed cotton slacks, about $37.50, cable-stitched V-neck, about $47.50, and striped knit shirt, about $21, all from Chaps by Ralph Lauren.

Above: This classic ensemble includes a silk jacket, about $225, wool slacks, about $75, broadcloth shirt, about $40, and silk tie, about $20, all by Country Britches; plus a belt, by Trafalgar, about $20. Below: More updated conservatism, including (left) a linen/polyester suit, from Daks, about $280; cotton shirt, about $25, and striped tie, about $15, both from Bert Pulitzer; and (right) a polyester/cotton suit, by Haspel Bros., about $130; raglan-shoulder velour V-neck, from Lord Jeff, about $32.50; plaid short-sleeved shirt, about $30, and knit tie, about $8.50, both from Chaps by Ralph Lauren.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREA BLANCH

Above: These traditional winners favor (left) a silk jacket, by Linett Ltd., about $260; coupled with linen pleated slacks, by Daks, about $75; rayon cable-knit vest, by Lord Jeff, about $27.50; oxford shirt, by Sero, about $21; and tie, by Bert Pulitzer, about $20; and (right) a tweed jacket, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, about $210; linen slacks, by Country Britches, about $70; buttondown cotton madras shirt, by Gordon of New Orleans, about $38; knit tie, by Resilio, about $13.50; and leather-hemp belt, by Trafalgar, about $16.

(SEXUAL) BOOK of LISTS *(continued from page 121)*

"Police found her chained to the bed. The chains were long enough so she could play the piano, though."

France. The waistband of this chastity belt is velvet-covered metal and the curved plate with a toothed slit is ivory. Anne and Louis were married when both were 14 years old. Anne was beautiful and golden-haired, with an exquisite complexion. After one night of bliss, it was four years before the young Louis slept again with her. When he finally got around to sex, however, he became very passionate and jealous—hence the chastity belt.

4. MARIE LAJON (18th Century)

All we know of Marie Lajon and her slick seducer Pierre Berlhe comes from a slim book written in 1750 by a lawyer named Freydier. The book consists of Freydier's speech condemning Berlhe at a trial in Nîmes. Supposedly, Berlhe seduced the young innocent Marie with promises of marriage. An extremely jealous man, he made her wear a metallic-mesh corset with a sharp-pointed genital opening and a padlock. To make doubly sure of her chastity, he covered the seams of the apparatus with sealing wax, on which he impressed his seal. When he went away on business trips, he took the key to the chastity belt and the seal with him. Even after the birth of their child, he forced Marie to wear the belt. When it became clear to Marie that he was never going to marry her, she took him to court. At the time of his trial, Berlhe still had the key and the seal with him. Freydier's speech, sentimental and maudlin, was a polemic against seducers and a plea against chastity belts. Example: "Having incarcerated the young girl's heart, he next wanted to encase her body in iron and show his tyranny by treating her more cruelly than if she were his slave. What greater examples of barbarism do you want than to put a girl in irons? To enslave her body? To put her in a prison which she must continually carry about with her? To fasten it with a padlock which only the most jealous Florentine could imitate?" The outcome of the case? Freydier didn't say.

5. ONDINA RANDONE ANCILOTTI (early 20th Century)

The Italian sculptor Ancilotti devised a chastity belt—a pair of pants with metal rings, secured by a lock and key—which he persuaded his wife, Ondina, to wear. To allow her to go to the bathroom, he removed the belt at noon and eight P.M. Once, while pregnant, she was out eating with her friend Adele Gaumier when she felt the urge to relieve herself. She could not do so until she got the key to the belt from Ancilotti. When she heard his whistle in the street, she ran down to get the key from him. Then, with the help of Gaumier, she took off the belt, went to the bathroom, put the belt back on, locked it and returned the key to Ancilotti. For his cruelty to his wife, Ancilotti was arrested and tried. The outcome of the trial is not known.

6. WIFE OF JEAN PARAT (early 20th Century)

For years, Jean Parat—*le pharmacien tortionnaire* ("the torturing druggist")—was suspected of abusing his wife, but nothing was done about it until 1910, when Paris police investigated and found the woman chained to the bed in the Parat apartment. Under her clothes, she was wearing a chain-mail corset padlocked around her body. Jean was arrested and tried. Jealousy had made him do it, he said, defending his actions, and he pointed out that the chains were long enough so she could play the piano.

7. HENRI LITTIERE'S WIFE (20th Century)

No matter how much her husband, Henri, beat her, Mme. Littière could not stop chasing other men; she had had three affairs in as many months. A baker by trade but a medieval scholar by inclination, Henri found the solution to his problem in an old book about the crusaders, who supposedly locked their wives in chastity belts before going off to battle. He researched the matter further at Paris' Cluny Museum, where he sketched the chastity belts on display. Armed with that information, he had an orthopedist make a contraption of velvet and steel for Mme. Littière. At her chastity-belt fitting, she insisted that she be allowed to wear the belt home and gave the key to Henri with the admonition, "Above all, don't lose it." Not long after, an old lover came to visit Mme. Littière, undressed her, saw the belt and reported it to the police. Henri thought the first court summons was a joke, but he obeyed the second and appeared before Judge Chaudoye in a Paris court. The accusation: cruelty. After Mme. Littière testified that she found it impossible to be faithful, the judge handed down the verdict: a three-month suspended jail sentence and a 50-franc fine.

Note: Readers interested in having a chastity belt made can contact David Renwick of Sheffield, England. Renwick hand-forges iron belts to specification for about $80 each.

NINE THINGS TO DO IN THE MATING SEASON

1. COMPOSTING

The male mallee fowl of Australia and New Guinea builds a mass of leaves to serve as an incubator once his mate lays her eggs. The female is then lured to the nest by the male's crooning sounds. When the eggs are laid, the male works frantically to maintain the optimum hatching temperature—adding more vegetation when the nest grows too cold, digging it up when it gets too hot.

2. EXHIBITIONISM

During mating season, male squirrel monkeys exchange penile displays and urinate in each other's faces. As aggression mounts, they pile on one another and fight violently. The behavior is not related to mating success but, rather, to a rearrangement of the dominance hierarchy. Male mandrill monkeys give a red, white and blue display of their colorful genital areas.

3. HOMOSEXUALITY

Lesbian mating is practiced by between 8 percent and 14 percent of the seagulls on the Santa Barbara Islands off the California coast. Lesbian gulls go through some or all of the motions of mating and lay sterile eggs (unless they have promiscuously coupled with a random male). Homosexual behavior is also known in geese, ostriches, cichlid fish, squid, rats and monkeys.

4. MASTURBATION

Masturbation in the animal kingdom has been observed among deer, lions, apes, monkeys, moose, boars, porcupines, dolphins and elephants (who use their trunks).

5. MATE BEATING

The female rhinoceros may ram her bull before mating with him. Ocelots bite their partners around the face and head to stimulate mating. During copulation, nonvenomous snakes often bite their partners.

6. MATE EATING

The female praying mantis may swallow her mate during the sexual act. (The male may continue to copulate after his head and thorax have been bitten off.) In many species of spiders, the female—the aptly named black widow, for example—eats her smaller male mate during or after copulation.

7. PRESENT GIVING

The male Adélie penguin must select his mate from a colony of more than 1,000,000 and indicates his choice by rolling a stone at the female's feet. (Stones are scarce at mating time, because many are needed to build walls around nests. It becomes commonplace for penguins to steal them from one another.) If she accepts this gift, they stand belly to belly and sing a mating song.

(continued on page 168)

A CUP OF COFFEE WITH THE CARDINALS

the big scene came the day before I was to leave: it floated up there like a hanging curve ball—the kind a batter just can't resist

fiction **BY A. W. LANDWEHR** **It's winter now and a long way from baseball. And I'm 41 and it all happened ten years ago, so, in a sense, it really doesn't make much difference. Dad's dead now, died seven years ago. Notice how I say "Dad," that familiar, intimate term. It brings to mind one of those scenes from a sentimental movie where the white-haired father has his arm around the shoulders of his 12-year-old son as they stroll along the riverbank. It seems clear that the father is telling his son something of great importance, something about honesty, or ethics, or maybe even love. I wonder if anyone ever does anything like that with his** *(continued on page 185)*

SCULPTURE BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

watching him work the crowds, you sometimes wonder if his lizardskin boots are made of chameleon

THE CANNY CONSERVATISM OF JOHN CONNALLY

article **By GEOFFREY NORMAN** People who saw him after he had been shot and had come within five minutes of bleeding to death say that John Connally believed even then that the experience proved he was fated. His survival was a message that affected him profoundly. It meant that he was one of the chosen. that he was a man of destiny.

But even the chosen must campaign if they want to be elected. If you want to be President of the United States, you have to work for it. The most craven public-relations man is not required to be as cheerfully hypocritical and effusive as a candidate for President. Certainly, he isn't required to spend time in New Hampshire. But candidates for President *are*, and when John Connally made his first serious public tour of the state, I went along for the ride, driving across the state line from my home in Vermont. I wanted a look at the man. I also believe in the Fates and a lot of other romantic nonsense that is properly called conservatism. I'd heard that Connally could be a conservative with a chance to win. The country, all the wise men said, was turning right. And Connally might be enough of a candidate and a politician to follow the shifting mood into the White House.

New Hampshire is not Connally's sort of state. He is a Texan—and more. He is from Houston, where everything is scaled up. He is a partner in a Houston law firm that

ILLUSTRATION BY JOANN DALEY

employs 280 attorneys. Houston is the home of two of the world's most celebrated surgeons, Michael De Bakey and Denton Cooley, both just as much prima donnas as healers. When Latin-American tyrants have heart attacks, they fly to Houston for treatment. Houston has the world's most extravagant department store, Neiman-Marcus, where you can buy his and her Learjets. A thoroughly modern city, Houston is the sinister steel flower of technology, blooming on the banks of a putrid barge canal like a fleshy orchid in fetid jungle.

Concord, New Hampshire, is something else. It is probably not big enough to make a modest shopping center in Houston. It is old and shabby and the mills that supported it are closed or closing. Moving South. What money there is in town would be pocket change for Houston. Now, with the energy crisis, things are getting worse. There is no gas or oil in New England. There isn't even enough population density to make pipelines economically feasible. The people who have oil and gas—Arabs and Texans—aren't giving it away. So these are fearful, lean times in New England. In New Hampshire, the two largest industries are tourism and Presidential politics. The state is a ward, surviving on outsiders' wealth.

Connally, a glamorous outsider, was scheduled to appear one day late last September at the cocktail hour, in the back yard of a Concord home. It would be a genteel rally held under an awning stretched over the yard to cover three working bars. For a three-dollar contribution, you could drink whiskey, pick up a campaign button and listen to a speech by the candidate. I arrived early.

From the look of it, the home was probably 100 years old. Not unusual in New England, where people still live in dwellings built before the Revolutionary War. In most New England towns, the church is still the largest and most imposing building. The graveyard is spacious and well tended and the stones go back three centuries. In New England, you are always aware of two things that are obliterated by cities like Houston: the earth and the past.

By 5:30, there were 150 people standing under the awning or around the incongruous swimming pool, waiting for Connally. They were dressed for cocktails, smiling, talking politics and politely passing time. It was a prosperous crowd of civilized and respectable people who could have been waiting for the start of a country-club tea dance.

Connally appeared, on time, trailing a covey of reporters. All the networks had cameras on the lawn and the technicians, good union men, looked like crashers in their Levis, boots and open-necked shirts.

Reporters followed Connally as he moved easily through the crowd, remembering names and shaking hands, for a crisp, professional ten minutes before he reached the podium and waited to be introduced.

There is no getting around it, the man *looks* good. Robust and fit. He is tall and strong, with a pelt of distinguished silver hair. He looks like what a politician was supposed to look like back in the days when they were sometimes called statesmen. Confidence and authority seem to glow in Connally the way quality glows in the finish of a brand-new Mercedes. He is 6'2" and 62 years old. Men 20 years younger would give a lot to look like him. While this crowd would never lose its composure over a Presidential candidate, or very much else, for that matter, you can feel a tingle under the awning. A flutter of awe and star worship.

He stands by calmly while he is introduced, then takes the podium like the wheel of a car. There is authority and good humor in his voice. Even if you despised him for his politics, you would want him for your lawyer.

He begins by introducing his wife, Nellie. She is a short, blonde, handsome woman who sits smiling at his side, as professional in her role as Connally is in his. They met at the University of Texas, where they both entertained dreams of the theater. John appeared with Eli Wallach in one school production and Nellie went even further, almost winning the part of Melanie in *Gone with the Wind*. She came in second to Olivia De Havilland.

Connally makes a gracious introduction, even courtly: "So y'all will know that I don't give up easily, let me tell you that it took me five years to win her. I asked her to marry me in 1935 and she didn't agree to it until 1940, five years later.

"But I won her," he goes on in one of those effortless transitions that are part of the stump politician's rhetorical arsenal, "and I intend to win this race, too. I'm 62 years old, so I am not in it for practice." That line is greeted with approving laughs. Connally and his people acknowledge one rival for the Republican nomination: Ronald Reagan. But Reagan has been disappointing Republicans since 1968, when the party took a deep breath and nominated Nixon. By the time Reagan came in, the convention had begun and it was too late. Reagan started late again in 1976, against Ford. Still, he nearly won and there are Republicans all over the country who bitterly believe that if he had not vacillated, he would be President now. *They* wanted it more than Reagan did, they still feel, and worked harder for it than he did. Which, everybody knows, will damn sure not be the case if Connally is the candidate. He has already announced and at this point has been out working for six months, while Reagan sits on his ranch, writing a newspaper column.

Then there is the age problem. Reagan would be almost 70 at his Inauguration if he were to win, the oldest man ever sworn in for the office. Age is the issue that can hurt him most with Republicans, and he and his staff have let it be known that they think it dirty politics to bring up the subject. Connally is not above it. In 1960, when he was managing Lyndon Johnson's campaign for the Democratic nomination, he helped spread—and may have started—a rumor that John Kennedy suffered so seriously from Addison's disease that he required massive doses of drugs merely to stay alive and functioning. Connally doesn't have to go that far on the issue of Reagan and his age. He brings it up merely standing there and throwing off a seemingly harmless one-liner. "I'm 62 years old, so I am not in it for practice."

Connally begins his speech by saying that he thinks the country is in trouble. It is going to hell in a hand basket, he says, and he is the one man who can do something about it. He says it with humility and wishes it were not so. But he says it again and again.

There is nothing different about Connally's opening remarks—every man running for President says the country is in trouble. Except that this time, the President *agrees* with him. Last summer, Jimmy Carter went on television and announced that the country was in the grip of a malaise. The crisis, he said in that extraordinary speech, was spiritual, not material.

The speech was a fat pitch for all Carter's rivals. Any candidate running against him can ride that speech right out of the park. Connally, who must be the finest oratorical Republican since Teddy Roosevelt, wastes no time.

"The really sad fact," he says, "is that the country is in trouble when it doesn't have to be. The problems facing this country are not the result of some malaise that grips the people. The failure is not with the people at all. The failure is with the national leadership. And with your help, I intend to change that." He sticks his sculpted jaw out on that note and the cocktail crowd applauds. If Big John wants to lead, then they are ready to follow.

After the applause dies, he goes into the programmatic section of his speech, energetically promising this and that to make the nation healthy again. Most of it is that old-time, free-enterprise

(continued on page 232)

"To get life insurance, you have to give me your family medical history; what's so hard about that?"

BOLD... BEAUTIFUL... BREATH-TAKING...

BO

john derek really can pick 'em; the film "10" unveils his new wife as the first sex star of the eighties

photography **By JOHN DEREK**

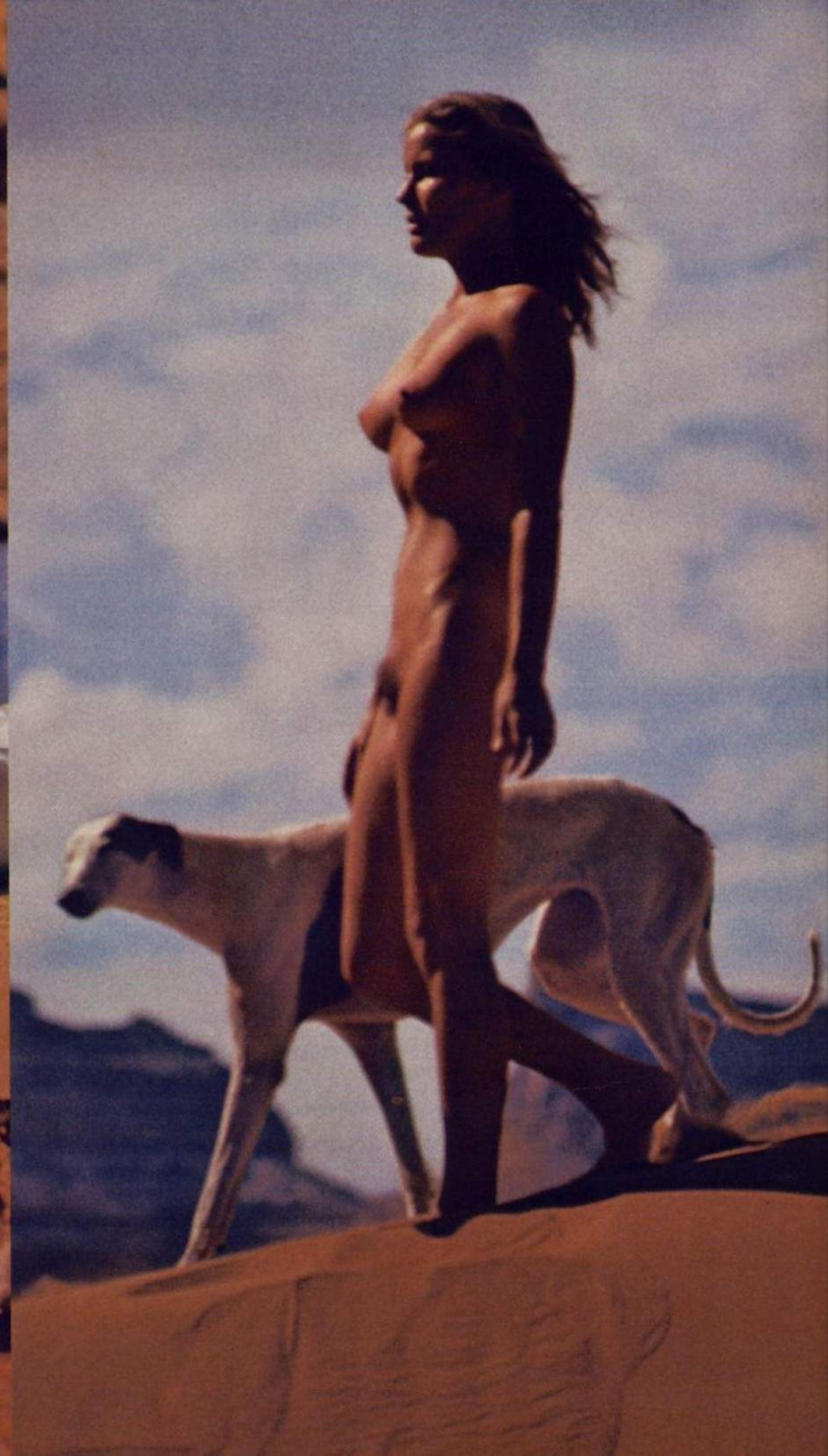
essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON** Since she exploded into the public eye as the focal point of *"10,"* you'd think some wise-up Chinese elders had declared this 1979–1980 movie season the Year of Bo Derek. Both reviewers and fan-magazine celebritymongers agree that she is magnificent, elusive, breath-taking and more—comparable to Garbo, Harlow, Monroe, Bardot and all the great screen divinities since Gloria Swanson and Theda Bara. Well, one or two things we know about her for sure. Her Hollywood triumph is something special, because Bo is special. Even in California, where they eat golden girls for breakfast, she's not at all like the average starlet next door; and even in Long Beach, not every girl grows up, as she did, wearing hand-me-down dresses from Ann-Margret.

What's Ann-Margret got to do with Bo Derek? In profile, from certain angles, there's a striking resemblance. That's not important. Pure coincidence, or possibly osmosis, though there may be a secret blood sisterhood of girls who get incredibly lucky, while other girls get married and move to Sioux Falls. The first break for Bo, who was christened Mary Cathleen Collins, was being born indecently beautiful; the second was being in the right place at the right time. The place was Ann-Margret's dressing room in Las Vegas about five, six years ago. A perfectly logical place for Mary Cathleen to turn up, since her mother was, and is, Ann-Margret's secretary-companion. "Originally," Bo explains, "my parents became close friends of Ann-Margret's *(text continued on page 230)*

Here's the look that convinced "10" director Blake Edwards he could count on Bo to beat the numbers. Overleaf: Derek captures some spectacular shots of his wife frolicking on the beach with a greyhound named China—and riding high on a catamaran.

Bo describes Lake Powell—on the Colorado River above Glen Canyon Dam—as "our favorite place in the world." Beautiful but damp aboard a Hobie Cat (two top photos) or falling and floating from a Windsurfer (below), Bo insists she's a klutz on dry land. No way.

In the pictures that follow, Bo enhances still more glorious landscapes—though one would be hard pressed to imagine any vista more spectacular than Bo herself *au naturel*. But why grope for words? Derek's photography, informed by intimacy, says it all.



WHO'D PROFIT FROM LEGAL MARIJUANA?

article By CHRIS BARNETT

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

THE REPORT out of Florida streaked across the wires, was ripped off and read on radio and played big on the TV evening news. The Drug Enforcement Administration said in late 1978 that marijuana is a 48-billion-dollar-a-year industry in the United States. Marijuana, said the DEA, is the third biggest business in the U. S. General Motors is first, Exxon is second, pot is third—far ahead of Ford, Mobil Oil, Texaco and Standard Oil. Bigger than Gulf Oil, Chrysler and U. S. Steel combined.

Forty-eight billion dollars? Americans are shelling out 48 billion dollars for an illegal drug? Hell, total cigarette sales are less than 18 billion dollars. We pour only 38 billion dollars into liquor, beer and wine and they're legal and easy to get. How can we possibly spend 48 billion dollars for something we have to buy on the sly?

A Drug Enforcement Administration spokesman now says it was all a mistake. DEA Deputy Administrator Frederick Rody, then chief of the DEA's Miami regional office, "overestimated" the market when he was discussing America's drug habits with a newspaper reporter. The dollars spent on marijuana, heroin and cocaine might total 48 billion, says the DEA, but marijuana alone was between a 13-billion-dollar and a 20-billion-dollar business in 1977, and possibly a 25-billion-dollar illicit enterprise in 1978.

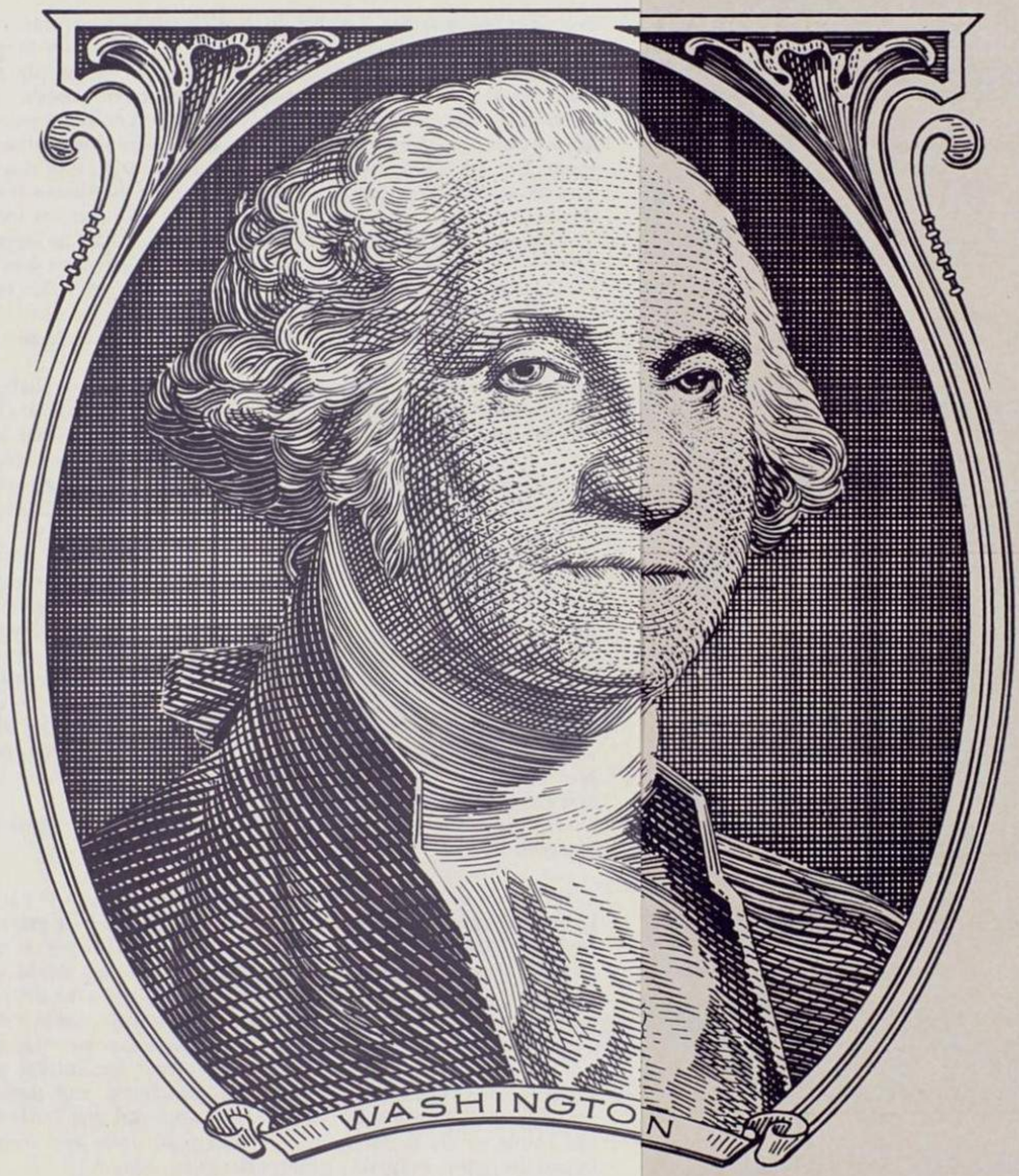
No sooner had the headlines dried than propot forces began analyzing the overestimate. An honest mistake? Or a clumsy trial balloon sent aloft to convince Congress the DEA needed a bigger appropriation for dope fighting?

No doubt about it, says Keith Stroup, cofounder of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and now an attorney in private practice in Washington, D.C. "The DEA is trying to scare the hell out of everybody. But I think it's going to backfire. People are going to think, if it's that big, then why the hell are we pissing [money] into a bottomless pit?"

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare has estimated that 43,000,000 Americans have tried marijuana and 16,000,000 puff the stuff regularly. The U. S. alone is spending close to one billion dollars in Federal funds to stamp out drug abuse and smuggling and to break the back of black-market drug merchants. A recently concluded three-month crackdown, code-named Operation Stopgap, virtually turned the U. S. Coast Guard into a navy of narcs, scouring the seas for smugglers, while U. S. Customs and other Federal agencies searched the skies and policed the ports.

Stopgap has had an impact. Some 16 mother ships steaming north from Colombia—their holds bulging with 130-pound bales of Santa Marta Gold—were scuttled by Federal agents, and some 500 tons of the cargo captured. The bust sent smugglers scurrying, but scarce supplies, inflation and nonstop demand have also sent the street price of grass soaring to new heights. The Mexican pot that once fetched ten dollars for a baggie ounce a decade ago has been replaced by the higher-grade Colombian that now sells at anywhere from $50–$60 an ounce up to $130 and more for a three-fingered lid.

Meanwhile, the massive war on marijuana hasn't severed the Colombian connection—the 5000-mile network of peasant farmers, cunning smugglers and daring dealers who've become rich supplying pot-starved Americans. DEA administrator Peter Bensinger, who figures there are 100,000 to 150,000 people involved in growing and smuggling marijuana, admits there is no way his 2000 agents can ever stop the flow of Colombian grass. "You need international cooperation to eradicate it at the source," a DEA official adds. "We can't do it alone acting



at last, an industry-by-industry scenario...

WHO'D PROFIT FROM LEGAL MARIJUANA?

article By CHRIS BARNETT

as a super police agency." Although the Colombian government teamed up with U. S. lawmen to track down smugglers during Stopgap, it appears that sheer economics—the ancient law of supply and demand—will keep Colombian pot (and cocaine) moving north.

Small wonder. Colombia earns only two billion dollars a year exporting its coffee, according to Colombian finance minister Jaime Garcia Parra. But DEA officials have been quoted as estimating the country pockets seven billion American dollars from the marijuana it exports. Others say marijuana farming and trafficking now account for almost 50 percent of Colombia's gross national product. With its largest legal export—coffee—clearly on the back burner, what incentive does the Colombian government really have to uproot its more profitable industry? Certainly, the country isn't politically dependent on the United States. Colombia has received only 1.3 billion dollars in U. S. foreign aid in 33 years.

At home, meanwhile, marijuana consumption has probably quadrupled since 1974. Even though 11 states have decriminalized possession of small amounts of grass and one state—Alaska—has legalized private cultivation, the vast majority of the estimated 16,000,000 regular smokers are risking a criminal record for a single toke. Nor is it just college students who smoke it, says Dr. Irving Goffman, former chairman of the economics department of the University of Florida in Gainesville and a Deputy Assistant Secretary of HEW during the Ford Administration. "Once you get involved in $100-an-ounce sinsemilla, it's an adult phenomenon," he says, "and not just a college-educated market. You've got blue-collar workers smoking today as well."

The guerrilla action against grass isn't stamping out the supply. The threat of arrest isn't curtailing pot smoking. What's more, individual marijuana busts for making a buy or possessing the stuff are not only socially costly, they instantly catapult an otherwise law-abiding person into a criminal role or, worse yet, into a prison cell. Meanwhile, marijuana is a flourishing, multibillion-dollar industry that's not contributing a nickel in tax revenues.

Why not explore an alternate solution—legalization, regulation and taxation?

•

It's only a matter of time before Uncle Sam will want to cut himself in on a booming business that seems destined for greater growth. And forgetting for a moment the alleged moral and physiological ramifications of legalized marijuana, a Federal scheme that would generate considerable tax revenue, impose rigid controls and take the paranoia out of pot would seem to make solid social and economic sense. The question we set out to answer here is, *Just how much economic sense?*

The actual mechanics of enacting a Federal legalization program would be tricky. To repeal the 18th Amendment and thereby end prohibition of liquor took Congressional approval and ratification by two thirds of the states. And even after that, states and counties retained the option to further ban, restrict or tax liquor.

To get marijuana approved for sale nationally, the Senate would have to vote to either amend or withdraw from the Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961. The U. S. became a signatory to that international treaty on drug regulation in 1967, when Harry Anslinger, first commissioner of the U. S. Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs—a man obsessed with wiping out the "killer weed"—persuaded the Senate that signing the treaty would forever end the "misuse of marijuana." They passed it 84–0 without debate. *(continued on page 202)*

...of just whose grass would be greener if it were legal

a celebration of the last of the pavement rippers— now they've even coupled a turbo to it

BLAST FROM THE PAST!

article By BROCK YATES IN THESE GRAND TIMES, when, in the words of that noted social commentator Mr. A. Warhol, we are headed toward a magic moment "when everybody will be famous for 15 minutes," we turn our attention to a unique automobile. Obviously, an automobile is a *thing*, not a person, but Warhol's prophecy seems to apply, considering the cacophonic zoo of commercialism in which we live. The automobile in question is not unique because it carries an engine equipped with quadruple camshafts or because its body is hand formed out of Reynolds Wrap. It stands out because it has not only prevailed but flourished during these bloated, confused years. While most other American automobiles have been upsized, downsized or summarily discontinued, this machine has quietly generated a legend.

The automobile we speak of is the Pontiac Firebird Trans Am, now entering its 12th year of life and gaining strength by the minute. While doomsayers everywhere agree that automobiles of the future will be mundane *(continued on page 216)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ASHER

"They met while walking their dogs in the park. She forgot her pooper scooper and he lent her his."

"He Was Weak"
He was weak, and I was strong—then—
So He let me lead him in—
I was weak, and He was strong then—
So I let him lead me—Home.

'Twasn't far—the door was near—
'Twasn't dark—for He went—too—
'Twasn't loud, for He said naught—
That was all I cared to know.

Day knocked—and we must part—
Neither—was strongest—now—
He strove—and I strove—too—
We didn't do it, tho'!

—EMILY DICKINSON

Grecian Kindness
The utmost Grace the Greeks could shew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
And leave their ling'ring Wives behind.
They beat the Men, and burnt the Town,
Then all the Baggage was their own.

There the kind Deity of Wine
Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love,
This clapt his Wings, that press'd his Vine,
And their best Pow'rs united move.
While each brave Greek embrac'd his Punk,
Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

—JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

The Coachman and His Whip
I once was a jolly young coachman
And my wages I tried to advance.
I once took a trip up to London,
And then I went over to France.
I learned all sorts of driving,
I drive in a fashion so gay,
If there's any young lady wants driving,
I'll ride her the new-fashioned way.

And one day I met such a lady,
She was dressed in her finest array;

She had a little white pony
And a carriage so trim, as they say.
"Three guineas a week I will pay you
And I'll dress you the finest so gay,
But remember, young man, if I hire you,
You must drive me the new-fashioned way."

Now, she took me down to the cellar,
And she gave me some liquor to sip;
We hadn't been long in the cellar,
When she wanted to look at my whip.
She took it, she stroked it all over,
And, letting it go with a smile,
She said, "From the size of your whip, sir,
I think you can drive me a mile."

I drove her until she was weary,
And while she was having a rest,
She called to her waiting maid, Sally,
And told her my driving was best.
"Oh, Sally," says she, "here's a rider
Who puts up his whip in such style
That while my gig wheel's repairing,
I'll let him ride you for a while."

—19TH CENTURY ENGLISH BROADSIDE BALLAD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRAD HOLLAND

Where Be You Going, You Devon Maid?
Where be you going, you Devon maid?
And what have ye there in the basket?
Ye tight little fairy, just fresh from the dairy,
Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

I love your hills and I love your dales,
And I love your flocks a-bleating;
But, oh, on the heather to lie together,
With both our hearts a-beating!

I'll put your basket all safe in a nook;
Your shawl I'll hang on a willow;
And we will sigh in the daisy's eye,
And kiss on the grass-green pillow.

—JOHN KEATS

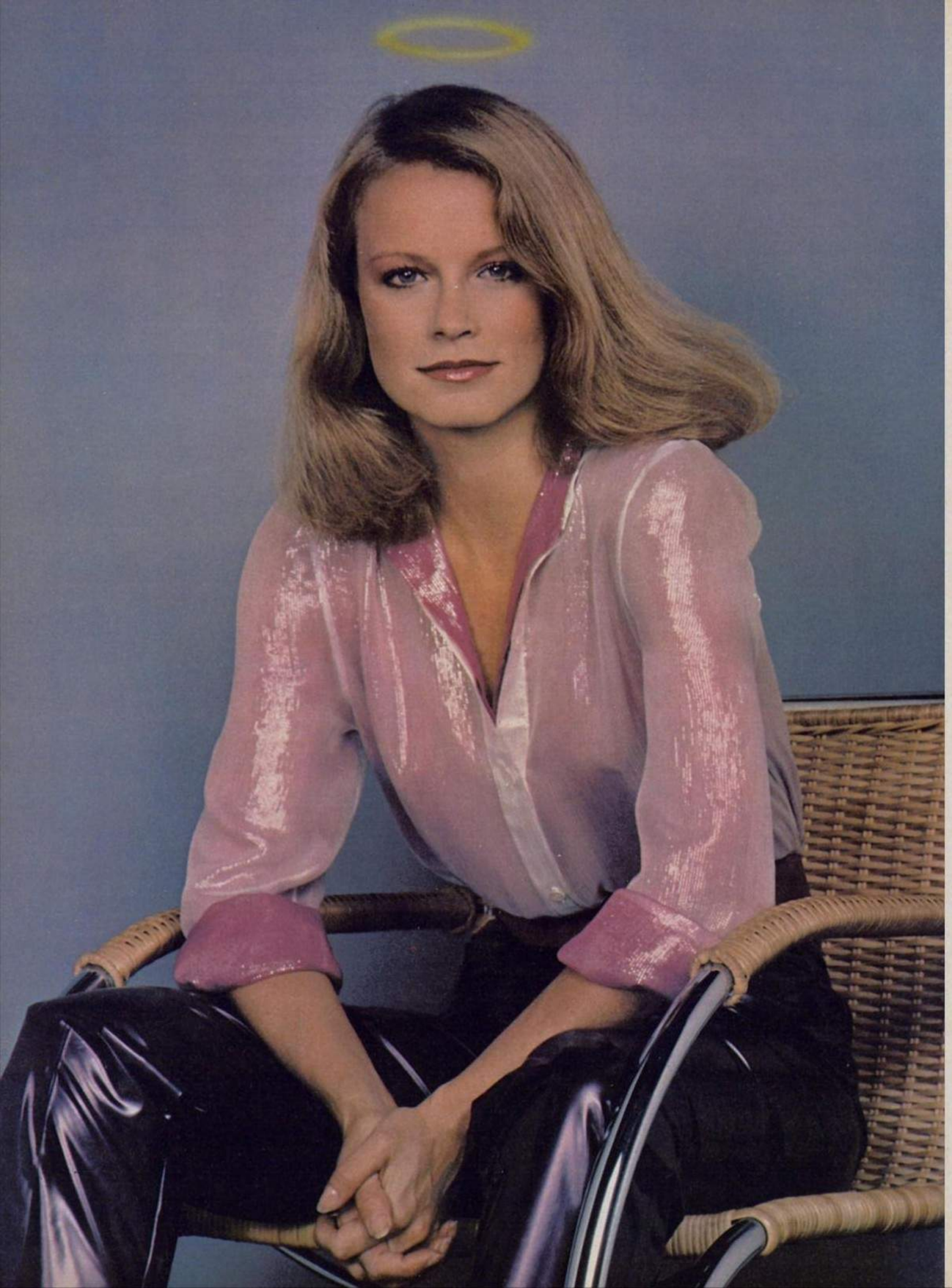
Castaway
He grabbed me round my slender neck
I could not shout or scream.
He carried me into his room
Where we could not be seen;
He tore away my filmy wrap
And gazed upon my form—
I was so cold and still and damp,
While he was wet and warm.
His feverish mouth he pressed to mine—
I let him have his way—
He drained me of my very self,
I could not say him nay.
He made me what I am, alas!
That's why you find me here,
A broken vessel, broken glass,
That once held bottled beer.

—ANONYMOUS

Epigram on Two Ladies
Which is the best to hit your taste,
Fat pork or scrag of mutton?
The last would suit an invalid,
The first would gorge a glutton.

If plump and plenty is your aim,
Let Phillis be your treat.
If leaner viands are your choice,
You Pamela may eat.

—SOPHIA BURRELL (1775)



20 QUESTIONS: **SHELLEY HACK**

charlie's newest angel talks about life here on earth—
and the enviable problems of being both smart and beautiful

We sent Los Angeles free-lancer David Rensin to meet with Shelley Hack on a typically beautiful Southern California afternoon. His report: "I was waiting in her living room, sipping a glass of wine, when I heard a piano tinkling faintly in the background. The sound was familiar, but before I could determine whether it was Bobby Short or Mel Tormé playing, Shelley breezed in, wearing abbrèviated khaki shorts and a simple white blouse. She flashed that smile. I stood. I began to sing. . . ."

1.

PLAYBOY: Do you like being a TV star?

HACK: Yes. I've got two parking spaces with my name on them. It's wonderful. Someone on the set asked me if I was scared, but it never even occurred to me. Before joining the cast, I thought the show was very well produced. Really, it's a wonderful tongue-in-cheek fantasy; three terrific-looking girls running around packing pistols. And it's funny.

2.

PLAYBOY: Kate Jackson was always called "the smart one." What do they call you?

HACK: Well, I *am* the one from the East, the one who went to Smith—which I did in reality, too. I can do with my character what I want. We play it in terms of my being well educated, knowing Latin and other languages, but I'm also trying for a bit of goofiness.

3.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you really overeducated for the show?

HACK: No, I'm educated for life; *Charlie's Angels* is part of life.

4.

PLAYBOY: You majored in history at Smith. If you taught contemporary American culture, how would you explain the *Charlie's Angels* phenomenon?

HACK: For obvious reasons, it is a product of reflex thinking in a culture that is working harder and harder for the dollar. During the Depression, we went to the movies; now we watch TV. The show has something for everyone. Women watch because they want to look like the Angels. The show represents a total fantasy that isn't so far out to lunch that it's science fiction. I mean, the Angels aren't untouchable types. They're not the kind of invulnerable beauties that you see in the fashion magazines.

5.

PLAYBOY: *You've* had your picture in fashion magazines.

HACK: Yes, but I never looked quite so haughty. Once, on a promotional tour, I was talking with a guy at a radio station and he wanted to know why my Charlie perfume commercials for Revlon were so successful. I suggested we make it the call-in question, because I was curious myself. The women respondents said that this girl walking into a restaurant alone—which most women are afraid to do—looking chic, but not *too* chic, seemed like somebody they would like to know or to be. I was their idea of a modern, liberated but not threatening woman. The men thought I was someone they would like to go out with; again, modern, not brassy and someone who, if they met me, would talk to them. Men complain about women who can't talk.

6.

PLAYBOY: How did you get to the top of your profession?

HACK: If you mean modeling, I was a success because I was hard-working, professional, bright. I looked at the business and identified the markets. I knew the key was that they *always* wanted someone new. I decided to hit one market one year, then cut my hair and hit another, then let it grow and hit television. I thought it through. The game plan can apply to any business, but especially to one where you're the product. You just have to become objective about yourself.

7.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been dumped by a man?

HACK: Yeah. I'm always the one who sticks it out in a relationship after I should leave. By the time he says that we should end this thing, it's always a good idea. I guess I'm ready, too, but I really find it hard to hurt someone's feelings.

8.

PLAYBOY: Are any of the guys who left now calling back?

HACK: I don't know how they'd get my number.

9.

PLAYBOY: What's your idea of a fun date?

HACK: A fun person to have dinner with. Or lunch. Or to go to the beach with. I can have a fun date just sitting in the living room, talking to someone, if he's interesting. I've never felt the need, especially after I became successful, to have men take me out to a fancy dinner or something. I could just as well eat a hamburger and have some good laughs.

10.

PLAYBOY: What kind of guy do you like to date?

HACK: Offbeat, bright, funny ones. Never *macho* types. I find intelligence and a certain sexuality intriguing in a man. I like someone who knows where he's going and has a definite sense of himself.

11.

PLAYBOY: Your business is high-pressure. What do you do to blow off steam?

HACK: I jog, I read. Most recently, *The Snow Leopard*. I'm also reading *Path Between the Seas* and a history of the French Revolution written according to the theory of historiography. It deals with history in terms of individuals and small, pivotal moments. I like European and ancient history the best. My thesis at Smith was on the plan drawn up by Count von Schlieffen that got Germany into all that trouble in World War One, when they violated the neutrality of Belgium. . . .

12.

PLAYBOY: Ah . . . when did you first realize you were good-looking?

HACK: What a strange and weird question to ask. When I was younger, I was taller than all of the boys. I've really never thought of myself as anything special. I became a model at 14, so I must have looked OK, but when you do it for so long, you get very objective about your looks and you don't sit around thinking, Gee, I'm attractive.

13.

PLAYBOY: Gee, you're attractive. Is it tough to be both smart *and* beautiful?

HACK: Thank you. I don't know quite how to answer that. It's nice, but I find it strange that people find it a strange combination for an attractive woman to also be well educated, well read, intelligent and have an inquiring mind. Of course, I can speak in words with more than one syllable!

14.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of your film *If Ever I See You Again*?

HACK: Do I have to answer that?

15.

PLAYBOY: OK, what kind of music do you listen to?

HACK: Classical. I like Telemann, Purcell, Beethoven, Bizet. I like Mozart in the morning. *(concluded on page 241)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHARLES WILLIAM BUSH

(SEXUAL) BOOK of LISTS *(continued from page 140)*

"In 1977, Napoleon's penis was sold in Paris to an American urologist for about $3800."

8. SELF-ABORTION

Newly pregnant mice are biologically stimulated to abort by the scent of urine from a strange male. Rabbit does are known to internally dissolve the cells of their developing fetuses if proper nutrition and environment are not present.

9. TOTAL COLLAPSE

Exhaustion is the frequent fate of the male Ugandan kob, an African antelope. Like many species of birds and mammals, the kob roams in a social group until mating season, when the dominant male establishes a mating territory, or *lek*. But the females decide which territory they wish to enter and pick the male they think most attractive. He then mates with all the females until he is too weak to continue (usually due to lack of food), whereupon he is replaced by another.

FIVE PRESERVED SEX ORGANS OF FAMOUS MEN

1. GENERAL KANG PING

In the time of the Ming dynasty when Chu Ti, the Yung-Lo Emperor, ruled China (1403–1424), his best friend and favorite military leader was General Kang Ping. Forced to leave the capital for a journey to another city, the emperor left General Kang Ping in charge of protecting his palace and the beautiful women of his harem who lived inside. Since General Kang Ping knew that the mercurial emperor might worry about the faithfulness of his harem concubines and the loyalty of his army staff, he decided he must anticipate any future accusations of disloyalty. The emperor went off on his travels, and when he returned to the capital, he was as paranoiac as ever. He immediately accused General Kang Ping of having seduced several of his concubines. The general denied the accusation and said he could prove his loyalty. He pointed to the emperor's saddled horse used on the journey and asked that the emperor look in the hollow of the saddle. The emperor looked—and there he found General Kang Ping's penis. The general had emasculated himself, preserved his penis and secretly sent it off with his ruler, so that he would later be able to prove his loyalty. So moved was the emperor by his friend's gesture that he elevated him to chief eunuch and upon Kang Ping's death, had a temple built to him and had him venerated as patron saint of all eunuchs.

2. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

When the exiled former emperor of France died of stomach cancer on May 5, 1821, on the remote island of St. Helena, a post mortem was held. According to Dr. C. MacLaurin, "His reproductive organs were small and apparently atrophied. He is said to have been impotent for some time before he died." A priest in attendance obtained Napoleon's penis. After a secret odyssey of 150 years, the severed penis turned up at Christie's Fine Art Auctioneers in London around 1971. The one-inch penis, resembling a tiny "sea horse," an attendant said, was described by the auction house as "a small dried-up object." It was put on sale for £13,300, then withdrawn from bidding. Shortly afterward, the emperor's sex organ (along with bits of his hair and beard) was offered for sale in Flayderman's mail-order catalog. There were no buyers. In 1977, Napoleon's penis was sold in Paris to an American urologist for about $3800. Today, Napoleon's body rests in the crypt at the Invalides, Paris—sans penis.

3. GRIGORI RASPUTIN

In 1968, in the St.-Denis suburb of Paris, an elderly White Russian female *émigré*, a former maid in czarist St. Petersburg and later a follower and lover of the Russian holy man Rasputin, kept a polished wooden box, 18″ x 6″ in size, atop her bedroom bureau. Inside the box lay Rasputin's penis—it "looked like a blackened, overripe banana, about a foot long and resting on a velvet cloth," reported Rasputin biographer Patte Barham. In life, this penis, wrote Rasputin's daughter Maria, measured "a good 13 inches when fully erect." According to Maria's account, in 1916, when Prince Feliks Yusupov and his fellow assassins attacked Rasputin, Yusupov first raped him, then fired a bullet into his head, wounding him. As Rasputin fell, another young nobleman pulled out a dagger and emasculated Grigori Rasputin, "flinging the severed penis across the room." One of Yusupov's servants, a relative of Rasputin's lover, recovered the penis and turned the severed organ over to the maid. She, in turn, fled to Paris with it.

4. JOHN DILLINGER

One of the controversial legends of the 20th Century concerns the disposition of bank robber and badman John Dillinger's private part. When Dillinger was allegedly shot to death by the FBI in front of a Chicago movie theater in 1934, his corpse was removed to the morgue for dissection by forensic pathologists. That was where the legend began. The gangster's penis—reported as 14 inches flaccid, 20 inches erect—was supposedly amputated by an overenthusiastic pathologist. After that, many persons heard that the penis had been seen (always by someone else) preserved in a showcase at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. Since the publication of *The Book of Lists 1*, the authors have received a great number of letters asking if the story of Dillinger's pickled penis is true. The editors called the Smithsonian to prove the story myth or fact and museum curators denied any knowledge of such an exhibit. If it is not among the 65,000,000 or so objects on display at the Smithsonian, how did that rumor begin? Tour guides at the museum believe that years ago, many people mistakenly entered the building next door, thinking it was part of the Smithsonian; it was, however, a different museum altogether—the Medical Museum of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology—and it housed gruesome displays of diseased and oversized body parts, including penises and testes, as well as pictures of victims of gunshot wounds. It was there that some visitors claimed to have seen Dillinger's giant penis. The collection has been moved to the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, but its operators there also deny that Dillinger's organ has ever been one of its displays.

5. ISHIDA KICHIZO

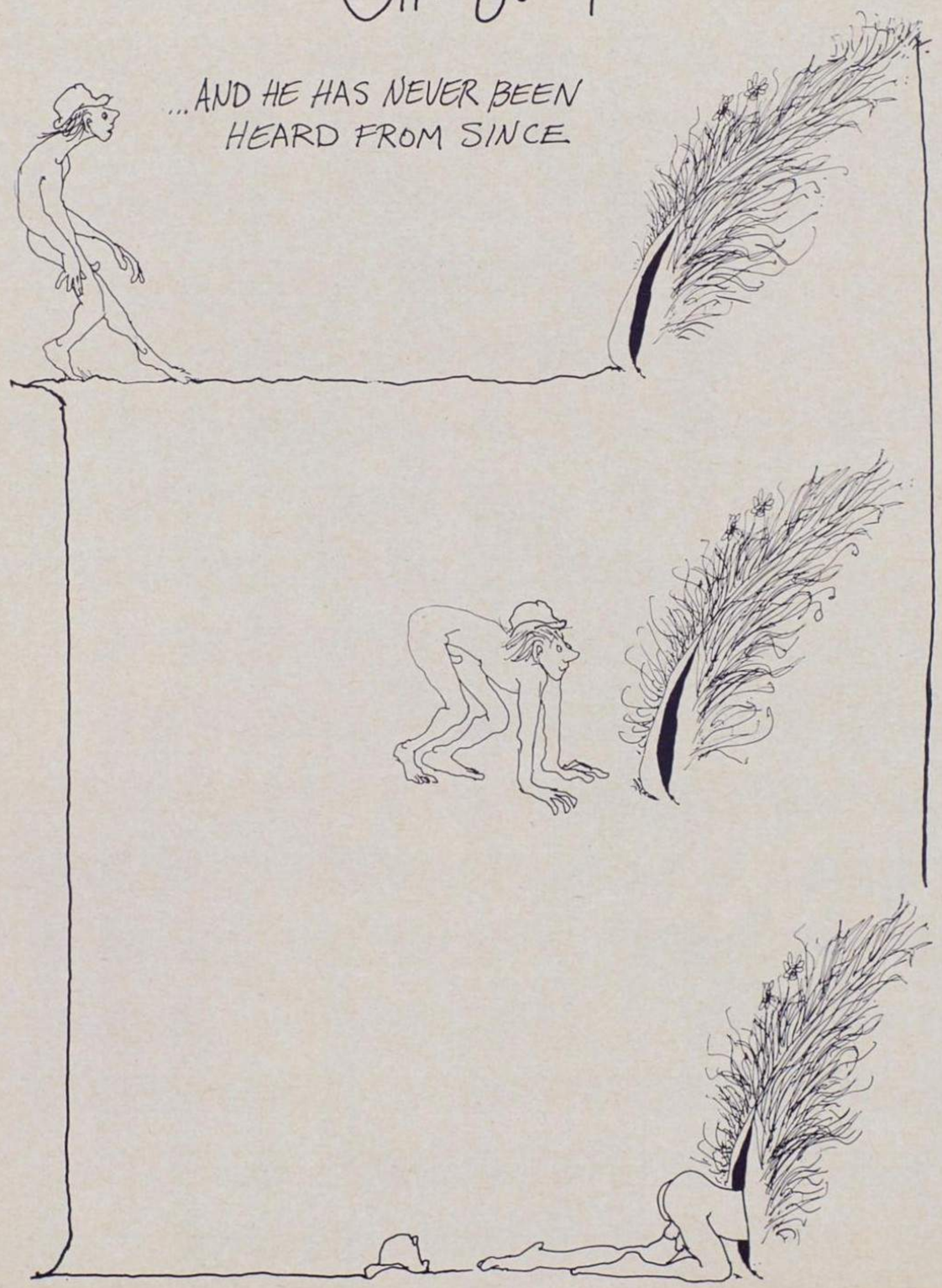
He was a well-known Tokyo gangster and his mistress was a young Japanese geisha named Abe Sada. They were involved in a long, passionate sadomasochistic love affair. He enjoyed having her try to strangle him with a sash cord as she mounted him. Kichizo could make love to Abe Sada only at intervals, because he was married and had children. She could not stand their separations. He offered to set her up in a teahouse and drop in on her once in a while. She suggested they run away together or commit suicide together. On the night of May 18, 1936, fearing he was going to leave her forever, she started to play their strangling game with her pajama cord—then really strangled him until he was dead. Now she wouldn't have to share him with anyone. Yet she wanted to possess part of him. Taking a butcher knife, she cut off Kichizo's penis and testicles, wrapped them in his jacket and placed the bundle in a loincloth she'd tied to her kimono. Abe Sada fled her geisha house, took hotel rooms, fondled Kichizo's penis, pressed it against her body constantly. Eventually, the police caught her, confiscated the penis she had been preserving. She was tried for her crime, found guilty and sentenced to jail. She languished in prison eight years, all through World War Two. When the American Army of Occupation moved

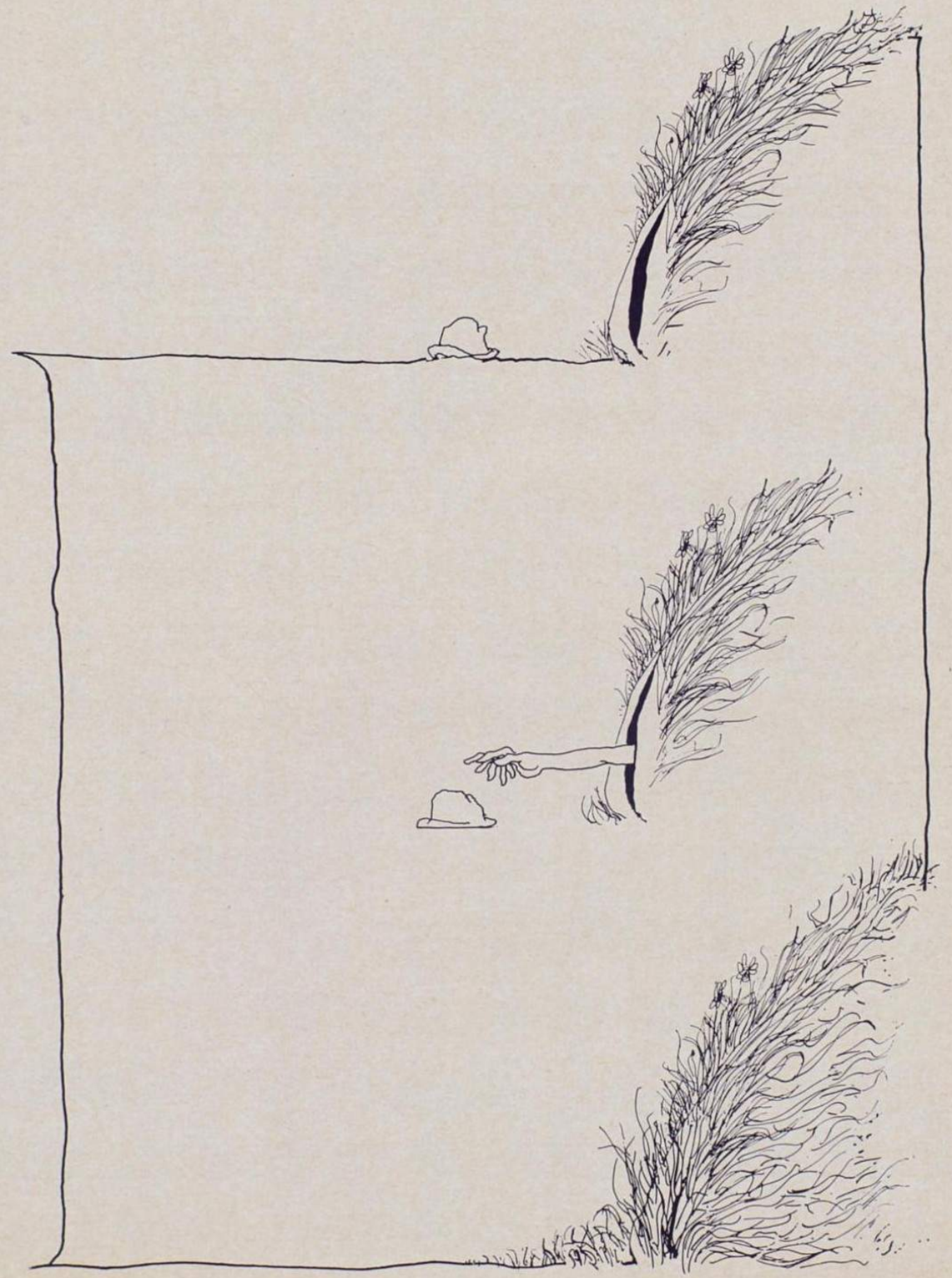
(continued on page 220)

Velvet Smoothin'
Premium. Imported.
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLACK VELVET® BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY © 1980 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Silverstein

...AND HE HAS NEVER BEEN
HEARD FROM SINCE.





CANADIAN WHISKY *(continued from page 119)*

"The Canadian producer strives for a clean, balanced product, with muted flavor and no off tastes."

in the States, the mash must contain a *minimum* of 51 percent rye grain. With rare exceptions, no Canadian does—and none in this market comes close. Russ McLauchlan, Seagram's director of quality control, contends that the technical difference between Canadian whisky and the American blends, particularly those made with light whiskey, is slight. But anyone who has compared them knows there are perceptible differences in taste. The Canadian producer strives for a clean, balanced product, with muted flavor and no off tastes, whereas American whiskies, particularly the straights, tend to be more robust, forthright and flavorful.

Canadians were shipping small quantities of their light whisky across the border even before the Civil War. However, it had the connotation of being an effete drink, "a duke's mixture," and was not widely esteemed. Prohibition opened the door to Canadian whisky in the United States. The legally produced distillate was far better, and safer, than our bootleg hooch made from sugar and tinted amber to resemble mature whiskey. Canada had a brief flirtation with prohibition, prior to our own noble experiment. However, when Stateside stills were shut down, the Canadians humanely resumed operations—knowing the whisky would find its way to their deprived cousins below the 49th parallel.

One canny ploy is suggested by shipping records of the time. They reveal that a freighter would clear a Canadian port with a load of whisky destined for, say, Havana—and be back at its Canadian berth the following day, taking more whisky aboard. "Somehow, steamships have never recaptured the speed they showed then," dryly observes H. Clifford Hatch, Hiram Walker–Gooderham & Worts' chairman.

For several decades after repeal, Canadian whisky in the United States meant two premium labels—Canadian Club and V.O. Despite a two-year age advantage, Schenley's O.F.C. remained in the third position. With the surge of bulk goods, whisky exported in barrels and bottled here, the picture changed gradually. V.O. and Canadian Club are still exceedingly popular—ranking fourth and fifth, respectively, among the top liquor brands. But in the past 20 years, bulks have caught on, and they now represent a clear majority of the roughly 20,000,000 cases of Canadian whisky we imbibe annually. Bulk Canadians are fairly similar in style to those bottled in Canada and have the same import cachet, but cost considerably less—about the same as American blends. Be aware, however, as they're less potent, generally 80 proof to 86.8 proof for premium brands. Windsor Canadian is the longtime leader in this division, but Canadian Mist and Black Velvet are now large-volume brands. Lord Calvert Canadian, MacNaughton, Harwood, Canadian R&R and Canadian LTD are other worthy bulk Canadians.

The latest manifestation in Canadian whisky is the ultrapremium bottling. Until now, it's been essentially one item, Crown Royal, packaged in a spiffy purple sack, befitting royalty. The brand's singular success may have inspired the recent launching of Grand Award by the people who make Canadian Club. Although Grand Award is an ultrapremium, too, it's not a replica of Crown Royal. For example, it's 90.4 proof against Crown Royal's 80 proof and it's aged 12 years—a bit more than Crown Royal. Grand Award is also two to three dollars costlier.

While the ultrapremiums are sipping whiskies, the other Canadians are amiable mixers. Try the drinks below and see if you don't agree.

QUEEN E

This is the house special at Montreal's Queen Elizabeth Hotel.

1⅓ ozs. Canadian whisky
⅓ oz. vodka
⅓ oz. Galliano
Bitter-lemon soda, chilled
Slice orange, slice lemon, cherry

Shake whisky, vodka and Galliano briskly with ice. Pour unstrained into 10-oz. glass. Add soda to taste and stir. Garnish with fruit.

VANCOUVER EXPRESS

1½ ozs. Canadian whisky
1½ ozs. pineapple juice
1 tablespoon crushed pineapple
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ oz. cherry liqueur
2 teaspoons heavy cream
½ cup crushed ice
Cherry, pineapple-cube garnish

Pour all ingredients but garnish into chilled blender container. Blend at high speed until barely smooth, about 15–20 seconds. Pour into chilled collins glass. Decorate with fruit.

SASKATCHEWAN SPIKE

1½ ozs. Canadian whisky
¾ oz. Canadian liqueur (Ambrosia or Yukon Jack)
Strip lemon peel

Pour whisky and liqueur over ice in old fashioned glass. Stir well to mix and chill. Twist lemon peel over, then add to glass and stir.

MOUNTIE

2 ozs. Canadian whisky
1 tablespoon grenadine
Lime wedge

Pour whisky and grenadine over ice cubes in old fashioned glass. Stir well to mix and chill. Squeeze in juice of lime, then drop peel into glass and stir.

MARGARET SPRING

An engaging drink from La Popina Restaurant, in the Place Ville-Marie, Montreal. It's on the sweet side, in deference to the Canadian sweet tooth.

1 oz. Canadian whisky
½ oz. Drambuie, Glayva or Lochan Ora
½ oz. sweet vermouth
¼ oz. orange liqueur

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass.

GOLDEN MINK

1¼ ozs. Canadian whisky
¾ oz. orange liqueur
½ oz. lemon juice

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Garnish with thin slice lemon, if you like.

CANADIAN CUP

2 ozs. Canadian whisky
¾ oz. lemon juice
Ginger ale, chilled
Lemon slice

Pour whisky and lemon juice over ice in large goblet. Stir. Add ginger ale to taste. Garnish with lemon slice and stir once.

CANADIAN SOUR

2 ozs. Canadian whisky
¾ oz. lemon juice
2 teaspoons maple syrup
Fruit garnish

Shake all ingredients but fruit briskly with ice. Strain into sour glass or over fresh ice in rocks glass. Decorate with traditional orange and cherry or just wheel of lemon.

New York's exclusive Palace Restaurant lists Grand Award at $12 a drink! No, you don't get to keep the glass—or even the doily—but you can suck on the ice when no one's looking.

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When your taste grows up, Winston out-tastes them all.

Only Winston's Sun-Rich™ Blend of the choicest, richest tobaccos tastes this full and satisfying.
Winston after Winston.

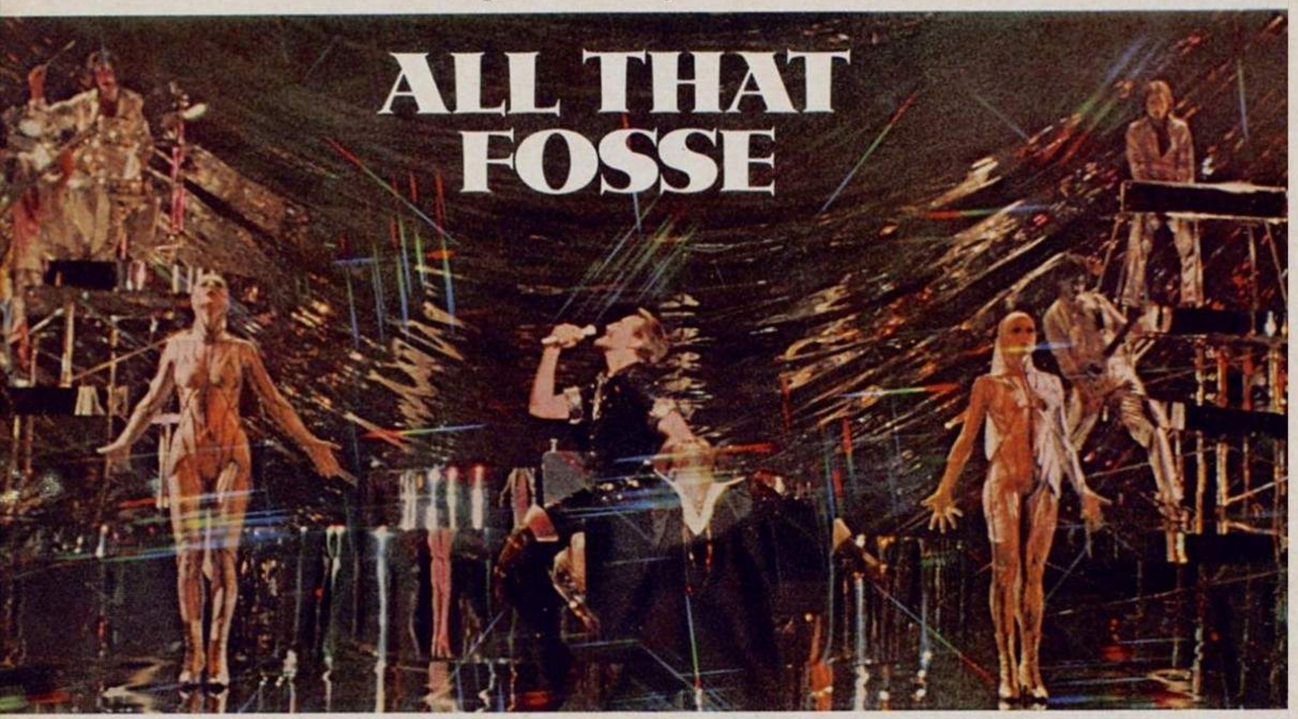
KING SIZE Winston FILTER CIGARETTES FULL-RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR Soft Pack or Box

BOX: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, KING: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

in director/choreographer/hoofer bob fosse's movie starring roy scheider as a director/choreographer/hoofer, any resemblance to persons living or dead is strictly intentional

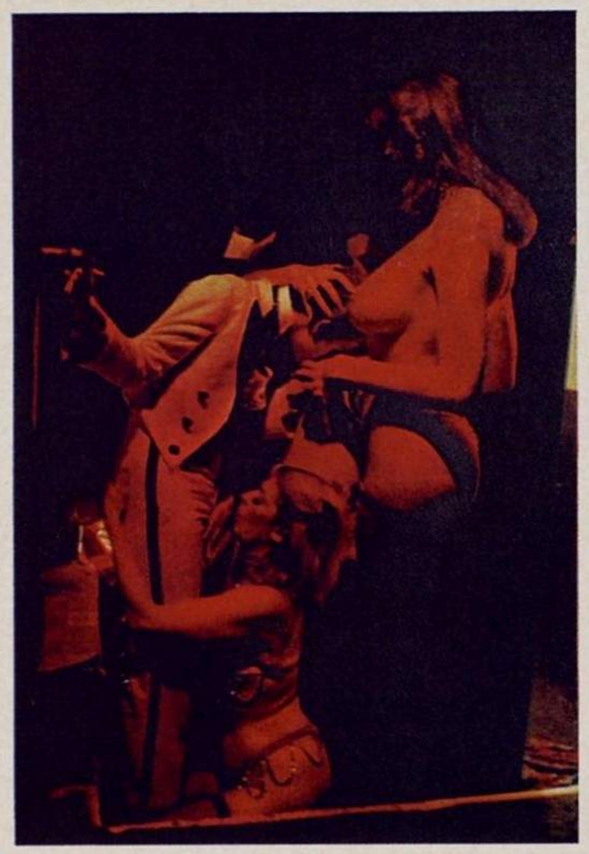
ALL THAT FOSSE



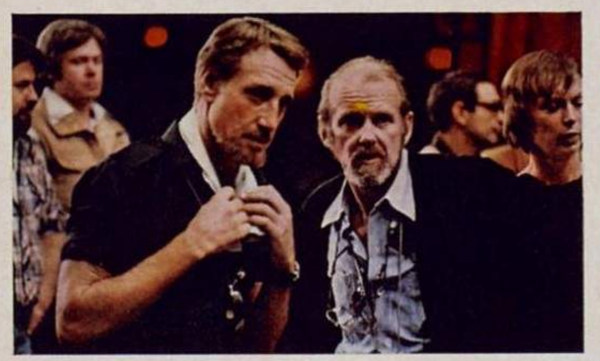
pictorial essay

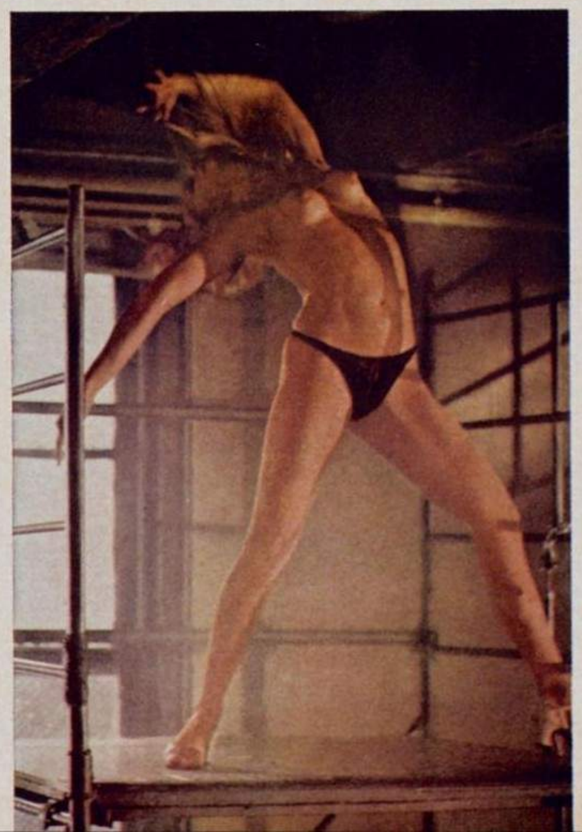
By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

WHEN A MAN has a heart attack, followed by a second heart attack, then by major surgery, and later makes a $10,000,000 movie about it, chances are good that the result is going to be controversial. When was the last time anyone made a big musical about a coronary seizure, especially one that proved fatal? The people who don't think Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz* is a flaming goddamned masterpiece are apt to tell you it's the worst piece of self-indulgent claptrap they ever sat through



For the razzle-dazzle finale of *All That Jazz* (above), Roy Scheider as a horny Broadway choreographer named Joe Gideon sings and struts through a symbolic dance of death. Below, Scheider huddles with Bob Fosse and (bottom) dancer Sandahl Bergman (seen again at right).



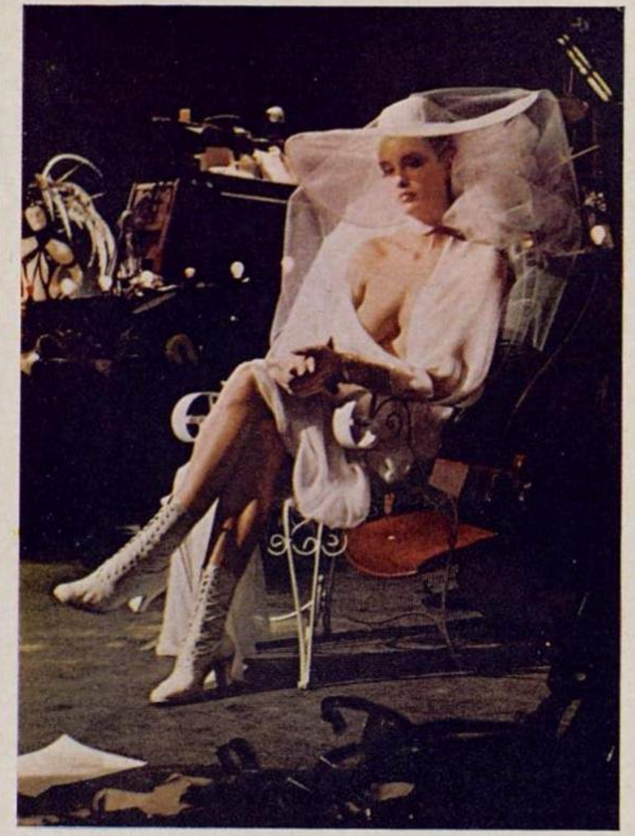


As a teenaged hoofer in Fosse's tuneful quasi-autobiographical case history, young Joe (Keith Gordon) is introduced to foreplay by a trio of strippers (above). Sandahl Bergman rests between takes (below) on her next film musical, *Xanadu*, starring Gene Kelly.

Above, Fosse directs real-life stripper Rita Bennett. "That's where I appear on the bear rug and go through my dance number," Rita says of the scene. "He [Fosse] just told me to do my own thing." Her role in *All That Jazz* led to a part in Woody Allen's untitled new movie.

Sue Paul (above), PLAYBOY cover girl now wed to composer–film maker Joe Brooks, adorns *All That Jazz* as an assistant film editor who turns up briefly in Gideon's hospital bed. Below, with Vicki Frederick and P. J. Mann, Scheider eulogizes a *ménage à trois*.

In film's *Bye Bye, Life* finale, Scheider as Gideon meets a lot of people out of his past, including two strippers (Melanie Hunter, Rita Bennett) below. Singing *Who's Sorry Now* (on ladders), Ann Reinking, Erzsebet Foldi and Leland Palmer enliven the dying man's fantasies.



King Kong's lady, Jessica Lange (above), plays Angelique, death's delectable handmaiden, in *All That Jazz*. At right, girls girls girls gather round the hero's bedside. Below, *Chorus Line* alumna Deborah Geffner plays Victoria, one of Gideon's offstage conquests.

(claptrap it's definitely not, but see this issue's movie reviews for a fuller appraisal).

There is no question, however, that *All That Jazz* is all about Fosse, or at least about a Broadway director-choreographer so much like him that you'd need a lie detector to locate the very fine line between fact and fiction. Never far from the known facts of Fosse's life, the film's fiction is that Joe Gideon—a man with hit movies, a string of hit shows and many handsome women stacked up in the wings to keep him warm—succeeds at everything but his human relationships and finally manages to destroy himself with work, sex, drugs and liquor.

Unlike his doomed alter ego (a triumphant change-of-pace role for Roy Scheider), Fosse happens to be alive and well, still a confirmed workaholic who expresses genuine puzzlement when asked why he chose to waste his famous stylistic pizzazz

on such a heavy trip. He deplores any suggestion that seriousness is a new element in the work of the man who made the successful film versions of *Lenny* and *Cabaret*—one a dark cinematic sonnet about the tragic life and death of Lenny Bruce, the other a great Academy Award–winning musical set against the decadence of early Nazi Germany.

What makes Fosse run? Seemingly indefatigable, he made showbiz history in 1973 by winning a TV Emmy (for Liza Minnelli's *Liza with a Z*), two Broadway Tony awards (as director-choreographer of *Pippin*), plus an Oscar for *Cabaret*. The triple-threat director shows comparable virtuosity and versatility in handling women. Thrice married, he is either in love with love or phenomenally foot-loose. One dancer in *All That Jazz*, under the cloak of anonymity, says of Fosse, "He wants to go to bed with talent, he's so turned on by it. He admits that when he sees you being really good, he wants to fuck *that*."

Other colleagues are equally outspoken but less skittish about their relationships with Fosse and his film.

•

Roy Scheider, whose tough-guy image gained a new dimension after *Jaws*, proceeded from *All That Jazz* to star billing on Broadway in Harold Pinter's *Betrayal*. Says Scheider:

"When I first read the script, I thought: This is Bob Fosse's *8½*. We never discussed the Fellini film, yet Fosse has the same wonderful confusion about women in his movie. Joe Gideon's got his wife, mistress, child . . . and the desire to be worshiped and adored by all of them at the same time.

"Of course, many women in the cast were women whom Bob had gone with at one time, which I found very interesting, though, of course, all were hired strictly on the basis of talent. I've never in my life been surrounded by so many beautiful women. I didn't want the movie to end.

"I felt I was a good choice for the role of Joe Gideon. When Richard Dreyfuss dropped out of the project, Bob's agent, Sam Cohn, who's also my agent, told Bob, 'I think you should choose Roy.' And Fosse said, 'Holy shit, you're right!' The problem was selling me to the studio heads. They told Fosse it was commercial suicide. There were *very* heavy doubts, which makes this picture goddamned important to me, a real breakthrough, as a chance to prove I can be light, funny, romantic.

"Going through the script before we began to shoot, Bob would tell me what stuff was true and what wasn't true. But the stuff that was factual was the first stuff that went out of the script.

"The less people know about Fosse, the more they may be able to look at this film as *a film*. Those who know him well, or think they do, are too busy figuring out who's who . . . but the Joe Gideon we created is a combination of Fosse and myself and any other guys we knew who were like that. His whole life is like a number. When the girl played by Annie Reinking says to him, 'I wish you weren't so generous with your cock,' he immediately thinks, Hey, y'know, that's pretty good . . . I can use that later. He's a guy who has removed himself several times, to watch his life unfold. So it becomes tough for him to see reality, to *feel*.

"Fosse, I think, came to a high point in his life, with an Oscar, a Tony and an Emmy, and asked himself, Do they think I'm really that good? They don't know I'm really a sham, a hoax, a phony, a lousy human being, not much of a friend to anybody and a flop . . . they don't know I'm covered with flop sweat. That's an expression Bob uses a lot—*flop sweat*. That's what you get when you think you're bombing out. That's the real autobiographical link between Fosse and his film—that doubt. The creative doubt, which I think all great artists have."

•

Executive producer Daniel Melnick rode to the rescue of *All That Jazz*, which was over schedule and over budget when Columbia Pictures decided that enough was enough. "They were going to pull the plug. So I got together 40 minutes of film and went around Hollywood one weekend like Willy Loman with samples in my suitcase. And by Monday, I'd made a deal with Fox to lay off half the cost of the picture.

"I consider *All That Jazz* a masterpiece against which all musical films will be measured from now on, in the same way that *Citizen Kane* determined what film makers would dare to try thereafter."

•

Featured dancer Sandahl Bergman returned to the road company of Fosse's smash hit *Dancin'* after *All That Jazz*, then settled in L.A. to try her luck in films—and lucked out with a role in *Xanadu*, starring Olivia Newton-John. Bergman's topless body English in a tour-de-force number titled *N.Y. to L.A.* makes *All That Jazz* look very much alive. "While I felt funny at first about taking my clothes off—because I'm from Kansas—it was handled in such a fashion that it was no big deal," she says. "People say Bob's work is so sexual, yet the sex always has a great sense of humor in it. Bob is such a genius. I love him and trust him so much, I would just do anything he told me to do.

"Lots of people think now they're going to find out about the real Bob Fosse, but I think he's going to fool them. They won't get what they're expecting. Bob is possessed, I'd say, totally into his work. But Bob Fosse will never have a total relationship with a woman. He has tried, but he gets off on so many things that take him away from one of those you're-mine-and-I'm-yours situations. That's why he destroys so many women. Though they had broken up at the time we made *All That Jazz*, Annie Reinking was with him for about five years. They'd do such numbers on each other. Can you imagine going with a guy and you open up a newspaper and there he is with Jessica Lange? Bob loves all that stuff happening.

"In the movie, Jessica plays Death and offers the kiss that asks, Do you choose to come with me? And he chooses to die after a kiss from a beautiful woman, which is interesting, and that's where *his* head is."

•

Deborah Geffner, after hoofing in *A Chorus Line* for more than three years, got her first film job from Fosse—as Victoria, an ambitious, sympathetic chorine who winds up on the hero's casting couch. Disconcerted when one of the girls in the chorus of *All That Jazz* kept insisting that *she* was the real-life counterpart of Victoria, Debby found Fosse in person a different breed of cat. "He's charming, he's adorable and to work with him is fantastic. It's completely alien to him to do anything that lacks showmanship. He wouldn't even *try* anything that doesn't dazzle and sparkle.

"He's a perfectionist and you'll do something for him 20 times that you'd *hate* repeating for another director. Bob makes you want to help him achieve perfection. He'll say, 'I can do better than that for you,' as if it's *his* problem. Then there's nothing you won't do, because you know in the end he'll make you look better than you ever imagined you could be."

•

Dancin's vibrant star Ann Reinking made a career out of Fosse shows on Broadway, with *Pippin*, *Cabaret* and *Chicago* behind her prior to her stunning film debut in last year's *Movie Movie*. As Kate in *All That Jazz*, Ann allows that she initially saw several parallels to her own past relationship with Fosse: "I felt it wasn't a good idea to begin with, and I can't deny the role was set up to resemble someone very much like me. The structure is true to life, yet we elaborated and changed a lot. Sometimes you catch a golden thread, so you're suddenly outside the role, looking in. I mean, I wasn't put out to lunch by the experience. Did you think I was being a nice person in the film? Then it's *me*.

(concluded on page 250)

LEROY NEIMAN

•SKETCHBOOK•

I FIRST SKETCHED a young, handsome Charles Mingus commanding his bull fiddle in Chicago clubs in the late Fifties. Later, in the late Sixties and early Seventies, I did pen-and-ink sketches of him while he worked the New York clubs, constantly clad in his custom-made black-silk shirts. Mingus was a challenging and controversial man, a fine conductor, a brilliant composer and a musician of enormous stature. When he was struck by a fatal nerve disease in 1977, he could no longer use his hands to play the piano, so he used his voice to compose, instead. My final drawing is of Mingus confined to a wheelchair on the White House lawn during the Newport Jazz Festival, June 18, 1978. The entire gathering, which was headed by President Carter and included many of Mingus' fellow musicians, rose to extend him a standing ovation. Tears streamed from Mingus' sparkling, intelligent eyes as his wife, Susan, tenderly wiped them away. Charles died seven months later in Mexico at the age of 56. —L.N.

PLAYBOY FUNNIES

BROOKS

CRUISER

by Christopher Browne

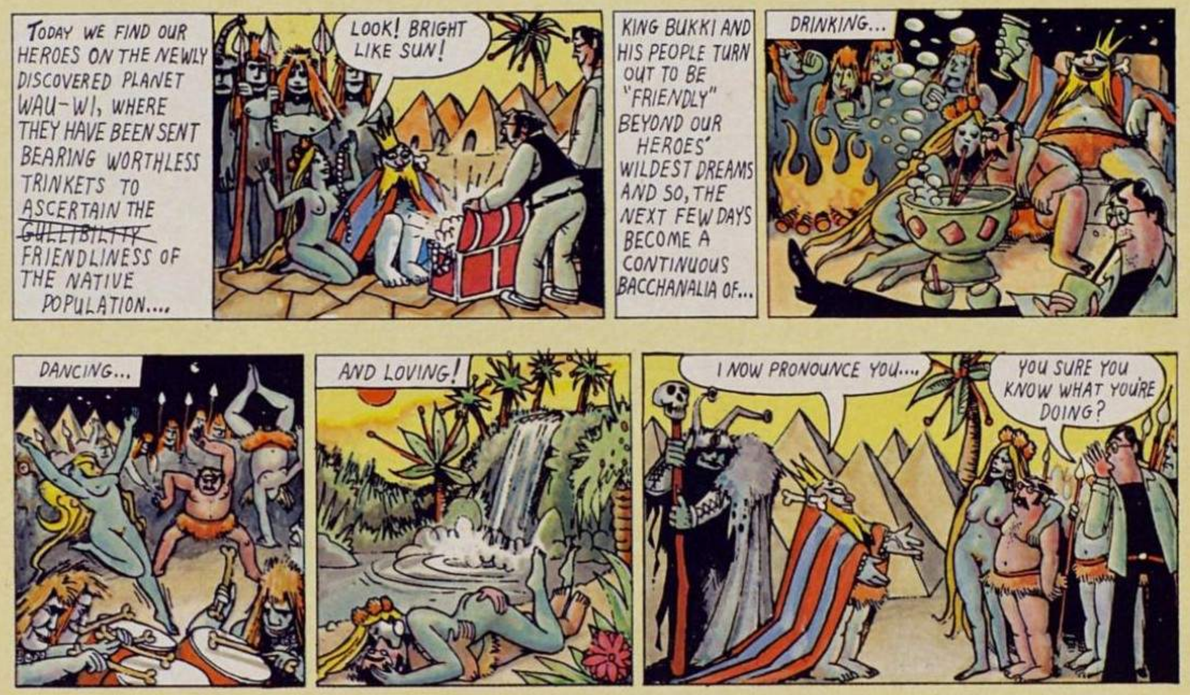
I LOVE YOUR BODY!
I LOVE YOUR HAIR!
I LOVE TO GET YOU ALL EXCITED!
AND THEN RUN AWAY.
I'M BUILDING A GOOD CASE FOR JUSTIFIABLE CHASTITY.
Chris Browne

IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED

LET'S DO IT ON THE FLOOR, HAROLD!
OUCHA MGOUCHA!
SHALL WE USE A PILLOW, DEAR?
OH, HAROLD, YOU'RE SO ROMANTIC!
HAROLD, CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING RIGHT? THE PILLOW GOES UNDERNEATH!!!
AL FARNUM

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES

by: Randy Jones... Eugene Allen Schwimmer


TODAY WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANET WAU-WI, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN SENT BEARING WORTHLESS TRINKETS TO ASCERTAIN THE ~~GULLIBILITY~~ FRIENDLINESS OF THE NATIVE POPULATION....
LOOK! BRIGHT LIKE SUN!
KING BUKKI AND HIS PEOPLE TURN OUT TO BE "FRIENDLY" BEYOND OUR HEROES' WILDEST DREAMS AND SO, THE NEXT FEW DAYS BECOME A CONTINUOUS BACCHANALIA OF...
DRINKING...
DANCING...
AND LOVING!
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU....
YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

AND THAT NIGHT....
HE IS HAPPY? GOOD! FOR TOMORROW...
AND WHEN MORNING COMES....
AH, YOU'RE UP! NOW WE KILL YOU!
HUH?
IT IS TRIBAL CUSTOM!
BE READY, AIM....
WAIT!
I WILL EXCHANGE THIS AMAZING DEVICE FOR THE LIFE OF MY FRIEND!
KLIK! KLIK! KLIK! KLIK!
I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU BARGAINED FOR MY LIFE WITH A STUPID BALL POINT PEN!
YEAH— I REALLY LOVED THAT PEN!

PICKYNIC

SHEESH! WHO FORGOT TO SCREW THE LID BACK ON THE PICKLE JAR?

LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO! AND YOU FORGOT TO BRING THE POTATO SALAD. DO I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING? YOU'RE LIKE A KID.

SNF!

GO AHEAD - CRY! YOU'RE SUCH A BABY. JUST LIKE LAST NIGHT AT BOB AND JULIE'S - YOU HAD TO MAKE YOURSELF THE CENTER OF ATTENTION - DIDN'T YOU?

YOU HAD TO SHOW OFF - JUST LIKE A CHILD UH -

MY LITTLE MAN!

UNK! UNK!

Sarah Downs

RITA RAKE
SOFT-BOILED DETECTIVE

10¢

by JUDY BROWN and TRINA ROBBINS
lettering by ???

in "A CASE OF THE CLAP"

MY FIRST CLIENT OF THE DAY MUST HAVE BEEN NAMED OPPORTUNITY; HE ONLY KNOCKED ONCE BEFORE BARGING IN.

I'M LOOKING FOR A VEGETABLE DISH.

A TOMATO WITH LOTS OF LETTUCE.

DUSTED HIS HAND FOR FINGERPRINTS.

WAS THE MONEY HERS?

SHE'S BEEN MARRIED THREE TIMES AND IS GETTING RICHER BY DECREES. HER HOBBY IS COLLECTING ROMANTIC ANTIQUES -- RICH OLD GEEZERS.

THINK THIS GUY SUBLET HIS BRAIN; HE HAD A PRETTY VACANT LOOK.

DESCRIPTION?

SHE HAS A MILLION-DOLLAR SMILE; SHE ONLY SMILES AT GUYS WITH A MILLION DOLLARS.

WONDERED IF HE HAD A MUG SHOT IN THE POLICE FILES. I WONDERED IF HE'D HAD MUGS SHOT ANYWHERE ELSE IN TOWN.

MONEY CAN'T BUY FRIENDS, BUT IT SURE CAN RENT THEM.

AND I WAS LOOKING FOR A RICH GIRL WHO'S TOO PROUD TO LET HER HUSBAND WORK.

Hut Sut Rawl son... Rell-er-ah And a Braw-la

...on the Braw-la soo it

"FIRST DATE SHE HAD NOTHING ON BUT THE RADIO. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HER BIRTHDAY, SHE WAS WEARING HER BIRTHDAY SUIT."

THEY WERE THE PERFECT COUPLE. HE WASN'T WRAPPED TOO TIGHTLY AND SHE WASN'T WRAPPED AT ALL.

YOU WANT HER BACK?

YEAH, THAT TOO.

TUNE IN NEXT TIME FOR RITA RAKE, PRIVATE EYELASH.

CANADA AT ITS BEST.
Light. Smooth. Imported Canadian Mist.
The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
IMPORTED
CANADIAN
MIST.
A BLEND
Share some tonight.
IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 PROOF, © 1979.
Photographed at Bow Lake, Province of Alberta, Canada.

COFFEE WITH THE CARDINALS

(continued from page 141)

"I was 15 and 6 with a 3.14 ERA. I was ready. I would get the nod any day."

father. I never did. He was never an easy man to talk to. Yet I did call him Dad, as if we had shared that scene on the riverbank. We really talked only once and that was for just an instant ten years ago. After that, he lived for nearly three years, but Mom says he wasn't his old self. I tell myself that he must have realized we went wrong and it took something out of him, but then, I have a vivid imagination. What probably happened was that he knew he'd never stay off the booze and decided to have a good time during those days he had left. There I go again, saying he *knew* this or *decided* that. He wasn't like that. I am. He never seemed to analyze anything or to comprehend the implications of anything. He just acted. In a way, I envy him. I guess what finally happened to him was that his liver gave out, he got old and he died. It may be as simple as that.

Anyway, on that day that Mom called about Dad, I was 31 years old and pitching with Tulsa in the Cardinal organization. Tulsa is Triple A, but 31 is pretty old if you haven't made the majors. I had had "a cup of coffee" with the Cardinals the year before. I had been up with them for less than a month at the end of the season, but I could never swallow the lump and kept hanging my curve ball. I worked out with the Cardinals in spring training the following year, but they sent me to Tulsa when the season started. In spite of the fact that I was 31 and still in the minors, things were looking pretty good, as if I might get another shot with the big team. At Tulsa, I was coached by Wild Bill Hocick, who used to be with the White Sox. He helped me with two things. First, he helped me change my motion and develop a really nice change-up, which gave me confidence. Then he taught me something that was hard for me to learn. He taught me to throw at the batter. I didn't want to do that. Once, in high school, one of my teammates had been hit in the head during batting practice and had almost died. And even though he lived, his coordination was never quite the same. So I couldn't bring myself to throw at the batter. But Wild Bill told me I'd never make the majors without doing it, that they were digging in against me, that it was part of the game and that major-leaguers knew that it was part of the game. I wanted to make the majors, so I let Wild Bill convince me. When I thought a batter was digging in, I would throw at his chin. On left-handers, it wasn't so bad, but on right-handers, the ball would slide in and they had to go down in a hurry. It wasn't a month after I began brushing them back before the word was out and no one dug in anymore. I was doing the intimidating. Don't let anyone kid you, almost all hitters, even the best, are afraid of getting hit.

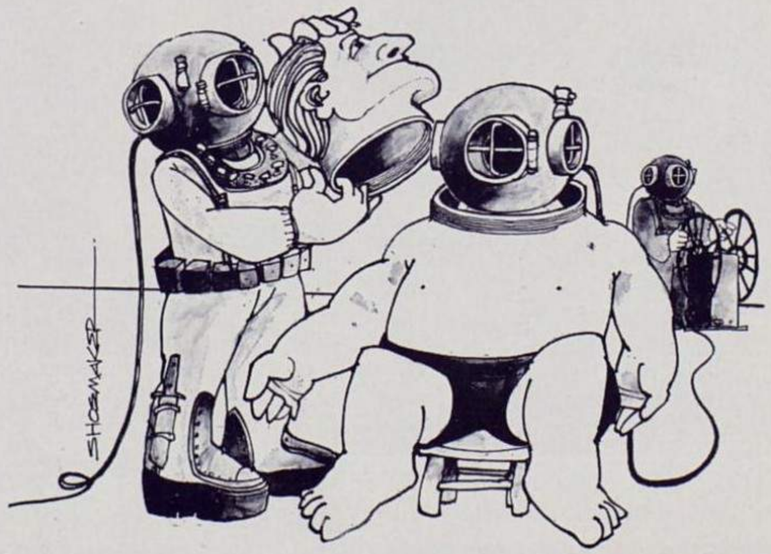
By early August, when I got the phone call about Dad, I was 15 and 6 with a 3.14 ERA. So, you see, I was ready. I would get the nod any day. The Cardinals were contenders and could use another arm in the stretch.

The call from Mom came on a Sunday night just after I had beat Denver 5–3. They had gotten two of their runs in the top of the seventh with two out when Susman, our shortstop, booted one, and Denver's center fielder had skied a fastball out of the park. I got the last batter on the change-up.

I was staying with a family in town and when I got back to my room late that night after dinner and a movie, there was a message that I should call my mother. My stomach fluttered as I called. She never called long distance unless something was wrong. As soon as she answered, I knew just how bad it was because of the way her voice trembled. "It's your father, Roger. We had to rush him to Jewish Hospital this morning." She paused to hold back a sob. "I don't know if he's going to make it this time, Roger." I knew then that it was his drinking. He'd been in the hospital twice before and the doctor had told him no more booze, that his liver was shot. He had stopped for about six months but then, on his birthday, had gone on a two-day drunk. Ever since, it had been off and on. He'd lay off for a month or two, but then he'd be back at it. Luckily, he had a well-established sporting-goods store in St. Louis that pretty much ran itself, so it didn't make a lot of difference if he didn't show up. I asked Mom to be specific about how bad it was this time and she said, "He was on one of his binges Friday afternoon. He had lunch with Harry Diamond and started drinking. Harry called to warn me and say he was sorry. Dad got home about one Saturday morning and slept in your room, the way he's been doing when he comes home like that—if he comes home at all. We didn't talk about it Saturday morning, but then, Saturday afternoon, he was watching the Cardinal game when I heard him cry out. At first I thought he was just mad about the game. You know how he gets. But after I thought a second, I knew it was different."

She paused for a long time and I could hear the clock chiming in their living room. Then she went on, "I went into the living room and he was bent over in his lounger, holding his stomach. At first he didn't answer me when I talked to him—he just stayed bent over. I kept shouting, 'Mike, Mike, Mike,' and finally he straightened up. His face was all white and sweaty. He said he had a bad pain in his stomach but that it was passing, that maybe it was gas."

Mom stopped then and started to



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cry. I tried to calm her down and finally she went on. "Oh, God, Roger, it didn't stop. He kept getting them and they got worse. I gave him some Pepto-Bismol, but it didn't help at all. I tried to get him to call the doctor, but you know how he is. The pains went on all day and I was about to go nuts. Then, last night, he went into the bathroom and I heard him screaming for me." She caught her breath and I held mine. "I went in there and saw there was blood all over the toilet and even on the floor." She was crying hard now but managed to go on. "When the bleeding let up a little, I called an ambulance and they took him to Jewish."

"What'd they say there?" I asked, afraid to know.

"They stopped the bleeding, or it just stopped, or something. Oh, God, I don't know. Dr. Fischer says it's his drinking. That he's injured his organs. That the blood is from his pancreas and he doesn't know if Dad is going to make it this time. He says it's touch and go."

"How is he now?" I asked, my own voice trembling.

"Oh, he's out of his head now. He's seeing things and all that."

"Seeing things?"

"Yes, yes, animals and things on the wall. He thinks things are after him. The d.t.s. He's been getting them the last year or so. I didn't want to tell you."

I told her I would get there as soon as I could and hung up. I thought for a moment and then woke up Wild Bill with a phone call. He understood and told me to head for home but to try to make it back for my turn in the rotation. I checked with the airport, but there wasn't a flight to St. Louis until almost noon the next day, so even though I was bushed after pitching a full game and it was past 11, I decided I would drive. I couldn't do that now, but ten years ago I didn't think much of it.

The drive from Tulsa to St. Louis takes about seven hours and some of it is through beautiful country, especially the Ozarks in southern Missouri, but most of my driving was at night and I was more interested in my own thoughts than in the landscape. I was driving a Sting Ray convertible then. I drive a VW now, and that tells you something. The Sting Ray was taking most of my money, but that was all right, because I didn't have anything else to spend it on. I didn't have a girl like most of the guys did, and I drank very little even then. Maybe it was because of my conditioning program or maybe it was because I saw what it was doing to Dad.

Even with the top down, it was still hot crossing eastern Oklahoma and southern Missouri during August, but it was nice to look up at the stars and be alone to think. Playing ball, it seems like you're never alone. There's always practice, a

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game, the locker room, those terrible trips on the bus with the guys playing grab ass. It's all right when you're 19, but by the time you're 30, it starts to wear thin. The practical jokes on the bus are what get to you. Things like a couple of guys seeing if they can light the gas of their farts. That and other intellectual pursuits. So I was happy to be alone. But I dreaded seeing Dad in the hospital. The last time he had been sick was during the winter when I was living in St. Louis and going to school. He wouldn't admit how sick he really was. I told him to stop the tough-guy crap, but he wouldn't listen. Too many James Cagney movies. He sat there in bed, looking so healthy that I almost believed there wasn't anything wrong with him. His full white hair was nicely brushed and his face was tanned from his days on the golf course. Only his rheumy eyes gave him away. He would laugh and say in his gravelly voice with its touch of Irish lilt, "Those doctors don't know shit about this. Your great-grandpa drank until his dying day and he lasted until he was eighty. You don't go until your time comes."

I tried to reason with him, but he wouldn't listen. He never seemed to hear anyone but himself and never seemed to realize how what he said would affect people. He always said he was truthful. He'd say, "I tell people the truth and if they don't like it, it's too damned bad. There's nothing wrong with the truth." I thought about that attitude as I drove back to St. Louis and I recalled my first vivid memory of his peculiar way of seeing the world. I had never talked about the incident with anyone or even thought about it, but it was always there in my mind, and that night, driving across Oklahoma and Missouri, I must have gone over it and incidents like it a hundred times. The memory goes like this: I know I was 11, because it was 1946, the winter after the Cardinals had won the world series. I can even name the Cardinal line-up and tell you what everyone's batting average was. Enos Slaughter probably doesn't remember his average for that season, but I do. So I was 11 and had gotten a new glove for Christmas. It was a Marty Marion model made by Rawlings and cost $14, a lot for a glove then. It was supposed to be from both my mom and my dad, but I knew it was really from him. The day after Christmas, it was warm for St. Louis. It must have been in the 40s. I wanted to try out my new glove and talked Dad into going to the empty lot next door. He got the equipment bag out of the basement. It was full of balls, bats and a few old gloves. He was 42 or 43 then but was still playing third base in a city league and coaching the team. I don't know why he was still playing third at his age. His reflexes must have been gone and he would have been a lot better off at second, but, as I said, he was coaching the team.

We walked over to the empty lot with him warning me to warm up slowly, not to throw hard until I was good and warm. I was only half listening, because I was so anxious to hear the ball pop in the "deep well" pocket of my new glove. I was still playing shortstop then, because Marty Marion was the hero of every kid in St. Louis. His range at shortstop was beautiful and if you had ever seen him leap high into the air to spear a line drive, you would love him forever. So I wanted to be another Marty Marion. It wasn't until I was 15 and everyone noticed what a strong arm I had that I began pitching.

At the lot, Dad fished a ball and a glove out of the bag and we played catch at a short distance. The new glove was stiff, even though I had oiled it, but it felt good and I could imagine myself ranging far to my left and right, scooping up ground balls. I was starting to loosen up and fired a couple of balls at my dad. He laughed, told me to take it easy but snapped some back at me so that they popped into the pocket and stung my winter palm. Although the temperature was only in the 40s, it was a clear day with a gentle, warm breeze that promised someday spring would come. After we had played catch for about 20 minutes, Dad took out a bat and said he'd hit me some grounders. At first, I was eager, but after a few, I wasn't sure. The lot was no freshly dragged infield; it was rough and covered with brown winter stubble. Some balls would come true, each hop coming as it should. Then a low ground ball would suddenly hit something and I would get a charity hop, the ball bouncing high into the air so that it was easy to cover. Dad started to hit them a little sharper and kept telling me to keep my head down. One grass cutter took a sudden hop and hit me on the wrist of my glove hand. My wrist and hand went numb and took on that sick, weak feeling. Dad stood smiling, his eyes narrowed against the glint of the winter sun, and told me to shake it off. I did and he started hitting some more grounders, even though I had had enough. I struggled to keep my nose down, but then one took a bad hop and caught my lower lip. It didn't bleed, but it was split, and I could feel it beginning to puff up. I took off my glove and stood pressing my finger against my lip. My

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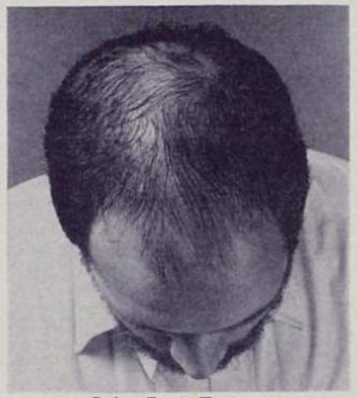

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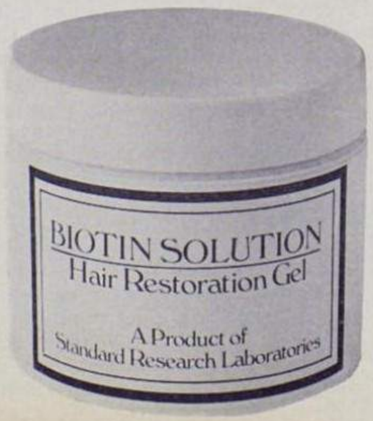

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dad laughed softly. "That one catch you a little?"

I nodded and tried to smile. I was ready to go back to a game of catch, but he said, "Come on, don't stop now, you'll get ball-shy. Take some more and keep your head down. If you keep your head down and your eye on the ball, you'll never get hurt."

I nodded and reluctantly put the glove on as I leaned over into my infielder's crouch. But I couldn't keep my head down and a couple went through my legs. "Keep your nose down," Dad shouted, and he kept firing them at me. Then one took a crazy hop, but one I could have handled easily if I had had my eye on it. The ball sailed over my left shoulder and went out into the street. I was thankful to have a chance to take a break and go after it. When I picked it up and turned to make the long throw, Dad was putting the equipment back into the bag. Without looking at me, he said, "You'll never be a ballplayer if you're afraid of the ball."

Now, more than 30 years later, I know that he didn't intend to be cruel, that he really didn't understand the effect it would have on me. That kind of thing would never have hurt him. He would take it as the necessary truth, the kind of thing that one would have to admit if he wanted to be a ballplayer. It just never occurred to him how I would take it. And it's not as easy as saying that he should have understood that I was a kid and that you can't treat kids that way. That's part of it, but only part of it. Even now, that kind of thing would hurt me. So we were simply different kinds of people. I know what that kind of thing does to a kid, and it's probably the basic reason I've never gotten married and had kids. I teach them now, coach them in baseball and teach them history, at the high school level, and that's enough for me.

During the drive to St. Louis, I kept going over that incident that had taken place so many years ago. I was amazed that I remembered it so vividly, even though I had never thought about it before. All I knew was that it now seemed important—and I knew why. It looked as if my dad might die and I had never really thought about the eventuality of his death. That may seem hard to believe, but at 31, I had never really thought about the fact that my father was going to die someday. I think it comes from playing ball. It's a game played by overgrown boys and it takes longer for them to grow up. It's true. I've known coaches and managers in their 60s who still acted as if they were in their 20s. It's as if they never think about anything. I guess for them death is as surprising as a high hard one right at your head. Suddenly, you drop to get out of the way, a kind of instinct, instinct sharpened by practice. Yet surely there's an instinct about death, too, but they never sharpen it. Anyway, I had to admit to myself that Dad might die and that things were not right between us. Things hadn't really been right since that day, after Christmas in 1946. I don't think he ever really believed I'd make it. He sort of lost faith in me. He came to my high school games whenever I pitched, but he never came to the basketball games, because I didn't start. I went home after one basketball game and told him I'd gotten to play the last three or four minutes. He told me I should have told the coach to go to hell, that three or four minutes wasn't enough time to get all sweaty and have to take a shower for.

After a stop in Rolla for breakfast, I reached St. Louis about seven in the morning; it was already hot and humid. Without even stopping to clean up, I drove straight to Jewish Hospital. It was too early for visiting hours, but they let me go up to his room. The nurse at the hall desk told me my father was probably asleep and even if he wasn't, he might not be able to recognize me.

There were two beds in the room. Someone was asleep in the bed next to the window and looked like a pile of twisted sheets. Dad was in the bed next to the door. He was asleep or seemed to be. His white hair was brushed straight back and looked thinner than I had remembered it. And he looked tired, but otherwise he was the same, except that his lips were swollen and cracked, as if he were dehydrated. His eyes fluttered open and he looked up at me and smiled. "Roger," he managed to say and reached out a hand. It was his left hand, the one that was larger from being battered by so many baseballs.

"Hey, Dad," I answered. "You missed a good one yesterday. I went all the way against Denver." It was all I could think of to say. It was always the same; baseball was all we ever talked about. Here he was, maybe on his deathbed, and all I could find to talk about was my game against Denver.

He smiled and pointed to his bedside table and after a moment, I figured out that he wanted the washcloth lying there. I wet it and started to put it on his forehead, but he took it and began sucking on it. His eyes fluttered shut again and I stood waiting until he came around. After a few minutes, he looked at me and said hoarsely, "Get my cigarettes out of my pants in the closet, will you, Rog?"

I started for them and then stopped. "Are you supposed to smoke?"

He nodded and smiled slightly—the old charm. "Yeah, it's OK. They don't care."

But I knew he was lying and laughed. "No, you don't. I know you and your tricks. I'll wait until I hear it's OK from the nurse."

He accepted that without protest, because he was too weak to argue. After lying quietly for a few minutes, he said, "Look at that, would you?"

"What?" I asked and tried to follow the line of his eyes but couldn't see what he meant.

"Over there," he said and, raising his arm slowly, as if it were weighted, pointed toward the opposite wall.

I shook my head and he said, "The cockroaches. See the damned things. They're all over in here. Damned things were on the sheets last night." I looked where he pointed but saw nothing. Then he laughed. "Oh, *you* don't get to see them. They're *my* cockroaches." Then he dozed off and seemed to drop into a deep sleep. I waited for a while and then went out into the hall and found a small waiting room at the end of the corridor. It was air-conditioned and had a series of windows through which the August sunlight filtered. I sat on a sofa and began reading a magazine. After a few minutes, I felt myself begin to doze and I just let it happen.

"Roger. Roger." It was my mother shaking me awake. She looked tired and worried but otherwise much the same. Her hair was still bleached, even though she was in her 50s, and her clothes were those of a younger woman, a bit too tight on her, a bit too streamlined. She sat in a chair next to me. "I just talked to Fischer and he said your father seems to be out of danger." She swallowed and shrugged. "You know, he says something could still go wrong in a case like this, but it looks as if he's out of danger."

After I had gotten some of the particulars, I asked her what had gone wrong this time. She shrugged again. "Nothing really went wrong. It's the same old story. Nothing has to be wrong." She squinted against the sunlight and I got up and closed the blinds.

When I sat down and took her hand, she went on, "We haven't been getting along very well. You know how it is." She wouldn't look at me.

"How *what* is?" I asked.

She stared directly at me, some irritation in her moist eyes. "For God's sake, Roger, you're thirty-one years old. You know what your father is like. It's nothing new. It doesn't get better as he gets older, the way I'd hoped. If anything, it gets worse. I won't have any peace until he's gone." She seemed horrified at her own words and began to sob. I stood up and put my arm around her shoulders. I remember wishing I were back in Tulsa, boarding the bus to start on our road trip. I knew very well about my father, but I didn't like to think about it. His drinking was not his only vice. There had been other women for years and they stayed the same age as he got older. They were my age or a little younger. Once when I was in my early 20s, I had taken my date to the Carrousel Lounge in the Chase Hotel. We were having a drink when my father walked in with a redhead. She was about 25 years old, her body poured into a white evening gown. Half the men in the room turned and looked at her. My father held her there on display for about ten seconds. He, too, looked splendid. His hair was salt and pepper then and perfectly cut and combed. His face and hands were tanned from afternoons on the golf course and he wore a camel's-hair sports jacket that must have cost him over $100 even then, in the mid-Fifties. As he scanned the room in pride, his eyes caught mine for an instant but then flicked on.

He and I didn't speak that evening and my date pretended she hadn't seen him. The next Saturday, on the golf course, we were strolling down the fairway, following one of his excellent drives, when he smiled slightly and said, "Roger, there's something I need to say to you. You're a man now and we can talk."

I knew what it was and stiffened in anticipation, but he didn't notice or didn't care. "I suppose you know, you must have some inkling," he began, "that your mother and I—that our relationship is not everything it should be. She's a good woman in many ways, and Lord knows, she's been a good mother to you, but, well, our relationship has not been complete for years."

He stopped and put his hand on my arm to stop me. "Do you understand, Roger?"

I couldn't look at him, but I nodded and said, "Yes, Dad, I think so."

He cleared his throat and said, "She says she thinks it's silly." He laughed and coughed nervously. Then he started walking again and added, "What can you say to that? What can you say when a woman says it's silly?"

I thought about that day on the golf course as I comforted my mother. What had happened between her and my father? Did she really think sexual relations were silly, or was it simply that way with him? Maybe it was silly with him because it didn't mean anything.

"I know what I said sounds horrible," my mother was saying, "but I don't know how much more I can stand. I don't know why I stay around. It's just," and she sobbed, "it's just that we've been together so long. Almost thirty-five years now." She smiled up at me, her eyes moist, her bleached hair coming loose. "You can't imagine how handsome he was, Roger. Everyone admired him. He smiled and people did what he wanted." Just then, the nurse came into the waiting room and said my father was awake and asking for me.

I stayed with Dad most of that day

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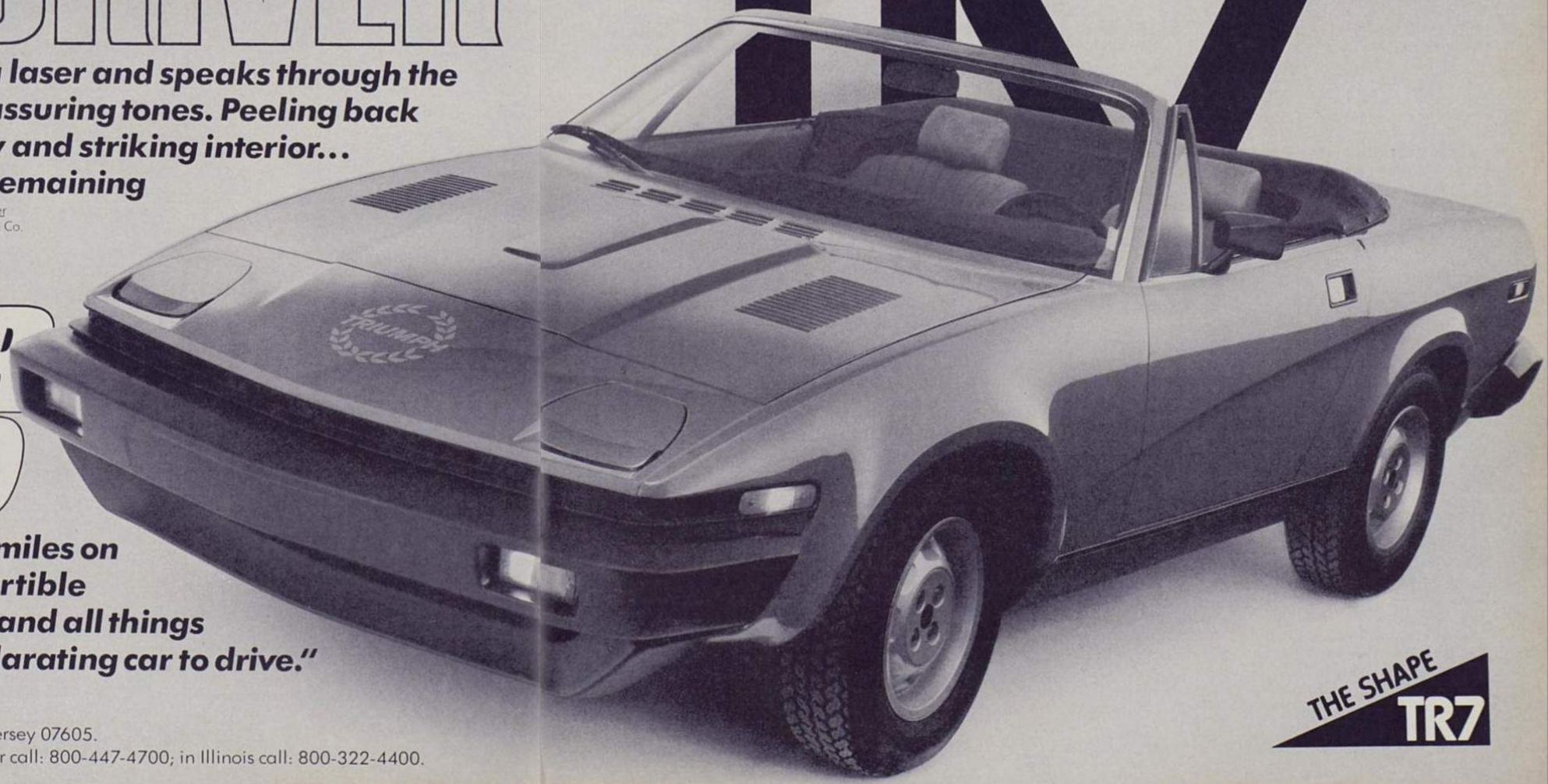

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and did the same the next. He seemed weak and I decided to stay in St. Louis and miss my spot in the pitching rotation. I called Wild Bill and he understood. He told me to try to stay in shape, so every afternoon, I would run four or five miles in Forest Park. The run was good for me psychologically as well as physically, because it gave me a chance to get away from the smell of the hospital and think. I knew one of the reasons I didn't want to leave was that Dad and I seemed to be getting along better now than we ever had. Not that we really talked, but at least he seemed pleased with me and wasn't ever negative. I hoped that before I left, we could talk, that the subject would be something other than baseball or the nurses he thought I should pursue into the linen closet.

Gradually, he got his strength back and in a few days, he was sitting up in bed, joking and sneaking cigarettes whenever the nurse was out of sight. Once, when she caught him, he laughed and teased her about it, but she wouldn't buy it, wouldn't be charmed or kidded, and told him it was against Fischer's orders and she would get into trouble. When she left the room, his smile faded and he said to me, "She must be on the rag, crabby bitch." His smile returned and he winked at me. "You ought to get her on one of these empty beds. That's all she really needs." I wouldn't look at him and went to the window and stared out at the August traffic in St. Louis.

Otherwise, things went well between us. Probably because I was doing so well in Tulsa. Maybe he thought he had been wrong that day on the empty lot, that I was going to make it after all. We both knew it was my last chance, but neither of us ever said it. Again and again, we went over the season. He had me tell him about each game, about what pitch I threw and why. Then he wanted to know about my change-up and about the change in my motion. I felt like a fool demonstrating there in the hospital room while nurses went scurrying by. I could imagine myself in their eyes: a 30ish man with a blond crewcut, over six feet, 180 pounds, pretending I was pitching a baseball, kicking my leg up, hiding the ball behind an imaginary glove, and then pushing off. My dad had me do it a number of times and kept asking me questions. Once, when I was in the middle of my motion, the nurse Dad didn't like came in with some medicine. She glanced at me. There was a man on first and I had just finished my stretch and was glancing toward the runner, that quick flick of the eye before I started my motion toward the plate. She smiled, but it was the kind of smile that suggested she knew something about me that I didn't. Dad began bragging to her. "Roger, my son, is a professional baseball player, and he'll be with the Cardinals soon."

She was still irritated with Dad and said, "Oh, really, and where did he leave his tricycle?"

I stood there feeling foolish, my arms dangling at my sides, the same pose I struck when a hitter jumped on one of my pitches and lined it over my head and out of the park. After seeing that Dad took his medication, the nurse hurried out of the room. Dad muttered something under his breath and said, "Don't pay any attention to that little bitch. She's just mad because you won't give her a tumble. I'm going to tell Fischer about her, damn it. She can't get away with that shit."

Anyway, the big scene came the day before I was going to head back to Tulsa. It still doesn't make much sense and it may not seem like much. I don't know what got into me. Things were going well and I had passed over his comments so many times, but this one time I just couldn't let it pass. It floated there like a hanging curve ball, one that looks like a watermelon, and the batter's eyes get bigger and bigger and he starts striding into the ball. We were watching the Cardinals on television. They were in Cincinnati and it was a close game. We were having a good time exchanging comments, sharing the kind of inside information real fans know. It was late in the game and the Cardinals were one down. I think it must have been in the eighth inning. The Cardinals were at bat and had two out with a man on third. He had been hit, stole second, then went to third on a long fly to the right-center-field wall. Skillman, a left-handed hitter, was at the plate and Turrell was on the mound. He, too, was a left-hander with a fastball that smoked and a fairly good curve. That was about all he had, but he was young, 23 or 24, and threw hard. The more trouble he got into, the harder he threw, and the harder he threw, the wilder he got. It was two and two on Skillman. The last pitch had been a fastball that had moved in on him at the letters, moved in so fast that he had to spin and fall to get out of the way. Probably everybody in the park and everybody watching television knew what the next pitch would be. I'm sure Skillman knew. Clearly, the curve was coming, but it was the best one Turrell had thrown all day. It came skidding in close, looking for all the world like another fastball that might slide into the batter. And it was high. Skillman hung in there, but at the very last you could see his shoulders relax and see him go back on his heels, getting ready to make his exit. In that thousandth of a second after he made his move, so did the ball. It snapped down and away from him and caught the inside corner of the plate. The umpire's hand stabbed the air for the called third strike and Skillman turned and walked away without a hint of protest. Turrell hitched up his pants and strode off the mound. I knew how good he felt.

I was smiling at the screen. I can still see myself sitting there smiling when Dad's voice broke in, "You know what happened there?" Still lost in the beauty of what had happened, I didn't respond, but he went on, "He lost his nerve and put his foot in the bucket. He was plain scared. He doesn't have what it takes to make a major-league ballplayer. He never did and he never will. He just doesn't have the guts."

I wasn't angry. I hadn't even had the time to become upset, but I said in a level, cool voice, "What about you?"

He looked at me, that supreme confidence gone for once in his life. "Me?"

"Where are *your* guts? You're always talking about somebody's *guts*. About somebody not having what it takes to make it. But where are *your* guts?"

We sat staring at each other for a moment that seemed a lifetime, and then he looked away and back to the screen, where the crowd was roaring. The Reds' left fielder had hit the first pitch over the center-field wall. Dad laughed and said, "Now, that son of a bitch can hit a ball."

That was it. No more was said about it. We watched the rest of the game and then I left. We even shook hands. On the way out of town, I stopped to say goodbye to Mom, but I didn't tell her what had happened. I've never talked to anyone about it, and even after all this time, I'm not sure how I feel about it. I'm not sorry. I don't feel any guilt. I honestly don't feel much of anything. But isn't it important that something was finally said—something? Wasn't it good, in a way, to talk honestly for once, to talk about something other than baseball?

I drove back to Tulsa and quickly slipped into my slot in the rotation. I won my next two starts with a three-hit shutout and one that was a laugher, 12–3. In the third inning of my next outing, a line drive caught me on the point of my elbow of my pitching arm. It felt like someone had hit it with a sledge hammer. That winter, they operated on my arm and removed the chipped bone, but the next year, my arm was dead. I laid off for a year and tried again, but I was bombed. My fastball just wouldn't move, which meant the change-up wasn't very effective. So, in the stretch run, I didn't make it, but then, neither did Dad. His liver finally gave out and I went back to the funeral and stood over his coffin, remembering him hitting those sharp ground balls at me on that clear winter day that held promises of spring.

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WHAT'S NEW IN IMPORT CARS FOR 1980

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

While domestic auto makers are busily slimming and trimming excess fat to meet Federal fuel-economy mandates and changing buyer tastes, foreign makers are equally busy going the "longer, wider, more luxurious" route. Obviously, our car of the Eighties lies somewhere between the extremes of the traditional American freeway barge and the cheapo econobox import of yesteryear, and both factions are fast converging on that hallowed middle ground.

Like the domestics, import makers also are doing cart wheels trying to satisfy much tougher emission rules and some new safety standards for 1980, while simultaneously meeting customer demands for added room, comfort, convenience and luxury. Virtually every 1980 import car will have a catalytic converter and will require unleaded fuel as a result, while standard- and optional-equipment lists keep growing and prices keep rising.

Some of the new imports were introduced last fall, some debuted over the winter and a few are yet to come as you read this, but all promise to be more appealing than ever to American tastes. More than one in every five new cars sold in America today is foreign-built, and here are some reasons why.

JAPAN

Import leader Toyota has replaced its bottom-dollar Corolla series with much-improved new models boasting a larger four-cylinder engine, more interior room and a better quality ride. There's also an all-new, front-wheel-drive Corolla Tercel (available in two-door sedan and hatchback body styles) that compensates for its homely looks with superior handling and interior efficiency.

Datsun, meanwhile, has replaced the *Star Wars*–look 200-SX sports coupe with a pair of competent and extra-handsome new versions (notchback and sleek hatchback) that are truly fitting rivals for Toyota's popular Celica. The midrange Datsun 510 series is face-lifted inside and out as well, and there's a five-door hatchback model added to the line.

An upgraded Civic series, with fresh but evolutionary appearance and more roomy and attractive interiors, graces Honda's front-wheel-drive line-up for 1980; while rival Mazda makes do with a frontal restyle and engineering improvements for its conventional-drive GLC econocars.

Mitsubishi, supplier of Plymouth Champs, Arrows and Sapporos and Dodge Colts and Challengers for Chrysler, has little new other than an optional automatic transmission for the front-drive Champ and Colt hatchbacks.

Subaru's restyled and much-improved 1980 models continue the company's "Inexpensive, and built to stay that way" theme in several body styles, all front drive and powered by a unique flat-four engine. Also unique are Subaru's four-wheel-drive station wagon and Brat recreational vehicle, the latter of which is basically unchanged this year.

GERMANY

Now a full-fledged domestic manufacturer churning out gasoline and diesel Rabbits in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, Volkswagen continues to import the Scirocco sports coupe, the family-style Dasher and the camper/bus from Germany. The last has an all-new shape, increased interior room, a more comfortable driving position and vastly improved handling—but no more power, unfortunately, than the old, air-cooled, rear-mounted flat-four engine. Also German built is a new Rabbit convertible that's great fun but expensive (about $9000) and truly ugly with its top down.

Ford's German-built Fiesta is unchanged, and there's little to report from luxocar crafters BMW and Mercedes-Benz, except that the latter has dropped its flagship 6.9 sedan due to emission and economy standards. Another victim of regulatory madness is Porsche's whale-tailed, superstatus 930 Turbo, but some compensation is offered in the form of an exciting and more affordable (at $20,000) turbocharged version of the lovely 924 Porsche. Audi's crafty Fox is superseded by a larger and more luxurious new 4000 series, and the top-line Audi 5000 gets an optional diesel engine that's as economical as it is slow.

ITALY

There are no new models from Fiat or its Lancia subsidiary, but engines, drive trains and interiors are improved throughout the line. (And, beginning with this year, Fiat is offering a three-year rust warranty coupled with a free inspection.) Alfa Romeo has a brand-new, limited-production, $20,000 V6 luxury sedan that rivals the best-known expensive German cars.

SWEDEN

No significant changes for Saab, but Volvo has dropped the number designations from its model names and added midrange, four-cylinder versions of its luxury-line sedans.

ENGLAND

There will always be an England, but there will not always be an MGB. Jaguar Rover Triumph (formerly British Leyland) has announced that the aged but popular MGB roadster will be phased out of production late this year. Good news for MG fans, however, is word that there will be a new MG sports car at some unspecified future time. Also good news are the new Triumph TR7 convertible, the V8-powered TR8 and the nicely upgraded Series III Jaguar luxury sedans.

FRANCE

Renault, American Motors' French connection (Franco-American Motors?), has updated its Le Car front-wheel-drive mini but has dropped the sporty Gordini coupe. Peugeot will introduce a nice and contemporary 505 series, in both gasoline and diesel form, to replace the aged 504, and may soon follow with a diesel version of its 604 luxury sedan. —GARY WITZENBURG

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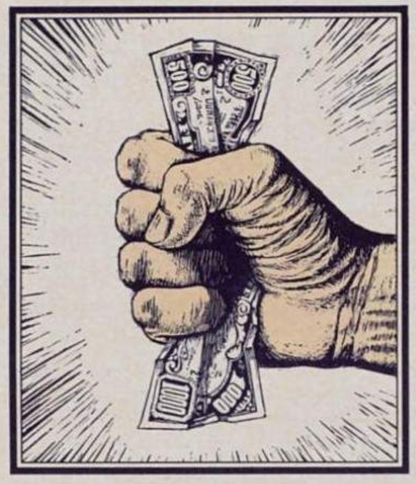
PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE

MAKING IT IN THE MONEY MARKET

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

Of the many schemes to beat inflation that fall noisily about our heads and ears these days, only one makes any real sense: money funds. Gold is a mess, except for professionals. Diamonds are forever, if you're rich to begin with. The stock market is a great game for stunt pilots. But money funds are the thinking investor's answer to SLY—safety, liquidity and yield. It's a simple, classic idea that's time has come.



HOW THEY WORK

Right now, your bank is limited by law in the amount of interest it can give you on your savings, currently less than half the inflation rate. But the banks have gotten around that—sort of. If you have $10,000 you don't need for six months, you can buy a certificate of deposit, which pays about twice the savings interest rate. Or you can buy U. S. Government obligations, U. S. Treasury bills and notes or corporate commercial paper (short-term I.O.U.s). They all pay high interest rates but require minimum purchases of as much as $100,000. If you can afford it, swell.

But if you *can't* afford it, and don't have the time to buy and sell those instruments as rates change (which they do constantly), then buy shares in a fund that can afford and manage it. It is, in fact, a mutual fund. If enough people pool small amounts of money, the pool will be large enough to buy quantities of those safe, high-yield instruments. You then get your share of the high-interest return (less expenses) proportionate to the size of your investment in the pool.

In practice, you buy shares in a money fund for a minimum investment that, depending upon the fund, can be as little as $500. The fund then buys short-term, low-risk, high-interest money-market instruments, such as the Government and Treasury obligations, certificates of deposit, commercial paper or any of a number of comparable short-term investments. Interest on the total fund's investments is calculated daily or monthly, and dividends are declared and invested for you in more shares.

In addition to the high yield, which is currently averaging well above ten percent annually for most funds, there is liquidity. You may withdraw your money at any time, either by phone or by checks supplied by the fund. The checks are as negotiable as any issued by a bank, though most funds have a minimum withdrawal amount (usually $500).

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

The cost to you is surprisingly little, and it's paid as a fee from the fund to the fund's management company. An example is the Daily Income Fund, Inc. (230 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017), one that's particularly popular with professional investors, run by the money-management firm of Reich & Tang, Inc. The fund pays Reich & Tang, as its investment advisor and manager, an annual management fee of one half of one percent of the fund's average daily net assets, which, spread among all shareholders, amounts to virtually pennies for each shareholder. Reich & Tang's job is to buy and sell the highest-return, lowest-risk instruments, and so forth.

Some funds sell primarily to large institutions and have minimum investments of $100,000 or more. But there are many for individuals with minimums as low as $500 or $1000. Daily Income Fund, for example, is used by investors who buy either directly or through brokers. Dreyfus Liquid Assets and Fidelity Income Trust are mutual funds that usually sell directly, with minimums of $2500 and $5000, respectively. Merrill Lynch and Paine Weber are brokers with their own funds.

HOW TO FIND A FUND

Since the difference in yield from one fund to another is so slight and will vary over the course of a year, choose a fund primarily to suit your own convenience. A phone call to your broker, or directly to a fund you know about, will get you a detailed prospectus. It will also give you a clue, in the way your inquiry is handled, about the kind of service you can expect. The fund's prospectus will tell you about its minimum investment and withdrawal, current yield, who manages it and how and its current portfolio.

For a good overview of the funds, you should buy *Donoghue's Money Fund Directory* ($10 sent to Box 540, Holliston, Massachusetts 01746), which lists all of the funds (now more than 70), their portfolio balances, performance, minimums and availability in your state. Donoghue also publishes "Donoghue's Money Letter" ($39 a year), an excellent newsletter.

WHAT ARE THE RISKS?

Is there risk in money-fund investment? Of course. There's risk in any investment. In money funds, however, the risk is minimal. It's not likely, for example, that the U. S. Government will default, or that the banks whose C.D.s the funds purchase will go broke.

There is the fact, however, that money funds are not protected by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation as are bank deposits. But let's not confuse savings with investment. Nobody insures your stocks, either. There is also the possibility that a fund that invests in foreign-currency instruments will get stuck if a currency gets blocked or devalued. But if you're a worrier, limit yourself to a fund that buys only domestic instruments.

There is, of course, the likelihood that banking regulations will change and that the current savings rate will increase. If the economy turns around in the distant future, high interest rates will drop. And Congress, worried about all the money that's leaving savings banks for money funds, is getting interested. The wise investor keeps a weather eye on yields from all possible investments and switches, when practical, to the vehicle that gives the best return. But with interest rates higher than they've been in history, money funds are the only game in town for the small investor. —BRUCE MARCUS

LEGAL MARIJUANA

(continued from page 160)

"Garber says Government taxes could total 3.3 billion dollars annually if marijuana were legalized today."

It's highly unlikely that the Senate would approve U. S. withdrawal from the Single Convention treaty and thereby trigger an upheaval among the other 120 party nations. However, legalization advocates in the Senate could argue that marijuana isn't a narcotic and should be treated separately from heroin, cocaine and other drugs banned by the treaty. Revising the treaty commitments in that manner is a much more realistic route toward legalization and taxation, says NORML's West Coast regional coordinator, Gordon Brownell.

Once the U. S. is free from the grip of the Single Convention treaty but before the legalization question could be put to a Congressional vote, prolegalization lawmakers would need to design a taxation plan complete with revenue projections. And we don't need a Marijuana Administration to do it. That task would most likely fall to the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, a rather skilled Federal tax-collection arm of the U. S. Treasury Department. To date, no one has drawn up the blueprint.

"Sure, there has been in-house casual conversation, sort of a 'What if marijuana is legalized?' " says Bill Drake, the BATF's deputy assistant director for regulatory enforcement. "But nobody in the agency has formally laid out a contingency plan." Nor has the bureau even suggested a pot tax. Stresses Drake: "We're civil-service bureaucrats. It's a rare instance that a career agency employee will propose a legislative revenue-raising measure."

The enforcement official is quick to add, though, that if a pot-legalization bill went into the Congressional hopper and the bureau were singled out as the regulatory agency, it would immediately go to work on a tax plan. "We don't care if you sell marijuana," says Drake, "as long as the Internal Revenue excise tax is paid." As for the ongoing DEA crackdown on pot smokers, he personally believes "we're shoveling sand against the tide."

JOINT RETURNS

How would a marijuana tax work? Florida's Dr. Goffman, now a consulting economist, pondered a state pot tax several years ago and calculated that a state could collect a 50 percent tax without hiking the current black-market street price. "At least 50 percent of the cost is risk," he explains. "In my scenario, I had assumed the market place would set a $20-to-$25-an-ounce street price once the 50 percent risk cost was eliminated by legalization. Then the state could easily impose a 50 percent tax and there would be no increase in the current price."

That's hardly a bargain for consumers, especially since a Federal excise tax would be levied as a part of a nationwide legalization plan. Yet if marijuana were legalized and overtaxed, bootleggers, smugglers and other criminals would surely become the plutocrats of pot.

At this point, at least one person has made an exhaustive study of the potential tax revenues to be derived from, as he puts it, "a regulatory marketing scheme for marijuana." Alan S. Garber, a lawyer with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission in Houston, tackled the task in 1976 while an intern with the Drug Abuse Council, a Washington, D.C., nonprofit think tank that officially closed its doors last December. Unlike Goffman, Garber came up with a total Government tax that perhaps could be distributed between Uncle Sam and the states, though he didn't attempt to figure out how the split would be made.

Still, adjusting for inflation and a nationwide increase in pot smoking since 1976, Garber says Government taxes could well exceed three billion dollars annually if marijuana were legalized today and assessed a combined state and Federal tax.

In updating his projections, Garber is assuming that there are 16,000,000 Americans over 18 smoking grass regularly—a conservative estimate, he adds. He's excluding teenage smokers who, like it or not, would probably keep on toking, thus pushing potential tax revenues close to four billion dollars a year. He's also basing his projections on a nationwide average price of pot at $43 a full (28-gram) ounce.

Next, using the Drug Abuse Council's frequency-of-use survey results, plus expert William McGlothlin's report estimating the amount consumed per use, Garber assumes that 50 percent of regular users smoke a single joint or less per use twice a month; 17 percent smoke one to two joints per use once a week; 15 percent smoke two joints per use two to six times a week; and 18 percent smoke three joints daily. Since each joint contains, on the average, a half gram of grass, American adults smoke a grand total of 4.37 billion joints—or 4,879,286 pounds of marijuana—annually.

So what's the bottom line? Garber figures the cost of producing prerolled and prepackaged marijuana cigarettes at $7.93 a pound, or less than a penny per half-gram joint. That includes manufacturer, wholesaler and retailer profits—the so-called out-the-door cost. Subtract that from the current street price for a pound of pot ($688, assuming $43 an ounce) and you wind up with a whopping $680.07 in potential tax revenue that can be collected from every pound of legal grass sold and smoked.

Multiply that by current consumption and Garber contends there's a 3.318-billion-dollar-a-year gold mine in revenue from legal marijuana that could be tapped by Federal and state government officials. In 1978, the cigarette industry paid six billion dollars in local, state and Federal taxes, while 10.5 billion dollars in taxes was collected on liquor, beer and wine.

But Garber's scheme has the same flaw as Goffman's: Consumers would pay the same price for legal marijuana as they do for bootleg marijuana. Garber doesn't deny it. "The demand for grass and the price would be the same. You just wouldn't run the risk of getting busted."

There's another gaping hole in the Garber plan. The crushing tax load would flatten profits for the grower, the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the retailer. Still, grass would undoubtedly be greener for American business if it were legalized. The question is: Which industries would profit most?

TOBACCO

Pop quiz: What would happen if marijuana *were* legalized? The usual answer: Tobacco companies would reap a multibillion-dollar harvest. They already have the expertise, the rolling machines, the trademarks, the distribution system—and they're secretly buying up land, just waiting for the big day.

If that's what you think, you flunk. Although the black-market marijuana industry is probably half as big as the tobacco industry (bigger than that, if you believe the DEA figures), there isn't a shred of evidence that tobacco companies are ready to pounce on pot.

And no hints are to be gleaned from talking with the tobacco companies themselves—they absolutely refuse to discuss the subject. "Tobacco companies *never* talk about marijuana—it's like voodoo to them," says New York adman Jerry Della Femina, the chairman of the board of Della Femina, Travisano & Partners. "I've heard about their sex lives, their fantasy lives," says Della Femina, "but I haven't heard the word marijuana or joint come out once in a thousand conversations. You're going to have a President of the United States admitting that he smokes grass before you'll ever have a tobacco man say he's tried it."

Not surprisingly, such silence only fires up the often-repeated rumors that every tobacco company has a secret research-and-development marijuana lab

"May I remind you, Miss Fairchild, this is a 'no frills' flight?"

buried somewhere deep in its corporate bowels or in some abandoned missile silo in New Mexico.

But Goffman, a marijuana researcher for 20 years, is doubtful that a contingency plan even exists. "I've searched everywhere for evidence," he says, "and I've never found any proof that tobacco companies are in any way involved in marijuana today."

A consultant and former E. F. Hutton security analyst in charge of monitoring tobacco-company stocks also figures tobacco executives are being candid when they say they haven't explored marijuana marketing. "They would be crazy to do it," scoffs Arthur Baer. "Tobacco companies and liquor companies are under such constant scrutiny and legal attack from legislators, do-gooders and religious groups, I suspect they don't have one memo on marijuana in their triple-locked file. But when the time comes...."

Goffman and Baer laugh at the one marijuana myth most often bandied about; namely, that tobacco companies have quietly trademarked the choicest brand names—words like Maui Wowee and Colombian Gold—that would have a familiar ring to heads and straights alike. It's a legal impossibility, they point out. Under Federal law, you cannot register a trademark for an illegal product. Nor can you reserve a trademark long before the product hits the market place. (Actually, Acapulco Gold *has* been registered as a legal trademark—but not by a tobacco company. Charmer Industries of Long Island City, New York, owns the mark for an Acapulco Gold tequila it distributes primarily in the Northeast.)

But while virtually every senior tobacco-company executive refuses to discuss marijuana—even off the record—a *former* president of Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. has no qualms about talking. Ken McAllister, now retired and living in Hilton Head, South Carolina, insists his former colleagues have enough problems with the Surgeon General and the antismoking lobby. Consumption is up to 620 *billion* cigarettes a year, but the growth rate is tapering off. "We're already accused of selling death," says McAllister. "Why would the tobacco industry want to get tangled up with something as controversial as marijuana?"

At the same time, McAllister, who opposes both marijuana and its legalization, says that if it were legal, "tobacco companies would, purely from a business standpoint, have to consider selling it. They owe it to their stockholders, because there is obviously a big market out there."

Although they haven't mapped out their strategies, McAllister figures tobacco companies would immediately do some exploratory market research and possibly test-market packaged joints. If the test results were positive and legalization were, indeed, a *fait accompli*, McAllister speculates that tobacco companies could quickly muscle their way into the market. "Mechanically speaking," he says, "they could go into it practically overnight. I'm not saying they will; but they could."

In any scenario, though, it's a certainty that tobacco companies wouldn't make a frontal assault on legal pot until they were firmly convinced it was a solid, relatively problem-free growth industry in which they could sell their wares through limited advertising. That could take a full five years following legalization; less, perhaps, if public attitudes toward grass soften.

Speaking of advertising, the agencies—which have traditionally counted tobacco companies among their most active clients—view legalization as a lucrative source of new business.

"Legalization," says Jim Weller, director of creative services at Della Femina's Los Angeles office, "would be like suddenly giving people the key to Willy Wonka's chocolate factory."

Weller thinks tobacco companies would try two separate marketing strategies to build brand loyalties. They would launch one new marijuana brand aimed at three specific audiences ("*macho*, sophisticates, slick funk") and a version of an existing brand. Most likely, it would be a menthol, since most marijuana smokers prefer a cool, minty taste after a joint. Tobacco companies would also market several brands of bulk grass for pipe and bong smokers and for people who would want to preserve the ritual and mystique of rolling their own.

But a major technological barrier would have to be hurdled before tobacco companies could feed marijuana into their 4000-cigarette-a-minute machines. Pot power must be harnessed, standardized and controlled. Since each marijuana plant has a potency and a personality all its own, quality control could become the critical cog in mass manufacturing of legal joints. Some headway has been made. Laurence McKinney, a Cambridge, Massachusetts, management consultant and Harvard M.B.A. who wrote his thesis on the underground-drug industry, has just begun to market a new consumer-sized potency-increasing device that treats marijuana with 100-degree-centigrade heat in an oxygen-controlled atmosphere to maximize the tetrahydrocannabinol (THC). McKinney says his original device—before being scaled down for individual buyers—was designed to treat a ton of marijuana at a time, so he predicts that the commercial-sized models could be available soon.

Mass-produced 100 percent marijuana joints would probably be about the size of a regular-sized cigarette, not king-size or 100-millimeter extra long. McAllister envisions them packaged in fours, similar to promotional cigarette samples. Goffman thinks there'd be five to a pack, akin to what the Federal Government produces on its marijuana farm at the University of Mississippi, where Uncle Sam raises and rolls marijuana for medical research. Each package would carry the THC rating and a Government-approved health warning.

Incidentally, mass-produced marijuana cigarettes apparently wouldn't dispense any new profits to the vending-machine industry. Despite the fact that 16 percent of the cigarettes sold in the U. S. tumble out of vending machines, a lawyer for the National Automatic Merchandising Association in Chicago swears its 2400 members wouldn't touch legalized grass, no matter how skillfully packaged or how profitable it proves to be. The vending-machine industry has too many other regulatory wars to wage in overturning obscure local ordinances and antiquated state laws. Then there's also the question of how to control sales to minors. "We have 700,000 canned-beverage machines around the country," notes a N.A.M.A. spokesman, "and we don't sell beer. We would be fools to sell marijuana cigarettes."

But the experts agree that *somebody* would sell them if they were legal. And the very moment the first bill is introduced to legalize marijuana, tobacco-stock prices will take off, predicts Baer. "It would be such an obvious emotional event," he says, "that you could probably add 15 to 20 percent on the price of all tobacco stocks overnight. The 18-billion-dollar retail tobacco industry should gross roughly an extra five billion dollars in marijuana revenues two to three years after Pothibition is repealed."

"As far back as I can remember, all the great meals I've ever had have consisted primarily of ants."

LIQUOR

"Marijuana is the major competition to the liquor industry, and don't let anybody tell you any different. If marijuana were legalized, I think any businessman would be shortsighted not to consider making it available to his customers."

That's Lyle Jones talking. Jones is more than just the candid owner of Jake's Liquors in Davis, a University of California college town. He's a vice-president of the 2500-member California Retail Liquor Dealers Association and chairman of its public-relations committee.

Jones is also concerned that marijuana may be siphoning off some of his gin, Scotch and bourbon drinkers, a concern he expressed when he wrote the lead item in the August 1977 edition of the privately circulated C.R.L.D.A. bulletin: "All liquor retailers should realize that marijuana, cocaine and other allegedly nonaddictive and harmless drugs are direct competitors to the liquor industry. One of the basic reasons for using alcohol in a social setting is for relaxation and camaraderie. Drugs purport to offer the same benefits.

"Certainly we don't advocate legalization of drugs such as these," the bulletin continues. "However, if in the future, the legislators should give serious consideration to the legalization of drugs, as a group we should advocate the strict regulations of this new industry; regulations similar to those as established for our own liquor industry."

Officially, the 38-billion-dollar-a-year beverage-alcohol industry has nothing to say about marijuana. A spokesman for the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States says its members are watching from the side lines. "We haven't entirely ignored it; we haven't gotten hysterical about it, either."

But the current chairman of that powerful trade association happens to be considered the distilled-spirits industry's expert on marijuana—and *he* talks about it frankly. C. W. "Chris" Carriuolo, executive vice-president and the number-three man at Heublein, Inc., says his big (1.8 billion dollars in sales) liquor, wine and foods company is continually monitoring the mind-altering substances. "We want to know what we compete with outside the liquor industry."

Carriuolo says Heublein was conducting interviews some years ago when it discovered that wine seemed to go better with marijuana than did the harder stuff. It made sense, he says. "I think it's stupid to sit there and blow smoke in each other's faces. You've got to have another social lubricant and wine seems to be it. You couldn't handle both marijuana and hard liquor and still have social graces."

Heublein applied for trademarks on Acapulco Hots, Acapulco Gold and Acapulco Green in October 1970. But only Acapulco Hots was actually developed—as a cheese dip. If marijuana were legalized, would Heublein either sell it in bulk or manufacture it in cigarette form? (The century-old concern, which made Smirnoff the nation's top-selling vodka, is widely regarded as one of the savviest consumer-marketing outfits in the U. S.)

"Heublein as a corporation wouldn't be interested in marijuana by choice," says Carriuolo. "But if the Government chose to distribute grass through our legalized distribution system, rather than invent a whole new bureaucracy, and we were designated as a master distributor or manufacturer, we would have no choice. We'd simply assist them in marketing a legal product."

What's more, Carriuolo thinks marijuana will be legalized nationally, though he doesn't want to speculate when. "I think they have no choice. It's easy to come by, plus it's creating such a huge illegal business. When something

"Daddy's been transferred . . . we have to move! But Minneapolis has parks and lakes and little league and the Vikings and. . . ."

reaches those proportions, you have to do something to control it."

Realistically, the big distilling houses wouldn't celebrate legalization. A Seagrams, a Brown-Forman or a Schenley wouldn't risk its reputation trying to turn a few bucks on legal marijuana—at least in the beginning. Instead, it would more likely be the smaller entrepreneurs—regional, private-label distillers and aggressive liquor distributors—who would try to package and peddle pot. They have little to lose. Moreover, they know local liquor-store owners, state and county politicians, alcohol-beverage-control-board staffers and taxation mechanisms. Predicts one longtime liquor-industry observer: "There will be tremendous consumer confusion when marijuana is legalized—but the little guy [distiller or distributor] will have his grass suppliers lined up early and will get in there first."

Could he make a dent? If 20 percent of the states and counties were to ratify legalization in the first two years, the beverage-alcohol industry could generate an estimated one and a half billion dollars in revenues from marijuana—exclusive of taxation—without losing much of the market to grass smokers.

PARAPHERNALIA

Despite their awesome financial resources and sheer muscle in the market place, U. S. tobacco and liquor companies would be groping their way in the dark if marijuana were legalized. Concerned about alienating middle America and leery of regulatory reprisals, the tobacco and liquor industries might tiptoe into the marijuana market, testing the water each step of the way. But by the time they were ready to take a full-scale plunge, they would probably find themselves scuttled by a scrappy band of savvy merchandisers—the nation's paraphernalia "industry."

Don't laugh. Many of the hippies who skulked around a decade ago selling crude pieces of brass pipe and brown-rice rolling paper to incense-heavy head shops, are now 30-year-old corporate chieftains heading multimillion-dollar companies. They're canny merchants and daring dealers, not afraid to take a chance. And, more importantly, they know the market place. Indeed, paraphernalia producers and purveyors know what it takes to turn smokers on—literally. And brand-hip buyers trust them.

"We're just the legal tip of a huge iceberg," says Vaughn Ermoyan, publisher of *Paraphernalia Magazine*, one of the industry's two trade journals. Ermoyan, who claims a 20,000-reader monthly circulation, says the industry has 25,000 retail outlets, mostly head shops—the so-called psychedelicatessens—plus 1200 manufacturers and 300 distributors of varying sizes and sales volumes. That doesn't include record stores, T-shirt shops, motorcycle-accessory stores, tobacco and gift shops, liquor stores, car washes, surf shops, water-bed stores and drive-in dairies that sell smoking gear.

"We *own* the under-35 market," he brags. "You've got to understand that we're businessmen today. This isn't 1967 and 'Brother, can you spare some change?' "

No one knows for sure how big the paraphernalia industry is. Ermoyan figures it's already one billion dollars in sales and growing. Andy Kowl, publisher of *Paraphernalia Digest*, the industry's monthly newsmagazine, estimates sales at $350,000,000. The guesstimates are $650,000,000 apart because manufacturers are almost paranoiacally secret about their operations. If Macy's never talked to Gimbels, both were motormouths compared with the ferociously competitive paraphernalia titans who claim their products and distributors are regularly ripped off by hungry newcomers.

But that's slowly changing. Less than two years ago, 60 manufacturers and distributors of "smoker's accessories" each anted up $250 to form the Paraphernalia Trade Association. Today, there are nearly 200 members and a new name, Accessories Trade Association (the original name was changed because the abbreviation P.T.A. was an obvious red flag that taunted straights, and heat from the community is the last thing paraphernalia peddlers need).

"We organized for mutual protection," says Kowl, a former publisher of *High Times* who sits on the A.T.A. board. "Smaller communities are suddenly trying to pass antiparaphernalia ordinances. While many efforts fail, a few have succeeded. We're a fat target."

Ironically, the legal attacks are solidifying the industry and giving it strength. The A.T.A. built a $60,000 war chest at a one-day fund raiser and has since retained Stroup's newly formed nationwide law firm of Stroup, Goldstein, Jacobs, Jenkins & Pritzker as legal counsel. A Western division of the A.T.A.—the California Progressive Businessmen's Association—has been formed to attack the constitutionality of local ordinances and fight other attempted bans or merchandising constraints. Ermoyan, one of the most passionate promoters of the association (it also has roughly 100 members and raised $50,000 for courtroom battles), says it's inane and illegal for small-town politicians to go gunning for legal paraphernalia vendors. "All we're selling is the shot glasses and the swizzle sticks."

In spite of the skirmishes, paraphernalia sales are on the upswing—especially of rolling papers, which rang up an estimated $200,000,000 in sales in 1977, a 400 percent leap in just five years. Meanwhile, sales of roll-your-own tobacco plunged from 12,300,000 pounds in 1971 to 5,000,000 in 1977, according to the Tobacco Merchants Association of the U. S. "It's pretty obvious," says Mel Bruce, recently retired tobacco advisor for the U. S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, "that the difference is picked up by marijuana."

One of the world's biggest rolling-paper manufacturers openly admits that it's looking ahead to the day marijuana is legal. Rizla Products U.S. Inc., affiliated with Rizla Ltd. of Wales, acquired Sarah's Family, a bong manufacturer in Inglewood, California, that had been selling $1,300,000 in paraphernalia a year but was cash short and couldn't grow. The deal was the first real acquisition of a paraphernalia outfit by an outsider.

"We're definitely positioning ourselves," says Robbie Blumenthal, the 26-year-old former vice-president of Rizla U.S., the company's North American distributors. "I believe marijuana will be legalized and paraphernalia companies will explode." He says Rizla is keen on acquiring similar companies, "so when the big guys come around, they've got a strong base."

The Young Turks of the paraphernalia industry have no hang-ups about becoming marijuana moguls. Don Levin, 31, founder-president of Adams Apple Distributing Company, a privately held Chicago-based concern that grossed over $10,000,000 last year selling pipes and papers, can see packs of Apple grass cascading out of an automated rolling machine.

"Companies like ours can get machines that could roll or package cigarettes the same as large tobacco companies do," says Levin. "Certainly, we have more connections with growers and distributors. Marijuana growers and tobacco buyers are from two different worlds. A grower couldn't trust a big tobacco company and doesn't have the marketing capability to get the big stores."

Paraphernalia companies have proved themselves creative capitalists, and legal marijuana could be marketed as just another product line. Burt Rubin, a 33-year-old former metals trader, and his partner, 35-year-old Robert Stiller, previously a data-processing manager at Columbia University, introduced a double-width (80 millimeter) rolling paper that forever ended the frustrating chore of trying to lick and stick two single sheets together. Today their E-Z Wider papers are the backbone of their New York City–based company, Robert Burton Associates, doing $8,000,000 in annual sales.

Rubin, who has lectured on entrepreneurship at the Wharton School of business, recently widened his product base, introducing a filtered water pipe invented by a moonlighting design engineer from one of the country's blue-chip corporations. "We're marketing it as a pipe 'system' because it's sleek and doesn't

Shy Man's Guide To A Happier Love Life!

The world-famous author of HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS reveals to you his secret techniques for overcoming shyness and meeting women.

By Eric Weber

Not long ago I used to suffer from shyness. Why at one time in my life I was too afraid to even call a woman on the phone. Then one night, quite by accident, I discovered the secret of **acting** unshy . . . a secret so powerful, so dynamic that it was to take me from pitifully shy to the world's most renowned expert on meeting women in just a few short years.

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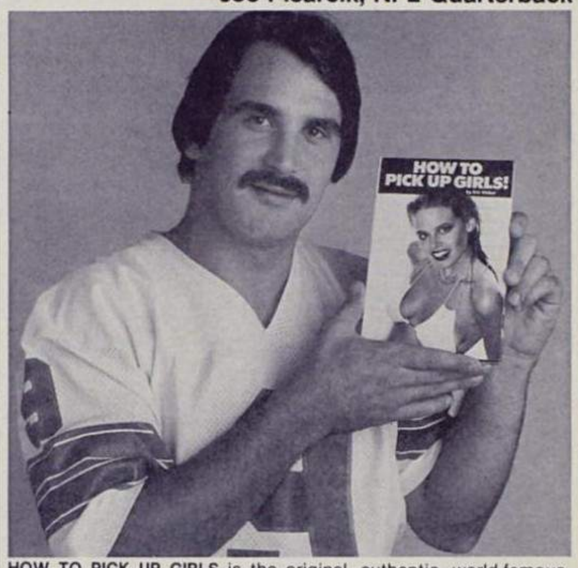

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have that Sixties head look." Rubin—praised as a "marketing genius" by Stroup ("He literally broke the straight market by getting E-Z Wider into 7-Eleven stores")—says he wants to diversify into consumer products like pens and bottle openers. Would he expand into legal marijuana? "Purely as a manufacturer," Rubin calmly replies.

What about expansion capital? Most paraphernalia companies probably couldn't establish the credit lines it would take to capitalize financially on legalized marijuana, but that shouldn't deter the would-be marijuana merchant, says a manufacturer known as the godfather of the paraphernalia industry. He says that foreign banks with American branches, especially Japanese banks, have plenty of cash and are eager to lend it.

"They don't get into the morality of marijuana," says Gene Cuthbertson, who designs and imports ceramic, silver, gold and jade paraphernalia that looks more like jewelry and statuary than head gear. Cuthbertson knows how to raise money and finesse lenders, all right: In his "other life," he was a cofounder of Equity Funding Corporation of America, subject of one of Wall Street's greatest scandals. Cuthbertson, unaware of the scam and shoved out in a power play long before the collapse, came out with $1,000,000 in cash, built up a stock-brokerage firm and got out of that in the early Seventies in order to get into paraphernalia.

His timing couldn't have been better. While other smokestone, pipe, bong and stash makers were catering to the hard-core weed freaks, Cuthbertson organized The Dealer in Santa Monica, California, to create high-fashion merchandise for boutiques, fine tobacco stores and chic gift shops. Retailers who might have resisted at first often find the subtle design and 50 percent markup irresistible.

That kind of pioneering will eventually give paraphernalia respectability and an entree into finer department and specialty stores, even before legalization. And after the barriers are ripped down, Bijan—the pricy, celebrated Beverly Hills haberdasher—thinks there would be a rush, on Rodeo Drive, at least, for distinctive toke gear. "If it were legal tomorrow, I would carry elegant smoking accessories—very chic, very fun. Last Christmas, I sold a diamond cigarette holder with an 18-carat cigarette case for $40,000."

The real profits in legal pot wouldn't necessarily come from the Tiffany trade, though the connoisseur smoker *is* likely to spend heavily. The paraphernalia industry has the pole position in that pricy market place. One manufacturer sees the more pragmatic head-shop owners tossing out their Day-Glo posters and tacky T-shirts and transforming their stores into gourmet Cannabis emporiums on the order of a fine coffee gallery. Depending on local ordinance, a proprietor would carry a library of rare strains, varying in strengths and quality.

Tobacco shops are inching into the market, though an official of the Tinder Box stores insists marijuana and fine tobacco don't mix. One shopping-center developer isn't convinced: When Newman Properties of Long Beach drew up a Tinder Box lease, it actually specified that when the time comes, marijuana sales must be included in gross sales—to help the landlord company determine the rental override it's to receive each month.

AGRICULTURE

Legalizing marijuana could inject a four-billion-dollar jolt of economic adrenaline into American agriculture. It would give farmers a new cash crop, lure perhaps a half million people back to the land and turn abandoned and idle acreage into profitable miniforests of leafy plants.

But some analysts predict there would be a *shortage* of pot farmers at first. W. W. "Billy" Yeargin, managing director of the Tobacco Growers' Information Committee and an ex–tobacco farmer himself, doesn't think the country's 625,000 tobacco growers would grow a single row of weed if it were legalized.

"Tobacco is grown in the Bible Belt and growers are traditionally conservative, God-fearing people who have always disliked the idea of mind-bending drugs," says Yeargin. "To a farmer, marijuana is something every criminal takes just before he goes out to rob or kill somebody. I think they'll be appalled or repulsed at the thought of growing it."

Not Fate Baker Everett, a 60-year-old farmer in Palmyra, North Carolina. Everett, his two sons and seven farm hands grow tobacco, plus peanuts, cotton, corn, soybeans, cucumbers, hogs and cattle on their 2300 acres. In 1978, Everett sold his 2800-pound tobacco crop at the dirt-cheap price of $1.30 a pound. "I'm not saying I'm for it, 'gainst it, that it's good for you, bad for you," he says. "But if the price of marijuana is set so the farmer can make money, you're going to have marijuana running out of your ears—I guarantee you that."

If pot were legal, people who own no land would sharecrop and become growers, predicts Stroup, who is lobbying hard for a legalized scheme—he calls it the "Grow America" plan—in which the "little guy can make money off the land." As Stroup envisions it, the landowner would get a percentage of the proceeds when the marijuana is harvested; the grower, who does all the work, would pocket the rest. "Growers are sharecropping today, running in the dark at night, dealing with a skittish landowner who stands to net ten grand this year for a couple of circles right in the middle of his cornfield."

Stroup says legalization would spawn limited-partnership "grower syndicates" and people would invest in pot without getting their hands dirty. "I may not want to go out and farm myself, but I might throw in a few hundred or a few thousand dollars with a friend who is an expert grower. He becomes the general partner. We become limited partners. We take our share of the proceeds in cash or grass or maybe both." Stroup contends at least one Arkansas grower is

"I heard she has her hair choreographed."

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syndicating on the sly today.

Legalization could be a two-edged sword. It might not stamp out smuggling, but it could suck some of the mammoth profits out of potrunning and would surely send the wholesale grass price plummeting.

Great for the consumer, but what about the outlaw domestic grower who doesn't mind risking a bust to make a financial killing (there are plenty, for example, in California, where marijuana's one billion dollars in annual revenues edges out grapes to make pot the state's top cash crop)? That grower may discover that the back-straining labor and tedious manicuring of each plant isn't worth it if his sinsemilla suddenly drops to $80 or $100 a pound instead of the $1400 to $2000 a pound it brought as an illicit drug.

Bob, a 30-year-old graduate architect, and his wife, Jane, an elementary school teacher, had planted vegetables on part of the 120 abandoned acres they're homesteading in the Deep South. The first year, the couple barely made enough money to eat. The following year, a neighbor gave them some free marijuana seeds and they made $66,000 in cash in just four months—from 366 marijuana plants grown on a 50′ x 100′ patch.

Bob and Jane didn't just throw down the seeds and stand back, though. Both sweated 14 hours a day and, by September, had harvested 103 pounds of male leaf, which fetched $10,000, and 40 pounds of female flowers, which sold for $1400 a pound. Says Bob: "We were first-timers and manicured the plants [with tiny eyebrow scissors] too well. We worked lots of hours for every pound we sold." And they worried 24 hours.

Legal-pot advocates say the average commercial grower would be delighted to grow weed—risk-free—for $100 a pound wholesale. That's still a whopping return on investment compared with other agricultural crops.

"Growers are sick of living like fugitives, worrying about overflights, having a prized patch busted a week before harvest, after giving it three months of round-the-clock care," says Christian Taylor, president of the 3500-member United Marijuana Growers Association in Gainesville, Florida. "When marijuana is legalized," he vows, "we'll triple our membership."

Chances are some new U.M.G.A. members might be private farmers who grow neither tobacco nor illegal marijuana today. Farmers everywhere might find marijuana a profitable new optional crop. But, like all commercial pot farmers, they would have to subject themselves to new state scrutiny and probably licensing if legalization were passed Federally and ratified locally.

In 1977, authors of the Kentucky Marijuana Feasibility Study envisioned a plan whereby the state's Department of Agriculture would manage a statewide monopoly on pot. Anyone could grow a few plants for personal use and licenses would be issued to farmers who wanted to grow marijuana as a cash crop. As the researchers saw it, a license holder could grow a maximum of 100 pounds a year. Between 15,000 and 30,000 licenses would be issued and licenses would cost $5 to $25.

The Kentucky study theorizes that growers would sell their Cannabis crops to the state at various state-operated marijuana warehouses. There, it would be graded by color, texture, over-all appearance and, of course, potency. The THC would be measured and its strength quantified, just as the percentage of alcohol in liquor is expressed as a proof. Once graded—a scientific challenge, since each plant has its own personality—the pot crop would be bought by the state of Kentucky for $20 to $100 a pound.

Authors of the Kentucky Marijuana Feasibility Study contend that the state's weed warehouses would be the nerve center of Kentucky's legalized marijuana industry. The state would package pot by the ounce, primarily in leaf and bud form, and seal it with an official stamp that denoted the grade, weight, strength and suggested retail price. According to the study, pot would be sold to retail stores that held a marijuana-resale license.

Overall, marijuana wouldn't be the economic salvation of the American farmer, whose ranks are being thinned annually. The Department of Agriculture says the nation's 2,700,000 farms will shrink to 2,000,000 by 1989. But marijuana farming could be an important industry by the late Eighties *if* the public were allowed to participate.

Finally, legalized marijuana would also mean new growth for some industries peripheral to agriculture but related, nevertheless: the nation's eight-and-a-half-billion-dollar fertilizer industry, the two-and-a-half-billion-dollar seed business . . . and even the home greenhouse industry.

"Weeds do quite well when they're fertilized," says Gary Myers, executive vice-president of The Fertilizer Institute, Washington, D.C. Myers says agronomists haven't experimented with fertilizers designed to spur super growth of pot. But he thinks there is enough brain power in the industry to create some chemical nutrients for *Cannabis sativa*. Even if marijuana meant a scant one percent increase in fertilizer sales, that's an $85,000,000 impact.

"Afraid I'll just send out for a sandwich, Ted. I'm going to be up to my ears all afternoon."

As for marijuana seeds, theoretically, a company would buy from domestic growers, package the product and distribute it through the same outlets that would retain prerolled manufactured joints or bulk grass. Licensed marijuana merchants would sell seed from around the world, envisions Jack Herer, author of *Grass: The Official Guide for Assessing the Quality of Marijuana*. Herer, president of International Safe & Security, a stash-device manufacturer, says the finest indica seeds from Lebanon and Afghanistan would be packaged and marketed along with choice Santa Marta Colombian, *primo* Hawaiian (preferably Maui and big island) and coveted Oaxacan seeds. There would be limited offerings of seeds from prize-winning blends and strains developed by master horticulturists. Higher-priced seeds would have their "roots" traced on the back of the package to assure the buyer he was actually getting pedigreed pot.

This whole business of legal grass and connoisseur seeds bodes well for the greenhouse industry. Historically, greenhouse manufacturers have relied on amateur horticulturists and professional flower growers for the bulk of their revenues. But with legalized marijuana, sales could really bloom. The economic impact of Alaska's legalization scheme is already being felt as far south as Fort Worth. Ted Lange, president of Texas Greenhouse Co., one of the industry's largest, says, "There has been a sharp jump in inquiries from Alaskans wanting our literature."

That doesn't surprise Anchorage attorney Robert Wagstaff, NORML coordinator for the 49th state, who reports that most of the Alaskan home-grown grass is raised in greenhouses. Says Wagstaff: "It's difficult if not impossible to get marijuana to flower indoors up here. A greenhouse can create a Florida or California climate anywhere."

The greenhouse industry, conservatively pegged at $45,000,000 in annual sales, claims it isn't gearing up for an onslaught of private and professional pot farmers. But there's little doubt that those farmers could provide a very lucrative market. What's more, since marijuana plants can tower 10 to 15 feet, greenhouse companies would be selling bigger, sturdier, costlier hothouses. "I'm not talking about those prefabricated, fiberglass, polyurethane-covered things—we call them blow-aways," says the Texas Greenhouse chief executive. "I'm talking about aluminum-and-glass greenhouses that're built to last."

MEDICATION

Several times a year, Dr. J. Thomas Ungerleider, a UCLA associate professor of psychiatry, says he receives a fat shipment of either 3000 "round, firm, beautifully rolled" joints or a large supply of sesame oil–coated capsules packed with THC. To make the actual pickup, Dr. Ungerleider takes special security precautions. He has to go to a designated post office, identify himself to a stranger and sign a receipt.

Ungerleider's supplier is understandably cautious. He's not afraid of a bust; he just doesn't want the choice dope to fall into the wrong hands. Who is Ungerleider's dealer? None other than the National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA). That's right, your Uncle Sam. The pot comes from the Government's own private patch—the Research Institute of Pharmaceutical Sciences' fenced and floodlit five-acre marijuana farm at the University of Mississippi, where 200 strains of exotic *Cannabis sativa* are being scientifically nurtured.

Ungerleider is one of a select group of dedicated scientists who are getting Government grass as part of a probe into the therapeutic uses of marijuana. At UCLA, he's spearheading a two-year study, funded by the National Cancer Institute, to document whether or not marijuana is more effective than the antinausea drug Compazine in relieving

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the retching and vomiting suffered by cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy treatments.

During the ten months prior to the time this is being written, 12 states legalized marijuana as a controlled medication—bringing the total to 16. Similar legislation is in various stages of the legal process in at least ten additional states, and more are expected to follow. In most cases, marijuana manufactured by NIDA would be bought or obtained by the state and distributed through approved physicians to cancer and glaucoma patients. Bills that passed in both California and Washington would allow those states to furnish confiscated marijuana in the unlikely event NIDA shut off the supply.

But if marijuana were legalized nationwide and taxed, would the nation's 10-billion-dollar pharmaceutical industry step in and start producing therapeutic or recreational grass? Would your druggist become your local dealer?

Fear not. First, even the staunchest marijuana advocates are deathly opposed to prescription pot. "No way would we support prescriptions with doctor involvement and all that bullshit," snorts Stroup. "We don't want to hand this over to the doctors and the pharmacists." Goffman would rather see the Government distribute marijuana than have doctors and pharmacists get a hammer lock on sales and rake in fresh profits from a legalization scheme.

Pharmaceutical manufacturers themselves swear they have no interest in *Cannabis sativa* as a drug. One reason is that they can't seem to produce an acceptable synthetic THC. Eli Lilly apparently tried to develop nabilone, a marijuanalike drug for chemotherapy patients and glaucoma sufferers, but halted its research. "We suspended clinical trials when we found it had toxic effects on animals," says Dr. Louis Lemberger, a Lilly scientist and professor of pharmacology at Indiana University. Dr. Lemberger adds that marijuana capsules or tablets aren't well absorbed, anyhow. "Marijuana is much more effective when it's smoked."

Put bluntly, the circumspect, stringently regulated pharmaceutical industry won't turn on to legalized marijuana—unless medical science someday discovers it's a lifesaving cure for some disease. Until then, NIDA theoretically will continue to furnish Government-grown marijuana for medical research and therapeutic treatment.

But don't think the pharmaceutical Goliaths would sit idly by if legal weed were to become the Valium of the late Eighties. And that's a possibility. "If it were legalized," says Dr. Leopold Tuchman, a Beverly Hills internist, "it may come to pass that people could get a modicum of relief from a whiff or two—instead of a martini or three."

FOOD

Famous Amos is munching on a fat, fresh-out-of-the-oven pecan-and-chocolate-chip cookie and reaching for a glass of milk. "If marijuana were legalized, I'd make up a special batch of X-rated cookies and test-market it. Probably sell them for $10 to $25 a pound. But, man, I've never made any cookies with marijuana in them. Honest. I'd have to experiment. I wouldn't want to sell baaaad cookies."

Amos, flashing his big cookie-eating grin, doesn't think legalized marijuana would send his sales soaring. He already sells 15,000,000 cookies a year, mostly through department stores and gourmet supermarkets and shops, and grossed $3,000,000 in fiscal 1978. "I don't think it would have the same excitement it has now that it's illegal, especially in food. But, man, I can tell you this," says Amos, "if I started doing a number with pot cookies, the other cookie companies would start baking them, too. If it were legal, the morality question would go right out the window."

The market's already there—and at least one person is already catering to it: An adventurous grower turned baker in the wilds of Northern California dispatches a convoy of four vans into San Francisco periodically to peddle freshly baked macaroons packed with pot. And he's no trench-coated bootlegger, either. Homegrower's Delight Cosmic Cookies are professionally packaged and illustrated with a smiling farmer standing in a marijuana field, holding his hoe and a cookie. There's even catchy Madison Avenue copy on the package promising "One'll do ya." It ought to. The chewy but tasty macaroons, each topped with an almond, are fetching $30 for a box of ten cookies. And you won't find them in a Safeway.

But if marijuana were legalized, would the market be gobbled up by Betty Crocker, Nabisco, General Foods or some other corporate food titan? Would the Pillsbury Doughboy rush slice-and-bake pot brownies to your supermarket freezer section?

Not a chance. "Liquor, cigarette, beer and wine companies are willing to make sin-related products," says Baer. "But General Foods? No way. Suppose it did and the Catholic Church stopped buying its coffee and Jell-O? The public today has tremendous leverage, so why would those companies risk billions of dollars in sales for a few extra dollars of profit?"

So the new marijuana moguls wouldn't have much of a direct impact on the nine-billion-dollar cookie, cracker and snack-food industries—perhaps an estimated $50,000,000 in sales the first year. But imagine the indirect impact if a new high society gets a ravenous case of the munchies. One hundred shares of McDonald's stock today just might be a smart buy.

WILL IT REALLY HAPPEN?

Obviously, legalizing marijuana could be a powerful jolt to the U. S. economy. It may not get us out of OPEC's clutches and it wouldn't cure inflation. But legal pot would mean new jobs, new careers, new corporate profits and new Government taxes.

What's the bottom line? No one person or organization knows for sure. As astounding as it may seem, no corporation or Government agency has conducted (or leaked, at least) a comprehensive study on the economic impact of legalized marijuana. This article is the closest anyone has come, and we've found that it's still a very touchy subject.

Even the most ardent marijuana enthusiast agrees that full nationwide legalization is a good decade away. The big issue is health. While no one has ever died from an overdose of marijuana and there is no conclusive medical proof that prolonged pot smoking can destroy vital organs, there are plenty of medical questions to be answered. Until they are resolved, it's unlikely that even the most liberal lawmaker would introduce a Federal bill with any hope of passage.

Unless the people take over. In California, a dry cleaner from Burbank launched a campaign in 1978 aimed at collecting 250,000 signatures for a ballot initiative that would treat marijuana the same as liquor. And a bill reducing criminal penalties for marijuana growing, also in California, where three out of ten people favor legalization, passed the Assembly Criminal Justice Committee the same year. The measure would let a person grow three marijuana plants without risking a felony arrest and a prison stretch. If you're caught growing, you pay a $100 fine.

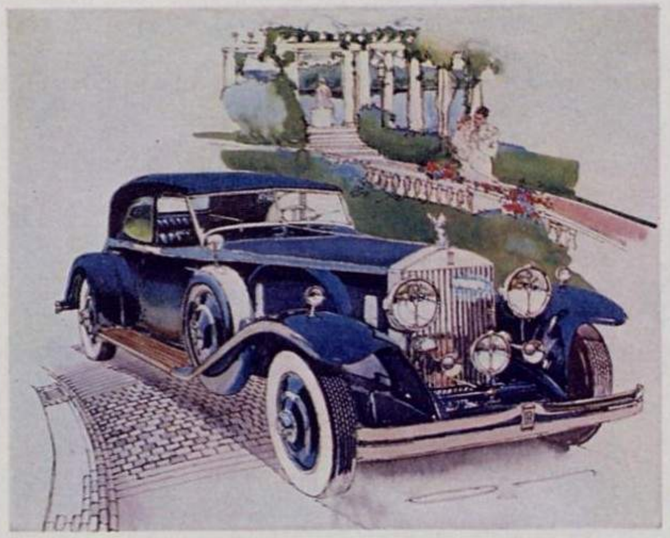
Hank Koehn, a nationally recognized futurist, thinks it's all part of a new populist movement in which the consumer decides he wants something and has to have it. "You saw it with saccharine," he says. "Everyone accepted the fact that it was bad, but they said, 'I don't care if it is bad, I want it, I want it in foods, I want it available, and therefore I will have it, and I will buy it and someone will sell it.' "

Koehn, vice-president of Security Pacific National Bank in Los Angeles and head of its Futures Research Division, is convinced the "big social issues of the Eighties will be populist issues that come up the same way Proposition 13 came up in California. There will be a series of events around the country and those events will grow until they hit critical mass and gain national attention.

"That's when it becomes a national issue and the people will prevail."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



AS THE SPIRIT MOVES YOU

Classic Rolls-Royces never die, they end up being immortalized in a limited-edition portfolio of 24 full-color 18" x 14" renderings by automobile illustrator Ken Dallison that The Spirit Group, 2 Spencer Place, Scarsdale, New York 10583, is selling for $275, postpaid. Why so expensive? Well, the foreword essay included in the portfolio is by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the edition of 2000 is signed and numbered by the artist and the covers are sheathed in Connolly Brothers Rolls-Royce leather. If you don't own a Rolls, you can always sit on the cover.

THE CAT'S MAO

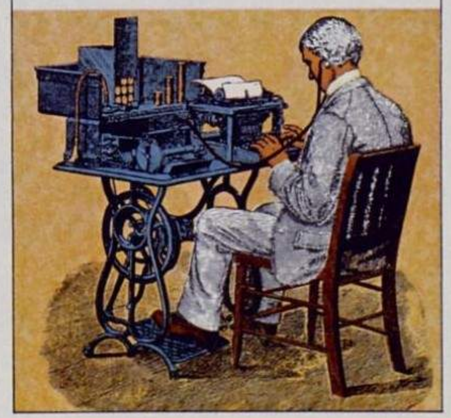
A billion Chinese can't be wong, and that's about the number of People's Republic citizens who sport a Mao Hat—the fatigue-type cap with the bright-red star worn from Nanking to Canton. Colman and Myer's Mao Hats, P.O. Box 7000-47, Redondo Beach, California 90277, has a shipment and a hat can be yours for the peasant price of $5, including postage (indicate small, medium or large). Yes, conservatives, they also come without a star.

HOT FOOTIN'

Anybody can hit the bricks in a pair of basic black roller skates, but only those with taste and style let the good times roll in four-wheel footwear that's been decorated with specially developed paints by custom designer Petezi Sack. The price for a one-color job is $50—not including the cost of mailing your skates to and from her studio at 138 W. 73rd, New York, New York 10023—and rolls skyward. And if you're not into skating, she'll jazz up your cowboy boots.

GOLDEN OLDIES

Only the British could publish a slick monthly magazine called *Antique Machines & Curiosities*, but apparently the subjects that this curious publication covers—from one-armed bandits to a clockwork fly catcher—have a timeless appeal. For more info, write to them at 3 Heathcock Court, Strand, London WC2R OPA, England. Unfortunately, the $30 price for a year's subscription is disturbingly modern.



A WATERY GROOVE

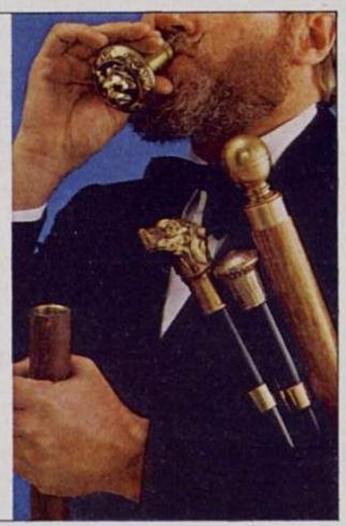
Crime takes to the high seas on April 19, when the world's first Murder Mystery cruise shoves off from Fort Lauderdale on a 15-day junket, disembarking in Genoa, Italy. On board the Norwegian ship Sagafjord will be a panel of mystery experts including authors Dilys Winn and P. D. James, and Donald Rumbelow, a London bobby and expert on Jack the Ripper. The cost of the one-way cruise is $1580 to $3040; Norwegian America Line, 29 Broadway, New York, New York 10006, does the booking. Who said crime doesn't pay?

EXPENSIVE BRIEFING

Devotees of James Bond–type gadgetry will wish to check out the Bionic Briefcase 007 that CCS Communication Control, a New York manufacturer of security devices at 605 Third Avenue 10016, is selling for about $400. For that, you get a bulletproof case with an alarm; add $1000 and you also get a bug-detector system; $3900 puts in a tracking system—and for about $5000 you can even have a bomb detector incorporated. For all that, let's hope you also have a bionic bank account.

SWIZZLE STICKS

Speak *softly* and carry a big stick? Not a chance when you're strolling with a drinking cane that's loaded with liquor. The bearded biber here has come to grips with a model whose brass top doubles as a jigger, available from Backwords, P.O. Box 1304, St. Charles, Missouri 63301, for $65. The dog and crown metal canes are from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, 660 Lexington, New York, New York 10022, for $22 each. The other brass-headed stick (also $22) is from Deluxe Saddlery, 1817 Whitehead Road, Baltimore, Maryland 21207. Drink up!



RUN FOR THE MONEY

Good news, joggers: Kinney Shoe Corporation in conjunction with the President's Council on Physical Fitness is offering a packet of guides to The Great American Running Trails, from along the Pacific Ocean to Central Park and including Rocky's route through Philadelphia, Washington Park in Denver, Detroit's Belle Isle and even downtown Norfolk—plus others. The price is right—only $1 sent to Kinney Running Trails, P.O. Box 5006, New York, New York 10022. Jog them all and your feet will be red, white and blue.

NO DEPOSIT, NO RETURN

When sculptor David Snell decided to create a work of art commemorating the Fifties, he duplicated a bent beer can in sterling silver and labeled it NO DEPOSIT—NO RETURN. The piece won so many awards that Snell has issued 100 more signed, handcrafted ones at $840 each. Order from David Moffett Designs, P.O. Box 122, Tujunga, California 91042. But if the price is too heady, he also has gold-plated original bent or unbent machine-made cans for $19.95 each. They're all empty, of course.

BLAST FROM THE PAST!

(continued from page 163)

"The Trans Am is no longer an ego-bulging, short-burst missile but a truly civilized gran turismo."

mechanical crustaceans scrambling around on thimblefuls of rare fuel, the Trans Am thunders ahead as the essence of the Sixties youth market as defined by the Beach Boys, Buddy Holly and other bards of the day. It is a throwback, a Neanderthal monster, a consumerist's hydra that refuses to be destroyed in this age of so-called diminished expectations. Yes, the Trans Am is blasting ahead and we are here to cheer every pavement-blackened foot of its progress.

It blossomed from the sunlit side of the Sixties garden—well protected from the storm clouds of pollution and OPEC blackmail billowing on the horizon. Automobiles worth owning then were muscle cars, hot cars, supercars, Goats, Mopars, 'Stangs, 'Cudas, 4-4-2s, SS 396s, Cobras, Boss 302s and R/T Chargers powered by such pulsing, flame-belching packages of power as Hemis, 327 Fuelies, Rat Motors, Fat Blocks, Wedges, Tri-Power 389s and the like, hooked up to 4.55 lockers and four on the floor.

Pontiac, the General Motors Division that had obliterated its maiden-aunt image by laying trails of exhaust and Wide Track rubber across the nation's stock-car tracks in the Fifties, was in the forefront of this rage for performance. Its Bonnevilles, Grands Prix and GTOs had led Detroit into the crazed world of speed, only to find Ford, Chrysler and other rival G.M. counterparts outaccelerating them toward that revered nirvana of commercial riches known as the youth market.

Ford had generated a whole new concept in sportiness with its 1964/1965 Mustang—a gussied-up Falcon with a long hood and a tiny two-plus-two passenger compartment. General Motors countered in 1967 with its Chevrolet Camaro and Pontiac Firebird, while Chrysler and American Motors followed with their Barracuda, Challenger, AMX and Javelin. All were aimed at what Detroit called the "youth-dominated specialty market." (Read balls-to-the-wall street racers, who made purchasing decisions on two criteria: (1) sexy looks and (2) raw, spleen-rupturing acceleration.)

Pontiac's Firebird sold 82,000 units in its first year and jumped to 107,000 in 1968, thanks in part to the introduction of a 400-cubic-inch Ram Air 335-horsepower engine. It was quick, but there were other wheels prowling the Main Streets of America that were quicker. In the middle of the 1969 model year, a small Pontiac engineering group completed work on a special Firebird called the Trans Am. It had a tough suspension, quick steering, wider rims and a 335-hp power plant. Festooned with all manner of scoops and spoilers, the Trans Am came in two color combinations: white with blue racing stripes and blue with white racing stripes.

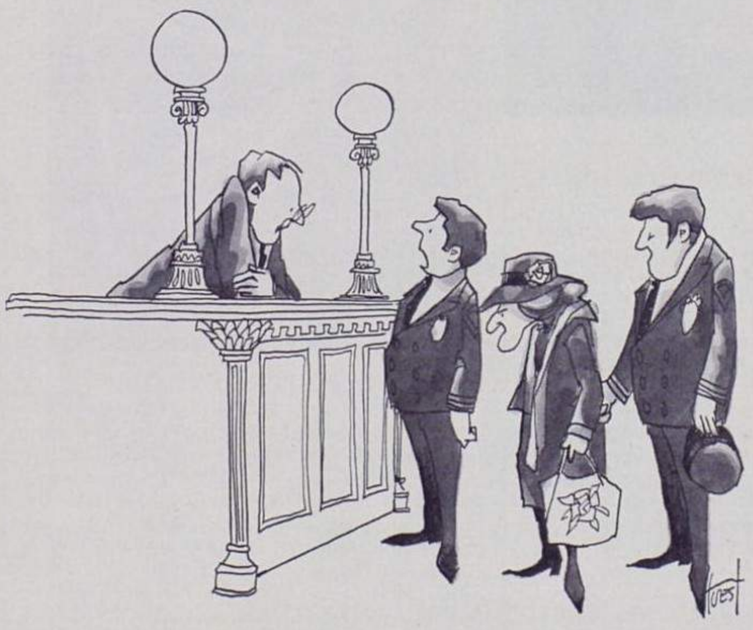
A major styling change in 1970 brought forth the present flowing shape, which still forms the basis for the Camaro and the Firebird. (The cars have identical inner body structures and chassis members.) They were instant hits, both for their aesthetics and performance and for their handling. Pontiac was particularly interested in the road holding of the Trans Am and by the mid-Seventies had established it as the most nimble of all the sporty cars sold in America, including the Corvette.

Then came OPEC. Combined with Federal emission and safety standards, plus a steady tempering of American youths' hot-car fever, the oil crisis seemed to drive a final nail into the coffin of machinery such as the Trans Am. A number of rival brands were broomed out of the showrooms, including the Challenger, Barracuda, Javelin, AMX and the big-engine Mustang. G.M. almost killed the Firebird and the Camaro as well but granted a last-hour reprieve. While marketing experts smugly agreed that our lusts for speed and power had waned, Pontiac quietly plugged ahead with its Trans Am, introducing in 1973 the optional, hand-built 455 HO Super Duty engine. This rare, legendary power plant stands as the only unvarnished high-performance engine to be produced in Detroit since the Federal clean-air standards became law.

By 1975, the Trans Am was experiencing a weird renaissance. It became the top seller in the Firebird line-up and the following year topped the sacred Corvette in sales. The more strident the predictions for universal economy cars become, the more Trans Ams seem to sell. While its nose has become more rakish, the classic, swooping lines of its squat coupe body have remained unchanged.

As the mania for tire-frying power subsided, Pontiac concentrated on perfecting the suspension of the Trans Am, until today it can be described as perhaps the finest handling non-four-wheel independently suspended car in the world.

It is no longer an ego-bulging, short-burst missile but a truly civilized *gran turismo* in the finest European tradition; a car intended for fast, comfortable weekend jaunts for two, with occasional accommodations for four. It is a clean, taut, honest automobile that has enormous cachet (and value) in Mayfair, on the Champs Elysées, the Ginza and the



"She was selling obscene needlepoint."

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If the Trans Am needed a major thrust into the hearts and minds of Middle America, it came in 1976, when Burt Reynolds blasted through movie theaters at the wheel of a black TA. He was, of course, the *Bandit*, as in *Smokey and the Bandit*, perhaps the greatest blue-collar cult film in history. A total of four Trans Ams were wrecked or seriously abused by director Hal Needham in the production of *Smokey*. The film went on to become one of the all-time box-office grossers in the business. Needham and Reynolds also teamed up to run a Trans Am in the hit *Hooper* (including an unmanned, rocket-powered model that leaped 419 feet over a gorge in the climax) and another fleet of black 1980 TA's is presently being employed in the production of the *Smokey* sequel.

As demands for higher gas economy and lower exhaust emissions play a greater, if not a dominant, role in Detroit design, Pontiac has faced the prospect of producing a Trans Am with zoomy looks and splendid handling but with performance more appropriate to a garden mower than to a Maserati. Big-displacement V8 engines are being purged from the entire G.M. line-up, meaning that the old Super Duties, Ram Airs, HOs et al. are becoming as obsolete as wooden wheels and acetylene head lamps. A new source of economical, emission-free power had to be developed for the Trans Am.

Enter the turbocharger. PLAYBOY readers will recall that we've previously reported on the incredible Porsche 930 Turbo Carrera—probably the most exciting road car of the Seventies—and the turbocharged Buick Riviera, which combined front-wheel drive with a turbo V6 engine to create a new breed of American sports/luxury machine. Pontiac has now taken the same route with the Trans Am, offering a $400 optional 301-cubic-inch, 205-hp V8 (the highest output in the domestic industry) that produces vivid, if not dazzling, performance. Operating at a lusty nine-pounds-per-square-inch boost, the turbo 301 produces 55 more horsepower than the normally aspirated 301 Pontiac V8 and 70 foot-pounds of additional torque. Those benefits come without major penalties in gas mileage, which remains in the 14–20-mpg range.

While the turbo is not as fast as the 1979 400-cu-in. model (hampered, in part, because a quirk in the stringent new emission standards makes it impossible to certify the car with a four-speed manual transmission; a three-speed automatic is all that is available), it will still run 120 mph and accelerate 0–60 in under nine seconds. Both are rather prodigious feats in these days of unleaded gas and miserly four-cylinder engines.

Aside from a small bulge in the hood (often concealed by the optional screaming-chicken decal), there are no external clues that the Trans Am is turbocharged. Nor are there many clues for the driver, except for a satisfying, turbinelike surge of power when he tromps on the throttle. Absent is the karate chop of instant acceleration one experiences when the Porsche's Turbo cuts in; nor is there any evidence of the high-pitched turbo whine one hears issuing from beneath the hood of a Saab 900 Turbo.

The impression is one of a big-displacement V8, which is exactly what the Pontiac engineers were seeking. By making the turbocharger a subtle presence, Pontiac has removed it from the realm of wacky gadgets understood only by hard-core car loonies and made it a civilized unit suitable for all brands of automobiles. Look for wide applications of turbochargers in the future, because they provide solid power without ruining gas mileage or seriously polluting the air.

The Pontiac Trans Am is a wellspring of driving pleasure. It is fast and stable, with enormous stopping potential, thanks to its optional four-wheel disc brakes. Its interior appointments are neat and tasteful and ready to accommodate a couple for a long-legged interstate haul or an urgent, switchback-laced romp into the mountains. Its fluid fastback shape denies comfort to rear-seat passengers or the availability of ample luggage space, but those are small penalties when compared with the over-all competence, comfort and value of the automobile. And considering the fact that it would take the worst kind of profligacy in choosing options to exceed a $10,000 price tag, the booming Trans Am market becomes appealing to all but the most wizened, pinchpenny gas miser on the road today.

"In my country, street crime is virtually unknown. This is perhaps because we have constructed very few streets."

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

(SEXUAL) BOOK of LISTS *(continued from page 168)*

"Father Divine's line: 'I am bringing your desire to the surface so that I can eliminate it.'"

into Tokyo, they released all Japanese political prisoners, including, by mistake, Abe Sada. In 1974, an "aging but vivacious" Abe Sada owned a bar near Tokyo's Sumida River. A sensational film, *In the Realm of the Senses*, was made about the affair, which made dear Abe Sada and dead Kichizo—and his penis—legend in Japan.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF SPERM PER EJACULATION FOR 25 MAMMALS

1. Swine	45,000,000,000
2. Jackass	14,500,000,000
3. Horse	8,000,000,000
4. Dairy Cattle	7,000,000,000
5. Zebu (Humped Ox)	5,098,200,000
6. Beef Cattle	4,000,000,000
7. Eurasian Buffalo	3,978,000,000
8. Sheep	3,000,000,000
9. Goat	1,755,000,000
10. Dog	1,500,000,000
11. Rhesus Monkey	1,175,900,000
12. Chimpanzee	1,157,100,000
13. Crab-Eating Macaque, Monkey	549,600,000
14. Human	500,000,000
15. Chinchilla	480,000,000
16. Red Fox, Silver Fox	330,000,000
17. Gibbon, Ape	197,600,000
18. Capuchin Monkey	96,600,000
19. Rat	82,500,000
20. Squirrel	82,400,000
21. Rabbit	64,000,000
22. Cat	60,000,000
23. Guinea Pig	8,235,000
24. Mink	260,000
25. Golden Hamster	3,450

TEN RELIGIOUS FIGURES INVOLVED IN SEX SCANDALS

1. A DELPHIC PYTHIA (Seventh Century B.C.), Greek prophet

During the early years of the Delphic oracle, young beautiful virgins, who were required to take an oath of celibacy, were chosen to act as the Pythia—the high priestess who inhaled Delphi's sacred gases and then prophesied. Around the Seventh Century B.C., a Thessalian Greek named Echecrates entered the Delphic temple to ask the Pythia a question. Struck by her tremendous beauty, he was overcome with passion, pulled her to the temple floor and raped her. The scandal that followed outraged the Delphians, who, thereafter, appointed only unattractive women who were at least 50 years old as Pythias.

2. JOHN XII (937?–964), Italian Pope

The 18-year-old pontiff plundered the Church treasury to support his incessant gambling, and he ruled Rome with a gang of hired thugs. It was his insatiable sexual drive, however, that ultimately terminated his pontificate. He had enjoyed the favors of many mistresses; so many, in fact, that critics accused him of turning the Lateran Palace into a brothel; some even claimed that the Holy Father had raped female pilgrims right in St. Peter's. One day in early May 964, John was caught in the act by the husband of the current papal paramour. The cuckold, showing little respect for the holder of the keys to heaven, beat John so severely that the pontiff died—without confession or receiving the sacraments—three days later.

3. HULDREICH ZWINGLI (1484–1531), Swiss Protestant reformer

While he was the vicar of Glarus, Switzerland, from 1506 to 1515, Zwingli had what he called a celibacy "slip." Actually, he had a number of affairs with the women in his church. In a limited effort to curb his desires, he vowed not to become involved with virgins, nuns or married women. After one of his girlfriends proudly revealed to the villagers that she had had sexual relations with him, Zwingli was forced to send a written confession to his superiors. After he broke with the Catholic Church, the Vatican published his confession in an effort to discredit him. Zwingli, however, survived the subsequent scandal and became a political and religious leader.

4. JOHN HUMPHREY NOYES (1811–1886), Perfectionist minister

Denied ordination as a preacher in the Congregational Church, John Humphrey Noyes established his own Perfectionist Church, which held that perfect love and sharing was God's will for man. In 1846, when the police learned that love and sharing meant wife swapping, Noyes and a number of his followers were arrested for adultery. Despite the subsequent scandal, Noyes founded his Oneida Community in Oneida, New York, where he and some 300 followers practiced "complex marriage," in which everyone was considered to be married to everyone else. Despite constant scandals over Noyes's doctrine of free love, his community survived for some 30 years.

5. HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813–1887), Congregational minister

In 1875, religious leader and social reformer Henry Ward Beecher—who was the brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—was charged with and tried for adultery, causing a scandal that rocked Victorian America. Beecher was accused by a member of his Brooklyn Plymouth Church congregation, Theodore Tilton, of having an affair with Tilton's wife, Elizabeth. Later evidence showed that Beecher almost definitely did seduce Mrs. Tilton in his church office by telling her God willed that they have sex. However, the six-month trial ended in a hung jury after 52 ballots, and Beecher returned to his church with only a lightly tarnished reputation.

6. HORATIO ALGER (1832–1899), Unitarian clergyman and author

In 1864, Horatio Alger became minister for the parish of Brewster, Massachusetts. He was young, energetic and well liked. He organized games and other kinds of entertainment for the boys of the parish. But after 15 months, church members wondered why he never took an interest in the girls. The elders of the church decided to investigate, and rumors that the reverend was too partial to boys began to circulate. It was discovered that Alger had engaged in homosexual activities with at least two of the parishioners' sons. Alger admitted to pederasty and lost his ministerial position. He fled to New York City, devoted the rest of his life to writing and became one of America's most successful writers, known for his tales of such characters as Ragged Dick and Phil the Fiddler.

7. FATHER DIVINE (1877?–1965), Founder of the Peace Mission Movement

Black religious leader Father Divine, whose real name was recorded by the police as George Baker alias God, ordered the thousands of converts to his Peace Mission Movement to remain celibate, even if they were already married. However, Father Divine himself was involved in a number of scandals. In 1931, he was arrested on Long Island, New York, for living with a woman other than his wife. Also, it was reported that he seduced a number of his female followers with the line "I am bringing your desire to the surface so that I can eliminate it." In 1946, white Americans were further outraged when 69-year-old Baker married a 22-year-old white Canadian woman.

8. AIMEE SEMPLE MC PHERSON (1890–1944), Pentecostal evangelist

A revivalist with a dramatic flair for theatrics who founded the International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, "Sister" Aimee Semple McPherson disappeared from the beach at Santa Monica, California, in May 1926. The police and public were convinced that she had gone for a swim and drowned. However, more than a month later, she reappeared in a Mexican border town, claiming she had been kidnaped. It was soon learned that she actually had spent ten days of the time with a married man named Kenneth Ormiston in a honeymoon cottage in Carmel, California. Surprisingly, Sister Aimee weathered the scandal and her popularity as a preacher increased.

9. ELIJAH MUHAMMAD (1897–1975), Nation of Islam prophet

In 1963, Black Muslim minister

"Last year it was backgammon."

Malcolm X heard rumors that the leader of his faith, Elijah Muhammad, who claimed to be the prophet of Allah, was involved in a sex scandal. Holding to puritanical Muslim beliefs, Malcolm X at first refused to believe those reports, but later he talked with three of Muhammad's former secretaries, all of whom claimed that they had had sex with the prophet. That led to a complete break between Malcolm X and Muhammad. The scandal became public on July 3, 1963, when two former secretaries filed paternity suits against Muhammad on behalf of their four children.

10. BILLY JAMES HARGIS (1925–), Christian Crusade founder

Popular right-wing radio evangelist and founder of the American Christian College in Tulsa, Oklahoma, spoke out against showing sex on TV, claimed that the Communists had invented rock 'n' roll and sermonized against pornography. But in 1976, *Time* magazine disclosed that he had been having sex with both male and female students from his college. His secret came to light when, on their wedding night, a couple divulged to each other that they both had had sexual relations with Hargis. When confronted by his accusers, the fundamentalist attributed his bisexual activities to "genes and chromosomes." Hargis continues to conduct his Christian Crusade.

SIX UNCONSUMMATED LOVE AFFAIRS

1. JAMES EARL RAY (1928–) and ANNA SALLING RAY (1947–)

Ray was serving a 99-year sentence for the murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., when he first saw free-lance artist Anna Salling Sandhu (ex-wife of an Indian student), who was sketching court proceedings during the trial for his prison break in 1977. They spoke to each other at a television interview, began a correspondence and were married on October 13, 1978, in Tennessee's Brushy Mountain State Prison. Ray spent his wedding night in his cell—their marriage has never been consummated.

2. MAXWELL PERKINS (1884–1947) and ELIZABETH LEMMON (1892–?)

Perkins—Charles Scribner's Sons editor for F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe and others—was an unhappily married man with five daughters. He had only one passion besides his work: Elizabeth Lemmon, whom he met in 1922. She was blonde and literate, an aristocrat who did everything from studying voice to managing the Upperville, Virginia, baseball team. For 25 years, they corresponded—he from his office in New York, she from her mansion in Virginia—but they met only a few times, and their relationship remained celibate. In 1943, at the Ritz Bar in New York City, he said to her: "Oh, Elizabeth, it's hopeless." "I know," she replied. She never married, and Perkins' wife, Louise, later took to drink and Catholicism, going so far as to sprinkle her husband's pillow with holy water every few days.

3. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865–1939) and MAUD GONNE (1866–1953)

Irish poet Yeats developed, at the age of 23, a passion for Maud Gonne—a six-foot-tall, red-haired, wellborn revolutionary—that was to remain unfulfilled for 50 years. Gonne, who could have frittered her life away as a social butterfly, devoted herself to the cause of poor Irish tenants. If her relationship with Yeats remained Platonic (they called it a "spiritual marriage"), it was not through her prudery—she had two children out of wedlock and married someone else in 1903. Why did she refuse Yeats? Her answer: "You make beautiful poetry out of what you call your unhappiness, and you are happy in that."

4. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW (1856–1950) and ELLEN TERRY (1847–1928)

Shaw considered his long and passionate correspondence with actress Ellen Terry a "wholly satisfactory love affair." She, married five times, signed at least one of her letters "your lover." He, who remained a virgin until he was 29 and a bachelor until his 40s, said of their unconsummated relationship: "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue and abiding love."

5. HORACE WALPOLE (1717–1797) and MARIE ANNE DE VICHY-CHAMROND, MARQUISE DU DEFFAND (1695–1781)

When he first saw her in her Paris *salon*, she was an intelligent, lively but withered and blind woman of 70. He was 48. They were fascinated with each other's wit, and he went to visit her every day when he was in France. When Walpole returned to England, they began a voluminous correspondence (there were more than 800 letters from her alone), which followed a peculiar pattern. Scared off by her passion, he would chide her for emotional excesses (though he called her *ma petite* and spoke of his "profound and loyal attachment" to her). Her responses were spirited. For example: "If you were a Frenchman, I would not hesitate to call you a great coxcomb. You are English and, therefore, only a great fool." Their relationship, never consummated, went on for 15 years with only occasional visits.

6. DANTE ALIGHIERI (1265–1321) and BEATRICE PORTINARI (1266–1290)

From the time he was nine years old, the Italian poet Dante worshiped Beatrice from afar. It was she who inspired him, whose spirit took him to paradise in the *Divine Comedy*. He had no desire to possess her but was content to satisfy his lust with his wife, Gemma, and his mistresses. Beatrice was also married.

FOURTEEN RECENTLY PATENTED INVENTIONS FOR IMPROVING SEXUAL SATISFACTION AND PERFORMANCE

1. *Contoured pillow* (U. S. Design Patent 220,823):

A pillow having two breast-receiving cavities.

2. *Protective coat* (U. S. Patent 3,147,486):

Keeps male organ warm to prevent excessive shrinking in cold weather.

3. *Human birth-control appliance* (U. S. Patent 3,536,066):

A pantylike garment having proboscis that unfolds and extends into the vagina during coitus to provide a mechanical barrier.

4. *Contraceptive article* (U. S. Patent 3,518,995):

An article of clothing to be worn about and heat the scrotum to produce temporary sterility.

5. *Genital erecter* (U. S. Patent 3,631,853):

The male genital organ is inserted into a transparent tube that is evacuated by a pump.

6. *Breast-developing jacket* (U. S. Patent 3,500,832):

A jacket within which warm water is circulated to enlarge arteries and veins and cause storage of fat tissue.

7. *Sexual aid* (U. S. Patent 3,401,687):

A flexible, split tube to support and rigidify a male penis.

8. *Adhesive brassiere* (U. S. Patent 3,276,449):

9. *Pubococcygeus muscle exerciser* (U. S. Patent 3,502,328):

An elongated mechanism that can be inserted into the vagina to provide resistance to contractions during exercise.

10. *Therapeutic device* (U. S. Patent 3,636,948):

A resilient band to be tightly wrapped around the penis near the pubic bone to enhance or effect erection.

11. *Anticircumcision ring* (U. S. Patent 2,538,136):

The foreskin is held in a retracted position by a removable ring to maintain sanitary conditions.

12. *Scrotum sleeve* (U. S. Patent 2,576,024):

The testicles are held downwardly to improve their function.

13. *Self-contained gynecologic stimulator* (U. S. Patent 3,996,930):

A V-shaped member with a trough for receiving the clitoris and a portion for insertion into the vagina to produce stimulation during movement.

14. *Dual-occupancy cradle* (U. S. Patent 3,668,722):

The superimposed partner is supported in a reasonably relaxed position.

FUTURE TENSE

(continued from page 118)

"'What makes you crazy is wanting to warn people, knowing no one in power to do anything will listen.'"

will begin wondering if you're all there. He destroyed the letter.

Instead of risking the reputation of his sanity both publicly and privately (his wife, an orthodox Catholic, had a very low tolerance for unorthodox weirdness), Greywolf kept his experience to himself and quietly went on a six-year occult reading binge, absorbing every bit of information he could find on psychic phenomena. During those years, he developed an interest in karate, and through karate discovered zazen, a Zen meditation in which one sits motionless before a blank white wall until he goes beyond boredom into a complete dissolution of ego consciousness. Zazen became a model for a psychic technique that Greywolf developed for his own experiments. He would relax in a chair and visualize a blank white screen and keep his attention focused there, careful not to let his own fantasies intrude on the void behind his eyes. He waited for spontaneous images. If he saw nothing after two or three minutes of deep and constant concentration, he stopped. The first few weeks he tried that experiment, he saw nothing he couldn't attribute to his own thought processes breaking through onto the screen. Again and again, nothing. Then, late in the evening of May 5, 1969, as he sat focusing on his mental screen, he saw something that felt alien, not a part of his own subconscious at all.

"I saw a small civilian aircraft with a long blue stripe and large numbers on the side flying through thick fog, coming in for a landing over rough terrain. It was flying low, at an angle. As she came down, one wheel hit the ground and the plane flipped over and hit a tree with tremendous impact. When the plane stopped moving, I could see the numbers clearly along its side. They started with the letter N, and then there were four numbers, followed by another letter. Then I saw a man lying down on the ground, half propped up by a tree. His head was falling forward on his chest, so I couldn't see his face, but I had the distinct impression that he was a fighter, a boxer. I seemed aware of his thoughts, and he was thinking something like, So this is what it's like to die."

When the series of images stopped, Greywolf, still uncertain that what he'd seen was a premonition, nonetheless wrote a detailed description of it, including the numbers he remembered seeing on the side of the small aircraft. Having recently learned of the C.P.R., he mailed off his description in a letter that Nelson received on May 9, 1969.

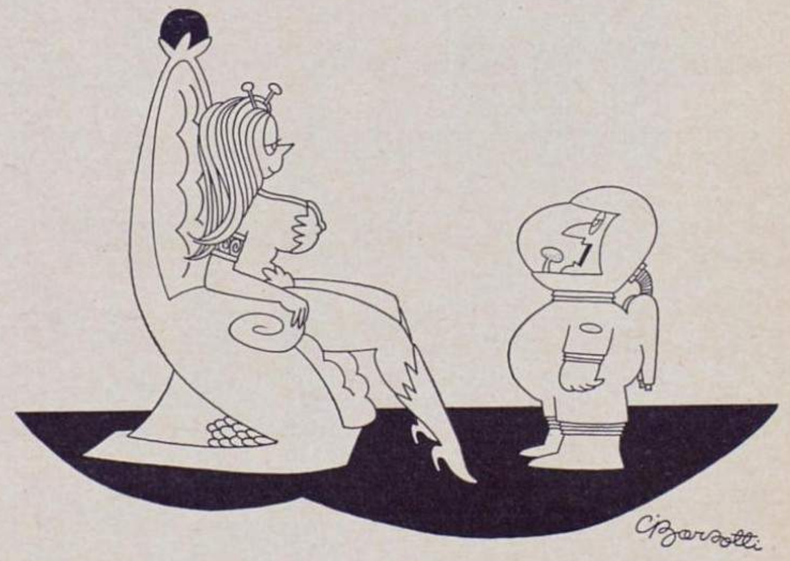
At approximately ten P.M. on August 31, 1969, a Cessna 172 carrying a pilot, Rocky Marciano and another passenger crashed in a farm field two and a half miles southwest of Newton Airport, not far from Des Moines. The pilot, Glenn Eugene Belz, wasn't rated for instrument flying, and there was a low cloud ceiling that night, affording no more than two miles' visibility. Belz, unaccustomed to landing solely by instrument, apparently miscalculated the location of the airport in the fog.

The numbers and letters on the side of the plane (N3149X) corresponded with numbers and letters Greywolf had seen, save one (Greywolf saw a two instead of a three). The details of Greywolf's premonition were sufficient to earn him a citation for a hit from the C.P.R., as well as Nelson's deep respect. "Let me put it this way," Nelson says. "Many a professional psychic could predict that something bad would happen to me in the next two weeks and I wouldn't worry. But if Greywolf predicted it, I'd be a little nervous."

Nerves play a big part in the world of premonitions. Take, for instance, the woman who foresaw the assassination attempt on George Wallace. When Nelson called her to request that she fill out a questionnaire he uses to compile data on the personal characteristics of hitters, she confessed that she'd sunk into an awful depression since the event had happened. She said she felt somehow responsible for Wallace's injury. Nelson tried to convince her she wasn't, but she told him that she never again wanted anything to do with psychic phenomena and refused to cooperate with him. "This whole thing has made me a nervous wreck," she said, and hung up. He has not heard from her since.

Even Greywolf, by most people's standards a relatively unshakable soul, confesses that the burden of his vision has sometimes been more than he could carry. "Do you know the frustration of seeing disasters before they happen and trying to get somebody to listen to you, and nobody—nobody—can help you? What makes you crazy is wanting to warn people, knowing that no person in power to do anything will listen. Bob Nelson has saved a lot of folks' sanity. He can't do much, but at least he can give them credit for having experienced something that most people wouldn't believe."

It's true that Nelson can't do much. He finances the registry out of his pocket with lecture fees he earns from various colleges and civic organizations interested in the paranormal. Although he has been a guest on the Merv Griffin show and the registry has been written up in several publications, no one has stepped forward to finance it. So far, he



"Hello, Mother Ship One, forget the death ray, send a vibrator."

TOMORROW'S NEWS TODAY: SOME PREDICTIONS

We asked **Robert D. Nelson,** *director of the Central Premonition Registry, to give us a sample of the predictions he has received that pertain to the Eighties. He divided them into two categories: those he's received from his "heavy hitters" and those he's received from first-time contributors to the registry.*

SEVEN HEAVY PREDICTIONS

1. There will be a new Israeli leader in 1980.

2. Ayatollah Khomeini will be deposed by the end of 1980.

3. Beginning in the summer of 1980, there will be strange weather reversals during the coming decade, bringing heavy rainfall to normally arid parts of the country and producing aridity in normally wet areas.

4. There will be a tragedy at a British air show in the summer of 1980. A British vintage Moth biplane will hit a British Airways Vickers jet.

5. There will be a new agreement reached by Begin, Arafat and Sadat early in 1980. A few months later, Arafat will be assassinated.

6. The Soviet Union will launch the first space station in 1985.

7. Sometime during the Eighties, there will be an atomic explosion near Albuquerque. Nine will be killed and the fallout effects will make the area unsafe to live in for years afterward.

THE BEST FROM THE REST

Politics

• Jimmy Carter will be renominated by the Democrats in 1980, with a black Vice-President.

• Jerry Brown will team up with Linda Ronstadt to win the primaries.

• Carter won't run for re-election. Edward M. Kennedy will be nominated but will never become President, due to a fatal accident.

• Richard Nixon will succeed Jerry Brown as California governor.

• The next President will be shot in 1981.

• Jerry Brown will be President in 1988 and his Vice-President will be Robert F. Kennedy's son.

• George Wallace will be elected President in 1980 but will be assassinated before the year is out.

• Edward M. Kennedy will run for President but will lose due to a scandal and family troubles involving a suicide.

Economics

• In 1981/1982, the U. S. economy will turn around and there will be 12 years of prosperity (no recessions).

Prominent Persons (general)

• George Harrison will release a new album in 1980.

• Kate Jackson will have a baby in 1980.

• Richard and Pat Nixon will break up in 1980.

Prominent Persons (death or injury)

• The Emperor of Japan will die in 1980.

• Lucille Ball will die in 1980.

• Shots will be fired at the President in 1980 but will miss him.

• There will be an assassination attempt on President Carter in August or September 1980.

Natural Disasters

• In the Eighties, there will be heavy earthquakes in California, causing severe damage in Los Angeles and San Francisco. There will also be a serious earthquake in New York.

• Volcanic activity during the Eighties will raise the earth's temperature and melt the polar ice caps.

• During the winter of 1980, a department-store roof will collapse, killing many.

Science and Medicine

• In the Eighties, there will be electrotreatments for gums, eyesight and hearing problems.

International Relations

• Warfare in parapsychological (psi) functions between the U.S.S.R. and the U. S. will become public in the spring and summer of 1980.

• There will be a new treaty between the U.S.S.R. and China in 1980.

• Puerto Rico will become the 51st state in 1980.

• There will be a new Soviet leader in 1980.

Civil Unrest

• A new revolutionary movement code named Samizdat will begin in Russia in 1980. It could threaten to overthrow the government.

Miscellaneous

• There will be a new Pope in 1980, a revolution in Catholicism and an end to the rule of celibacy for priests.

• By 1985, no animal, fish or fowl will be eaten in the U. S. The nation will have to become vegetarian.

SPECIAL HEAVY PREDICTION FOR 1990 FROM GREYWOLF, HEAVY OF HEAVIES

A large, glowing, mysterious object of gigantic proportions will appear moving toward earth through the constellations Pisces, Taurus and Gemini. This object is most likely an asteroid, but when it nears our solar system, it will cause havoc on earth for ten years or more.

and Nanci have managed to handle the daily flow of predictions, filing each one on its own index card. The cards, in the basement of the Nelsons' eight-room suburban home—all 7500 of them—are stored along with original letters, copies of Nelson's replies, the questionnaires he sends to all who submit predictions to the C.P.R. and 11 years of correspondence. Each day, the Nelsons and an occasional volunteer scrutinize dozens of newspapers, checking each story against their backlog of predictions. It's a tedious job that would be done far better by a computer, but Nelson can't afford to set up such a system. His main hope that this might change comes from a call he recently received from an organization in Seattle that's trying to put together a national computerized premonitions hotline with a toll-free number. "I don't know how far along they are," he says. Meanwhile, since Nelson is neither subsidized nor computerized, one wonders what he can do to prevent disasters.

"The registry is basically a research project," he says. "Originally, we had no intentions of being a disaster-deferral agency. But if I ever receive two or more premonitions from different parts of the country describing what appears to be the same event, I can get to people who can prevent, for instance, a plane crash easier than the people who had the premonitions could. I heard that a professional psychic in New York also had a premonition about the DC-10 crash that Booth saw. If both of them had written to me, it would have been the first time in the registry's history that I had the same prediction on file from two people. You can bet I would have been on the phone to American Airlines as soon as I received the second prediction."

Shawn Robbins, a 34-year-old ex-model, is the New York psychic to whom Nelson refers. She, like Greywolf, is an aircraft-disaster specialist, having predicted several plane crashes over the radio during the past six years. She first predicted the O'Hare DC-10 crash in January 1979 while being interviewed on a talk show on station KRMG in Tulsa, and she predicted it twice more on talk shows in Savannah and Cincinnati. She didn't dream the sharp details that Booth had dreamed, but she did specify that the crash would involve an American Airlines plane flying out of O'Hare, bound for the West Coast.

Like Booth, Robbins hadn't heard of the Central Premonition Registry at the time of her premonition. Yet she points out that many of her premonitions have occurred within hours or days of the actual event and that it would be nearly impossible for Nelson or anybody else to prevent a calamity under such short notice. For instance, one of her most

Rings enlarged for detail and do not reflect actual sizes.

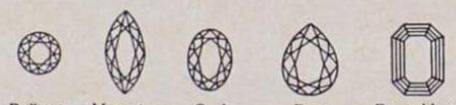
The important questions you should ask when choosing her diamond engagement ring.

The diamond is the most important part of her ring.
Every diamond is unique because no two in the world are exactly alike. The value and price depend on four factors: clarity, color, cut and carat weight.

What is the carat weight?
The weight of a diamond is given in carats, with 100 points to a carat. You should always know exactly what you're getting, so ask the carat weight of your diamond. The chart will give you an idea of the sizes of the different weights of diamonds.

¼ Carat	⅓ Carat	½ Carat	¾ Carat
25 points	33 points	50 points	75 points

How does the cut affect a diamond?
A diamond is the hardest stone known to man and it can only be cut by another diamond. Properly cut, the facets release the fire and brilliance no other precious stone possesses.



What else affects the value of a diamond?
The jeweler will also tell you about the other two factors that affect a diamond and its price.
One is color.
Most diamonds have a delicate touch of color. The nearer it gets to being absolutely colorless, the more valuable it is.
The other factor is clarity. Most diamonds contain minute natural imperfections and, as long as they do not affect the passage of light through the diamond, they will not affect its beauty.
A diamond without any imperfections is very rare indeed and therefore even more precious.

How much should you spend?
A good guideline is about a month's salary. But it's really up to you. Diamonds are available in such a wide range of prices, you're sure to find one to fit your taste and budget.
The most important thing to remember is to give her a diamond she'll be happiest with. After all, you'll be sharing it for a lifetime with someone you love.
If you have more questions, ask a jeweler. And send for the booklet, "Everything You'd Love to Know...About Diamonds." Just mail $1.00 to Diamond Information Center, 3799 Jasper St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19124.

A diamond is forever.

Figures are based on popular price ranges quoted by jewelers throughout the country in March 1979, but may be higher or lower. De Beers

famous hits—the collision of a PSA jet and a Cessna over San Diego in September 1978—came to her on the day of the crash. She made her prediction on a radio talk show a mere four hours before it occurred.

"In cases like that," says Nelson, "we'd need a computer system, a WATS hotline, direct lines to the FAA and to people at decision-making levels in airline companies." But even with a system such as he describes, Nelson admits that most premonitions lack sufficient detail to enable a computer to isolate when, where and how a disaster will occur. "With the best resources and equipment, our greatest effectiveness would be in averting plane crashes, and that's because people are frequently able to identify the airline, and sometimes the airport involved. Plus, we have control over our airplanes. We can ground them if we think something's wrong. But earthquakes and other natural disasters—who can control nature?"

That's a question that applies not only to natural disasters but to the phenomenon of the premonition itself. Who can control it? For most people who've hit with the C.P.R., their entry into that odd time zone turns out to be a one-shot thing, an incredible experience never to be forgotten, and certainly not under their control. Many of them echo David Booth's lament: They felt like something had taken them over.

But *does* something take them over? Or are premonitions the evidence of a little-used faculty common to all of us, one that occasionally becomes active in a few of us? Or (and this is the only explanation many people will accept) are premonitions merely startling coincidences and nothing more? Nobody knows for sure, but if anyone has a good idea, it's Dr. Montague Ullman, psychoanalyst, author and founder of America's only dream laboratory devoted exclusively to parapsychological research.

•

Monty Ullman is a tall, slender, gray-haired man with the dignified bearing of a scholar and the impersonal yet warm manner of most good shrinks. Above all, he is a scientist. During the early years of his psychoanalytic practice, he was intrigued and then fascinated by the frequency with which his patients reported dreams about him that contained bits of information about his private life that could have been learned only through means other than direct communication.

He discussed this phenomenon with several analysts, some of whom had also experienced it but had dismissed it as coincidence. Ullman wasn't at all sure that it was coincidence and he was determined to explore the matter further. Out of that determination came the dream lab at Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, where Ullman was director of the Division of Parapsychology and Psychophysics from 1962 to 1978, when he retired, leaving the lab in charge of his longtime research associate, Charles Honorton. (The lab, recently renamed Psychophysical Research Laboratories, has been relocated in Princeton, New Jersey.)

Some of the results of Ullman's experiments with Alan Vaughan and other psychics were published in *Dream Telepathy*, a book Ullman wrote with his colleague Dr. Stanley Krippner and Vaughan in 1972. (Vaughan, by the way, is the one nationally known psychic who regularly sends premonitions to the C.P.R. and has recorded five hits, tying him with Greywolf for the lead on Nelson's hit list.) Ullman's conclusion in the book is clear: There is something about the dream state that *certainly* makes premonitions possible. "In my opinion," he says, "they do occur."

How they occur is another matter, one upon which Ullman can still only speculate. But he and other parapsychological scientists do have some notions about the psychological make-up of people who have premonitions.

"It seems that the early mother-child relationship is the cradle of all ESP functions in human beings," he says. "There is a nonverbal, nonphysical line of communication open between mother and child that must be open for the infant to survive. Literature is filled with accounts of mothers' 'sensing' their infant was in trouble or hungry, or in pain, even though the child was separated from her. This whole area of the psychic relationship between mothers and children needs to be explored further."

Ullman speculates that the reason many neurotic patients seem to exhibit some sort of psychic connection with their therapists is that early in the therapeutic process, the patient may temporarily regress emotionally into a state of symbiotic dependence and closeness with the therapist. However, Ullman points out that most patients, upon overcoming their neuroses, also lose the psychic link with their doctors.

But the parapsychological—"psi"—capabilities of neurotics in therapy are an exception, Ullman says, for experimental evidence by other parapsychologists indicates that emotionally unstable people display far lower psychic ability than well-integrated and outgoing individuals. "They've found that generally, the less neurotic the personality, the better the test scores in an experimental situation."

Another factor that bears heavily upon a person's psi capabilities, says Ullman, is what is known in the parapsychology field as the "sheep and goat syndrome." What this means is that those who believe that human beings are capable of extrasensory awareness (the sheep) generally score better in psi experiments than those who think it's all a bunch of hooey (goats).

The third factor is the relative ease with which a person can relax and enter what Ullman calls "passive states" such as daydreaming or experience an altered state of consciousness such as hypnosis. Nervous sleepers, people who routinely fail to remember their dreams and people who find it difficult to be calm for more than a few minutes will have a hard time awakening their psychic potential.

Ullman has also observed that, "on occasion, certain precognitive dreams are different from ordinary dreams—they are more insistent and persistent in the dreamers' thoughts afterward.

"The dream is either about the trivial or the terrible," says Ullman. "That is to say, one may have a premonition about finding a quarter on the sidewalk or about the death of a close relative, but rarely about a moderately stressful event such as going to the dentist, for instance."

Dreams of terrible disasters often produce acute guilt feelings in the dreamers themselves, based on their concern that they might have averted the actual event. "There's no evidence that a person who has had a premonition of a disaster is in any way responsible for it," he says. "Sometimes, when the disaster involves someone close to the subject, the sensitivity the subject has to the victim creates this feeling of responsibility. Many people who've written to me and reported having precognitive dreams about painful circumstances become terrified, so terrified that they develop a fear of dreaming itself."

Ullman is quick to point out that only a small percentage of disaster dreams actually come true. "We've seen one in our experiments, where a subject had a dream that warned him of a real future incident. But we've recorded hundreds of dreams of accidents that never happened." Obviously, that is what makes it hard for people like Nelson to sort out the real from the false prophets.

Given that difficulty, plus the catch-22ish fact that a premonition can only be positively certified as a premonition through hindsight, will mankind ever be able to use precognition as an early-warning system to stop impending disasters? We put the question to Charles Honorton in Princeton.

"Well," says Honorton, "even if you had ten of the most talented, reliable psychics sitting in one room, concentrating night and day on picking up future catastrophes, it would still be a very iffy proposition at this stage of our knowledge about precognition. Even the best psychics are wrong as often as they are right. They can be dramatically correct or completely off. So most of our current research is directed toward making psychic ability generally more reliable, so that we know the psychological and physical correlates—signs—that indicate a person has had a true premonition. But, frankly, the limited funds available for this kind of research make it unlikely that we're going to advance very fast in this area. If we had more research going on, then I might say, yes, one day, we might be able to distinguish a real premonition from a false one nearly all the time."

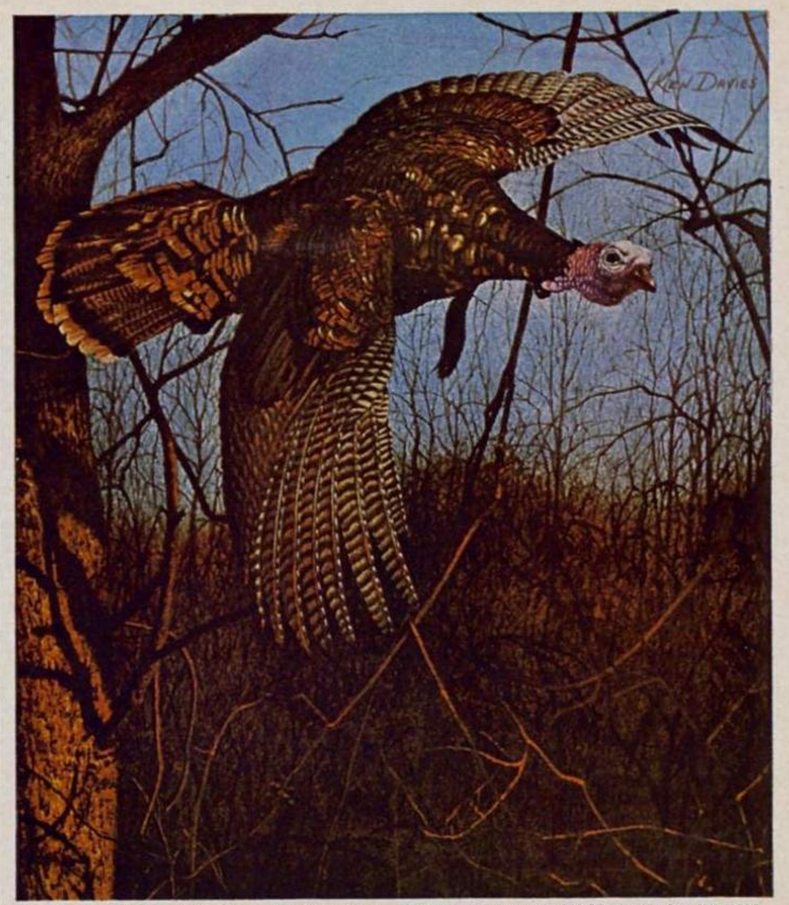
But then Honorton throws a philosophical monkey wrench into the works that, as he says, gets us into some fairly cosmic questions. "The fact is," he says with a reflective sigh, "when you talk about preventing a disaster based on a premonition, you run into a paradox. Let's say you have a psychic who's almost always accurate and he predicts an accident. If you prevent the accident, he didn't have a precognition. It might just be that certain things are unavoidable."

But even if our scientists *are* eventually able to recognize true premonitions most of the time, and even if there *is* some way around their paradoxical nature that enables us to use premonitions to prevent disasters, one barrier may never be overcome: human skepticism. The FAA's Williams says that after Booth's premonition of the American Airlines DC-10 crash was made public, "The general reaction around the aviation industry was one of amazement, because the details were so nearly right. And in this one case, I think many people in this business wanted to accept Booth's dreams as premonition. But at the same time, they don't want to believe such phenomena exist, that such a thing can happen." And perhaps that's the biggest paradox of all.

•

It's lunchtime again at *The New York Times* and Robert Nelson heads over to the Times Square Station P.O. box, just as he does every day at noon. It's a good day for premonitions and the box is stuffed—12 letters. He can't read them all at the moment but opens one just for fun. "Dear sirs," he reads aloud, "There will be a massive earthquake in New York on September 1, 1979." Nelson checks his watch and notes that today is September first. "Well, one way or another," he says, "I won't have to check up on this prediction after midnight tonight."

Back on the street, a truck filled with gravel rumbles by, shaking the pavement a bit with its weight. Nelson pauses, notes the source of the rumbling and keeps walking.



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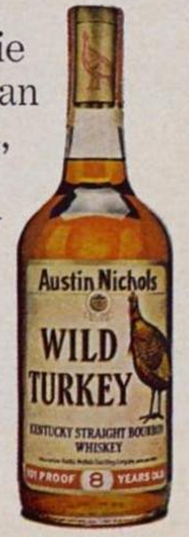

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BO

(continued from page 146)

"'I couldn't come back to America with Bo; that would have been statutory rape, contributing.'"

because my father did a motorcycle stunt in *Bye Bye Birdie*. Ann-Margret liked motorcycles, so my father taught her to ride. It seems I've always known her." So goes the route from Long Beach surf set to the showbiz scene in Vegas. There, a big-time agent first saw the blinding light that the world would eventually come to know as Bo Derek.

What happened in between—don't forget, we're telling a Cinderella story, with Ann-Margret as the fairy godmother—was a twist of plot introducing a retired but potent Prince Charming from movieland, a dark, almost dangerously handsome fellow whose name had been changed to John Derek at least a decade before Mary Cathleen was born. "I *hate* acting," Derek often repeated during a career that, roughly, ran the gamut from *Knock on Any Door* (1949) to *Exodus* (1960). Producing and directing or photographing and marrying fantastic women became Derek's preferred occupations. As a kind of career engineer, he had already worked wonders with his second wife, Ursula Andress, and was happily married to Linda Evans, his third (both were the subjects of memorable PLAYBOY pictorials by Derek).

John wasn't shopping for other women, per se, but he *was* on the lookout for a fresh young thing to star in a movie he planned to shoot in Greece, *And Once Upon a Time*. Enter the agent with his agent's line: Have I got a girl for you. "He swore he'd found the most beautiful girl in the world," Derek says. "But when we met, I didn't go ape. I thought Bo was pretty, but I needed a brunette and there was this teenager . . . blonde, blonde, blonde. I mean, there was no craving, no lechery in me, because I was still deeply in love with Linda and totally satisfied. Except, I suppose, there *were* twinges. Bo was the forbidden fruit I have always found interesting." The rest is history, or perhaps biology—the beginning of the end of Derek's idyl with Linda, followed by the early scenes of a May-December romance with overtones of adult soap opera. Bo's hair was dyed black and John liked what he saw. Because she was underage, they had to hang out in Europe for a while, literally trapped by love. "I couldn't come back to America with Bo; that would have been statutory rape . . . contributing to the delinquency. . . . When Bo told her mother she wasn't going home with her, the shit hit the fan. There were a lot of hostile people around."

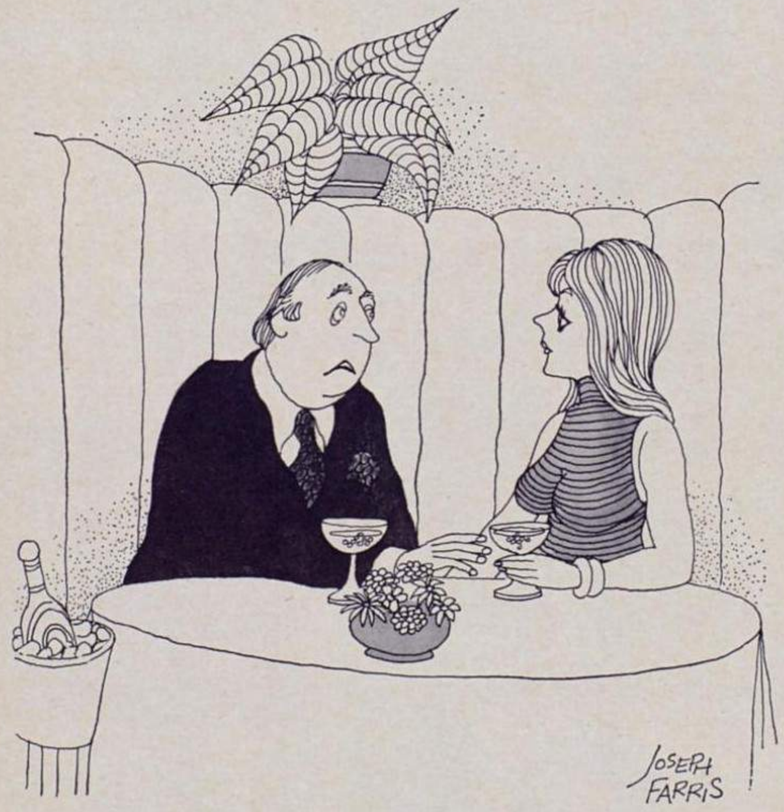
Once they were safely married, John steered Bo's career in earnest. They turned down the top female role in *King Kong* (to Derek, "It read like a vulgar Mel Brooks comedy, and I am not a Mel Brooks fan"), despite the persistent urging of superproducer Dino De Laurentiis. "Oh, yeah," Bo recalls, "Dino was running me from office to office, and slapping me on the cheek all the time."

John nods. "Dino decided he *had* to have her in one of his pictures. So then she was offered *Drum*, and in the first scene, she's supposed to be tickling the balls of a black guy, and I said, 'What *is* this shit?'"

Everyone finally agreed to let Bo appear in Dino's *Orca* with Richard Harris. Bo doesn't talk about it very much, except to note cryptically, "A three-day part and we were on location for nine months. I was the girl in the water . . . I had my leg bitten off by a killer whale."

The Dereks are currently settled in a comfy water-view apartment in Marina Del Rey. He is 53, with a mane of silver-white hair, undiminished good looks and the commanding manner of a man who knows exactly what he thinks on most subjects. One of John's favorite subjects happens to be Bo (they invented her name together somewhere between Greece and *Orca*), 30 years his junior; and the walls of the flat are dominated by blown-up photo images of her—in the surf, in the sand or in the sack, looking tennish at all times. When I first went to visit, *"10"* had not yet opened and Derek deftly parried any effusive compliments about the photography, pointing out that one was flawed by Bo's "baby fat"; in another, you could detect a minor facial blemish that had been surgically removed a few days before.

If Derek resembled a Pygmalion fussing over the fine points of the fair lady he helped create, Bo played her role with a total lack of pretense and scarcely a flash of vanity. She could even be breezy about John's previous women. "Ursula is wonderful, she was my ideal when I was a kid, because of *She* and all those



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WS 5

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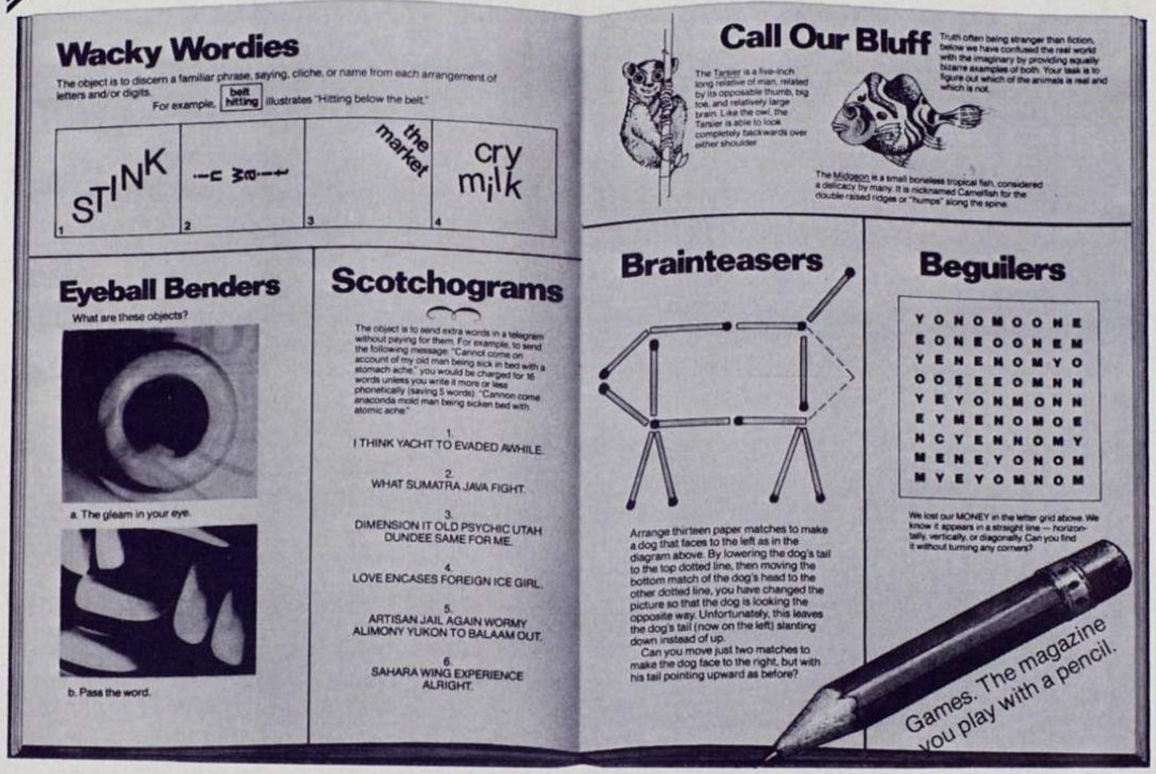
Wacky Wordies
The object is to discern a familiar phrase, saying, cliche, or name from each arrangement of letters and/or digits.
For example, belt hitting illustrates "Hitting below the belt."
STINK
the market
cry milk
1
2
3
4
Eyeball Benders
What are these objects?
a. The gleam in your eye.
b. Pass the word.
Scotchograms
The object is to send extra words in a telegram without paying for them. For example, to send the following message: "Cannot come on account of my old man being sick in bed with a stomach ache," you would be charged for 16 words unless you write it more or less phonetically (saving 8 words): "Cannon come anaconda mold man being sicken bed with atomic ache."
1. I THINK YACHT TO EVADED AWHILE.
2. WHAT SUMATRA JAVA FIGHT.
3. DIMENSION IT OLD PSYCHIC UTAH DUNDEE SAME FOR ME.
4. LOVE ENCASES FOREIGN ICE GIRL.
5. ARTISAN JAIL AGAIN WORMY ALIMONY YUKON TO BALAAM OUT.
6. SAHARA WING EXPERIENCE ALRIGHT.
Call Our Bluff
Truth often being stranger than fiction, below we have confused the real world with the imaginary by providing equally bizarre examples of both. Your task is to figure out which of the animals is real and which is not.
The Tarsier is a five-inch long relative of man, related by its opposable thumb, big toe, and relatively large brain. Like the owl, the Tarsier is able to look completely backwards over either shoulder.
The Midgeon is a small boneless tropical fish, considered a delicacy by many. It is nicknamed Camelfish for the double raised ridges or "humps" along the spine.
Brainteasers
Arrange thirteen paper matches to make a dog that faces to the left as in the diagram above. By lowering the dog's tail to the top dotted line, then moving the bottom match of the dog's head to the other dotted line, you have changed the picture so that the dog is looking the opposite way. Unfortunately, this leaves the dog's tail (now on the left) slanting down instead of up.
Can you move just two matches to make the dog face to the right, but with his tail pointing upward as before?
Beguilers
YONOMOONE
EONEOONEM
YENENOMYO
OOEEEOMNN
YEYONMONN
EYMENOMOE
NCYENNOMY
MENEYONOM
MYEYOMNOM
We lost our MONEY in the letter grid above. We know it appears in a straight line — horizontally, vertically, or diagonally. Can you find it without turning any corners?
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A PLAYBOY PUBLICATION

ANSWER DRAWER. **Wacky Wordies:** 1. Raise a big stink 2. Lying in wait 3. Corner the market 4. Cry over spilt milk. **Eyeball Benders:** a. Tooth paste tube b. Telephone cord. **Scotchograms:** 1. I think you ought to have waited a while. 2. What's the matter did you have a figure? 3. Don't mention it, old sidekick. You'd have done the same for me. 4. Love and kisses for a nice girl 5. Ain't it an absolute. Here me all the money you can to bail him out. 6. It's a harrowing experience tonight. Call **Bail.** The kidnapper is a phoney. **Beguilers:** MONEY (begins in the third row, seventh column, and reads diagonally downwards). **Brainteasers:**

WS 8

films. Then Linda became my idol after I met her, she's so spectacular. . . ."

When they get down to specifics, it's Bo who remembers, "You were with Ursula for ten years, then with Linda for ten——"

"Was it ten?" Derek frowns half mockingly. "I thought seven or nine."

"Ten," Bo corrects him, "at least according to your T-shirt." The T-shirt, privately famous, is a memento made up for John's last birthday at a surprise party given for him by Linda—with Bo and Ursula attending. Such good friends. John's surprise was a T-shirt emblazoned with photographs he had taken of all three wives (and three out of four ain't bad). "We each wore one," Bo explains, "and on the back was a funny picture I had taken of John. He's like the guru, with a pink petunia behind his ear."

There's also a question mark on the shirt accompanying the shots of Ursula, Linda and Bo, that speculates as to who'd be the next in '78. That's a joke, Bo and John agree. Anyway, they still have half a decade to go before the law of averages looms. Everything they tell me sounds perfectly sensible, terrific, but we're only a stone's throw from Beverly Hills, after all. I secretly start to wonder whether or not people ever talk this way in Cleveland.

"I like very beautiful things, be it an animal, a tree or a woman," says Derek by way of capsulizing his personal philosophy. "When I was married to Ursula, she was everything to me, not just my wife but my life. That's how I am.

"Comparing Bo with Linda and Ursula, if I must, I'd say they are both more like mortals, while Bo on the screen is unreal, pure fantasy. It's a chemistry she gets either in movies or in still photos . . . there's some magic coming out of her."

We're now talking about the Bo Derek boom that immediately followed the national release of *"10."* Even John found the aftershock "staggering," and he's a battle-scarred veteran of Tinseltown hype. "Thank God I came out of the womb in Hollywood Hospital. If she had a regular husband, he couldn't have coped with this."

Bo herself seemed to be coping pretty well as the besieged Dereks, with their phone ringing off the wall, prepared to fly off to Tokyo on the first leg of a six-week holiday and photographic junket around the world, including a few stops in Europe to do publicity. "It's really funny," says she, "and I can't quite relate it to *me*. But my salary has jumped up overnight from $35,000 to $500,000. We'd no sooner agreed to *that* than someone called my agent to say they'll double the figure and pay me $1,000,000 a picture."

Her next film, starting early this year, will be *A Change of Season* (formerly *Consenting Adults*), with Bo as a college dream girl who bedazzles a professor played by Anthony Hopkins, whose wife will be played by Shirley MacLaine. Later this spring, she'll begin *High Road to China* opposite Roger Moore. "It's a period piece, set in 1928," says Bo, "and I'll be a wealthy, mysterious American girl in search of her father, looking in places like Istanbul. Sort of Dietrichy."

"I saw the script, of course," John interjects, "and the opening scene has the most spectacular introduction for an actress I've ever read."

Mr. and Mrs. Derek's further plans for the future include *Ism-Schmism*, a script of his own that John intends to bring to the screen with Bo starring. They also want to build a log-cabin houseboat, complete with wood-burning fireplace, and moor it at Lake Powell—their favorite haven from the pressures of Hollywood fame and fortune. They also want to own a ranch, with lots of animals. And Bo wants to make movies of her own. Behind the camera, not in front of it. "My acting career won't be that long. The way I feel now, I'd like to return from acting as soon as I make lots of money. I'd like to be the boss. I'd like to produce and direct, and see how much I've got on my own."

Few people realize that Bo functioned *ipso facto* as the independent producer of Derek's *Love You*, a hard-core film completed a year or so ago. Derek facetiously calls it "our hanky-panky movie," though *Love You* is so exquisitely photographed, carefully crafted and lyrical that neither the major distributors nor the smut merchants can fit it into any of the pigeonholes of pornography. "Bo really worked on that project," John declares. "She did *all* of it, cooked every meal, accounted for every penny we spent, bawling people out and screaming and crying and making me go on when I'd get to the point where I'd say fuck it, I don't want any part of this crap."

Bo smiles with wifely deference. "John has taught me everything."

Frequent press stories that emphasize John's playing Svengali to Bo's tremulous Trilby are a family joke, though both will join in that game when it suits them. John is apt to startle a reporter by remarking that he always gets along fine with his women "as soon as they recognize that I am God," a notion not likely to endear him to feminists. When a guy has just successfully launched a sizzling showbiz comet, who cares? "If she's going to be pegged as a sex goddess," Derek notes, "then I tell her, be the best sex goddess there is, not one of those plastic Angels falling on their asses. Bo doesn't really know yet how beautiful she is, but she amazes me every day. Suddenly, I see this child becoming an incredible woman. Talk about 10s or 12s, I'm beginning to think maybe she's a 500." Maybe he's right.

"When I said he was beautiful inside, I wasn't referring to his character, silly."

CONNALLY

(continued from page 144)

"Connally is fortunate merely to be alive and out of jail. He believes in destiny, especially his own."

religion. Balance the budget, cut spending, reduce taxes, deregulate, speed up depreciation, balance the trade account, reward work and punish sloth, and so on and so forth. The mind wanders. You can always ignore the detailed campaign promises of a political candidate. Franklin Roosevelt promised to balance the budget and put an end to the extravagances of that notorious profligate Herbert Hoover. And when he ran for governor of Texas, Connally promised, among other things, to cut state spending by ten percent and to pass a law limiting governors to two terms. Spending doubled during Connally's three terms. When an excited aide asked Huey Long how he planned to explain his failure to live up to a campaign promise to some interest group, Long impatiently said, "Fuck 'em. Tell 'em I lied."

So you listen to the music and not the words. Connally plays Adam Smith and Milton Friedman on that old honky-tonk piano and it sounds as good as it did almost 20 years ago, when I listened to Barry Goldwater play the same tunes. There were about 20 of us back then, I remember—of 10,000 or 12,000 students on campus, we were the only ones who openly called ourselves conservatives and wore Goldwater buttons to prove it. We were a couple of dozen kooks reading Hayek and Strauss and fretting over the steadily encroaching tyranny of the state, the masses and the rationalist mode of thinking. Our professors and even our parents didn't want anything to do with us. Those were the days of the Peace Corps, civil rights, the twilight struggle and the Great Society. We could not have been more out of step.

What followed is . . . what followed. The Sixties, which extended into the Seventies. The New Left. Vietnam. All the rest of it, a blitzkrieg of history. Now Barry Goldwater is a respected elder statesman. Free-enterprise tracts like William Simon's *A Time for Truth* make the best-seller list. Everybody running for office beyond the courthouse level is talking balanced budgets and limited government. Liberal is a dirty word, and liberals everywhere are shedding it as a label. An intellectual movement called neoconservatism made up mostly of former liberals is in full vigor, with several publications and, of all things, a Washington think tank to keep it going. The whole country is turning right, the pundits say. Proposition 13 rolled up a big score. The death penalty is making a comeback. E.R.A. and national health are stalemated. The rising wave is conservative and Connally wants to ride it into the White House. Strange, I think, for the protégé of Lyndon Johnson, our nemesis back in those old days. Connally delivers his belligerent trademark line about getting the Japanese to open their borders to trade or letting them sit on the docks of Yokohama in their Toyotas, watching their Sonys. He *sounds* like Johnson. Even though most of us weren't even old enough to vote, we would have died before we voted for L.B.J.

I don't know what happened to the others. Some of them are still working the political fields, I imagine. They have probably moved so far right that they are with the libertarians, who believe that we can fix a lot of what is wrong in this country by selling the highways to free enterprise and maintaining the Army and Navy by voluntary contributions.

Since the Goldwater days, I have rambled around the right in an indifferent, journalistic fashion, interviewing Milton Friedman and Irving Kristol, touching base with William Buckley and Henry Mencken's stepchild, Bob Tyrrell. But a lot of the fun has gone out of it for me. It isn't honky-tonk piano anymore, it's Muzak and you hear it everywhere. I am still a conservative, I suppose, but I believe that you could balance the budget, eliminate the minimum wage, cut taxes, end monopolies—create an economy that would dazzle Adam Smith himself. You could do all of that and life in this country would not seem very much better and in many ways would get worse and worse until it would become insupportable and give way to tyranny. Carter was right: The crisis is spiritual.

It is distressing to think that it took a collection of Patrick Caddell polls to convince the President of that. Especially since he is supposed to be a religious man and a reader. José Ortega y Gasset, T. S. Eliot, George Orwell and a few dozen others would have been better starting material for him than Caddell. But at least he discovered the right formulation: The crisis is spiritual.

Connally doesn't think anything of the sort. What he wants for the country is more of the same. Forcefully administered, of course.

•

How can you explain John Connally? By all rational, empirical, historical logic, he should be as dead politically as Harold Stassen. He is fortunate merely to be alive and out of jail. He is certainly the only feasible Presidential candidate who has changed parties, been indicted for a felony and nearly died in an ambush that killed a President of the United States. Against that kind of bond with destiny, all the rest of the humdrum explanations for what goes on in our national political life—the powers of the incumbency and the press, the solidity of the South—all of them pale. No political-science course in America can adequately explain Connally. He cannot even explain himself. But it is clear that he believes in destiny, especially his own, and he believes that in 1980, he will run for President against Ted Kennedy, youngest brother of the man whose head was blown off when he rode in the car with Connally back in November of 1963.

Connally has come far. There were no electric lights in his father's house until 1940. Less than 20 years later, Connally was paid $750,000 to handle the estate of Sid Richardson, the famous Texas wildcatter. As a young Texas attorney, making his way to the big money, Connally carried a cigarette lighter even though he didn't smoke; he fired up the lighter whenever he saw a cigarette in the lips of a man big enough to help him on his inevitable way. He rubbed up against the big money, decided he liked the feel of it and has made sure that he is on intimate terms with it ever since. He has plenty now, including a 9000-acre ranch near Floresville, Texas, and the little farm where he grew up. Connally has made it amply by Texas standards, and beyond what most other people can even imagine.

But money was never the whole of Connally's large ambition: necessary but not sufficient. He wanted power and its appointments as well. From the time he ran for president of the University of Texas student body and was one of the first nonfraternity candidates to win, he has kept his eye on high office. His law firm stock-piles two sets of stationery: one with a letterhead that includes Connally's name and one on which it is absent. That stationery is used whenever Connally makes one of his frequent, and brief, trips into Government.

This journey started with Lyndon Johnson before World War Two. Connally managed the young Congressman's office, staying late every night, he remembers, "to type 40 or 50 letters before I went home to bed." He was commissioned in the Navy and served on carriers in the Pacific. (Since Eisenhower, all of our Presidents have been Navy men.) When he came home, Connally and some other veterans bought a radio station with Johnson's help. Connally worked at the station and there are pictures from that time of him doing duty as a disc jockey.

In 1948, he decided to manage Johnson's Senate campaign. But first, Johnson

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had to be persuaded to run, which was not easy. His feral political instincts and his fear of losing told him that it was not worth the risk. He had a safe seat in the House. If he ran for the Senate and lost, he would be out of politics altogether. For all his Texas swagger, Johnson was that unattractive combination of coward and bully. Connally's poker instincts are far better. Johnson liked pat hands and proved it in 1960, when he managed to run for both the Vice-Presidency and the Senate.

But in 1948, he could not show that kind of gall. He agonized and the people who were urging him to run turned itchy. The campaign was getting closer and they wanted an announced candidate. Well, hell, Connally finally said, maybe *he'd* run if Lyndon couldn't make up his mind to do it. Johnson announced the next day. On election night, it appeared that he had lost until a late recount turned up another 203 votes and he won by 87 of 1,000,000 cast. It was widely assumed, and still is—though Connally denies it—that the election was stolen and that Connally at least knew what was going on. It was that election that resulted in the nickname Landslide Lyndon, which Johnson so detested.

The entire performance was typical of Connally. He will not be pushed around—which he proved to Nixon's sycophants years later—and he plays to win. The rules and the forms are not important. He remained close to Johnson. It was a stormy, complicated relationship, too easily described as father/son or older and younger brother. They were two proud and ambitious men who relied on each other and who could not afford to be enemies. But each suspected the other of some grave flaw. "The trouble with John," Johnson once said, "is that he's forgotten what it is like to be poor." And during the evil days of Vietnam, Johnson called Connally late one night, near despair and full of whiskey. He was doing his best, he said helplessly, but nobody understood him. Nobody loved him. Connally consoled him and told him that he shouldn't listen to the critics. Later he told friends that he wished Johnson were tougher.

After Johnson went to the Senate, Connally began to chase his material fortunes. He did not want to go back into public life, he said, until he had financial security.

But he surfaced from time to time in Washington, most conspicuously in 1956 during an intense fight to deregulate the price of natural gas. Connally functioned, but never registered, as a lobbyist—claiming he was representing his own interests. In the midst of the debate, an envelope full of cash appeared on the desk of one Senator, who became outraged. Never clearly tied in with the bribery attempt, Connally, nonetheless, left town. The bill was defeated. There was an investigation, carefully managed by Johnson, which produced no results.

Connally next appeared on the national political scene when he managed Johnson's campaign for the Democratic nomination in 1960. At the convention, he spread the rumors about Kennedy's health and dependence on drugs. But those were cheerfully cynical times and Kennedy selected Johnson as his running mate and appointed Connally Secretary of the Navy.

Connally stayed in Washington less than a year, then went back to Texas—against Johnson's advice—to run for governor. He overcame a recognition factor of less than one percent by spending vast sums of campaign money—detractors say that he virtually bought the Mexican vote. He won. He was rated no better than a tossup for re-election when he was gravely wounded in the ambush that killed Kennedy. He gained a kind of political immortality from his brush with death and for almost two years wore a black arm sling, like a crippled gun fighter, until some critics pointed out that it was getting a little frayed at the edges.

Connally was re-elected twice. Nothing spectacular happened in Texas during his administrations—nothing governmental, at least, though economic growth in Texas was fearsome during those years. He was an indifferent supporter of the Great Society. He was once driven by limousine to meet a group of protesters who were marching to the capitol for a confrontation with him—only to tell them when he got there that he would not meet with them. When he first heard that Martin Luther King, Jr., had been shot, Connally remarked that King had "contributed much to the chaos and the strife and the uncertainty in the country, but he deserved not the fate of assassination."

In 1971, he was invited to Washington by Nixon and became the most conspicuous Treasury Secretary since Andrew Mellon. He administered Nixon's attempt to freeze wages and prices. He lobbied hard and successfully for the loans that saved Lockheed from bankruptcy. He negotiated with—and often bullied—European nations during the devaluation of the dollar. He was, by all accounts, decisive and tough. He told the Nixon palace guard—young men accustomed to telling Cabinet officers to "put it in writing"—that he did not deal with them but with the President. Columnist Joseph Kraft called him the most able man in Washington.

Then he quit and went back to Texas. He formed Democrats for Nixon in 1972, when George McGovern was the Democratic candidate. Later, in the middle of Watergate, he signed on, unhappily, as Nixon's unpaid advisor. He told his boss to burn the tapes. He quit again, that time without fanfare, then announced that he was becoming a Republican. One reporter said it was the first known case of a rat swimming *to* a sinking ship.

In 1974, Connally was indicted for taking two $5000 bribes. The indictments were the work of the Watergate special prosecutor's office, once led by rival Houston lawyer Leon Jaworski. Connally was found not guilty by a Washington, D.C., jury—mostly black—after his lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, brought in a string of character witnesses that included Billy Graham and Barbara Jordan, the black Congresswoman from Texas who had spoken so movingly at the impeachment hearings.

Despite the acquittal, that episode appeared to spell the end, politically, for Connally. For a river-boat gambler, he had done well—made a pile and stayed one step ahead of the posse all the way. He still had a beautiful wife, children, a lot of money and the ability and contacts he needed to make a lot more. It was time to head back to the ranch.

Then the Fates began to do their work once again in Connally's favor. Jimmy Carter slipped badly. It was not so much that he was having trouble; it was the kind of trouble he was having. Carter appeared indecisive and unsure of himself, a weak and ineffectual leader. A strong Democrat with a sure instinct for the jugular, with juices that flow at the scent of combat, would *love* a fight with Connally. But Carter doesn't have it, or does not appear to have it, or is not perceived as having it—all of which amounts to the same thing. And the man who will most likely be the Democratic candidate, if it is not Carter, is Ted Kennedy. Connally has been ready for that fight for a long time. As a Connally aide said, even before his boss announced his availability, "Nobody drowned in a milk can."

So Connally announced and sounded his theme: leadership. After all the years and all the turns and twists in his fortunes, this would be the year. He was going to go all the way.

•

"You know," he tells this assembled and respectful New Hampshire crowd under the awning, "we sometimes forget how much things have changed in our own lifetimes. We become fearful of change and try to keep things the way they are and the way we think they have always been. We start talking about 'no growth' and an era of limits. But let me tell you something. 'No growth' didn't build this country and 'no growth' isn't going to keep it in the position of leadership in the world. Because the other countries of the world are not going to stop growing. We're going to change the world, my friends, and we're going to change it again and again. I don't fear change; I welcome it."

If a speaker had used those words in front of our little college group—we

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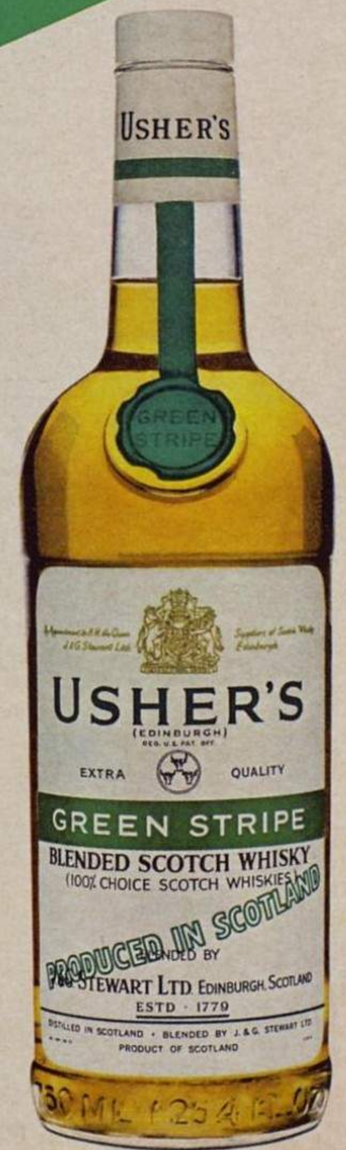

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never really made ourselves into a club or anything formal—he would have been shouted down. Change is inevitable, certainly, but only a fool or a man so bored and restless as to be dangerous would welcome it. Fascination with change usually follows from a lack of root values. Love of change mingled with a rhetorical reverence for older times and better days is, in this century, an invitation to disaster. Because change destroys values unless there is a way to control the change or enforce the values, or both. In the case of Connally, and what I have heard called the "corporate conservatives," there is a contradiction at work: You cannot worship the values of an older, small-town America—even a frontier America—and at the same time give your all to free enterprise as practiced by the corporations. Twentieth Century technology in the hands of the American corporation has reduced to a rubble the values and institutions that conservatives claim to revere.

Conservatism is hard to define—impossible to define with any precision. This is not necessarily a flaw in conservatism, since it is not in thrall to science and precision in the first place. Political science is a liberal term; a conservative would consider it contradictory. But you can get at a definition of conservatism by indirection. An old man in Alabama once told me from his rocking chair on the front porch of a general store that he thought the "goddamned Gov'm'nt ought to guard the coast, tote the mail and stay the hell out of everything else." That's a conservative sentiment and more in fashion these days than it was 20 years ago, when I first heard the remark.

A conservative does not trust Government and its ability to do what it sets out to do. To paraphrase Peter Drucker, Government is not successful at much besides waging war and inflating the currency. Government attracts people who are comfortable ruling their fellow men—petty bureaucrats who bind you in paper and regulations or genuine tyrants who are willing to slaughter their countrymen in the name of an idea or a program or even the mere security of a regime. Government is an engine of control and Connally would love to be at the throttle. He would be an activist President—what else does he mean by "leadership"?

But a suspicion—and in some cases an outright loathing—of Government is not the complete definition of conservatism. What it rejects is less important than what it embraces. What conservatism embraces is an older, organic system of values that grows out of the way people live in the real world. It is not utopian, not taken with abstractions derived from some idea of the perfect world. In the conservative scheme, fraternity is more important than equality—which is a dream, forever frustrated.

It begins with family and home and tradition. Edward Kennedy is not a conservative. If he were, he would stay home and tend to his damaged family. But liberals believe there are causes worth sacrificing your family for and conservatives believe you should be willing to sacrifice all for your family.

Old loyalties, passed on through generations, kept alive and cherished, a love for things that cannot be quantified or even understood, that is the essence of conservatism. The greatest agent for mindless, destructive change in this country is not the university system (though it is close) or the Government (it has done its share) but the corporations and the unbridled passion for commerce they represent. All over this country, we have bulldozed and paved land that was once loved by people whose descendants live in ugly cities and work in unlovely offices or on monotonous production lines. Families are moved periodically at the pleasure of the corporation and never put down roots. Children grow up with nothing much to cherish and for many suburban men, the office is more of a family than the wife and kids at home. We build things so that they will *not* last. Permanence is obsolete.

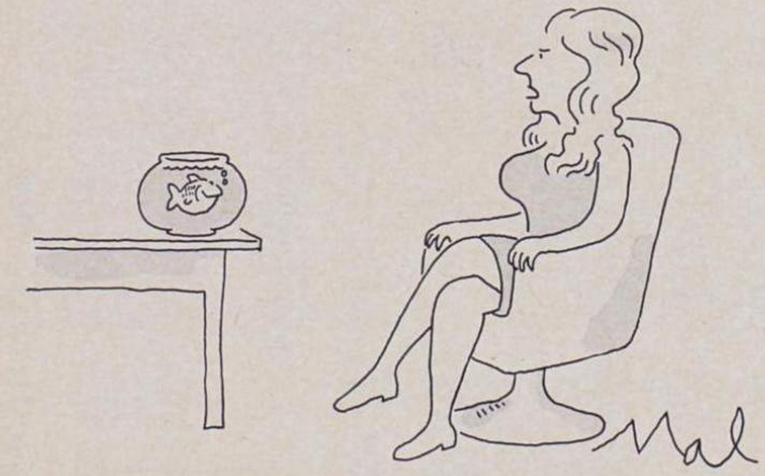
Yet a certain kind of politician who calls himself conservative embraces the corporation and the American form of commerce. He calls it free enterprise.

John Connally makes no secret of his admiration for business. *All* business, he is at great pains to point out, not just Big Business. But Big Business swallows small business. Ask a small rancher somewhere who is being pressed to sell his few acres to a corporate operation that will turn out beef or crops according to the Harvard Business School method—that is to say, efficiently and with no regard for quality. Corporate farms turn out beef with less flavor than soybeans. But they can sell it cheap and move it quickly. You cannot be for *all* business, because the giants are never satisfied. The result of free competition is that big beats small every time.

On energy, Connally has spelled it out with admirable clarity. He is for the oil companies and all other producers. But the oil companies have proved again and again that they will do just what oligopolies always tend to do: band together to drive out new competition (solar or anything else, in this case). Connally would have us *more* dependent on the major oil companies, not less. He would encourage the development of nuclear power, which would make us all more dependent on highly specialized technologies. More dependent, not more self-reliant. Like Nelson Rockefeller, he has a love of the grand, the intricate and the specialized, which is precisely not what conservatism is all about. John Connally sees things large. He is more interested in the building of nuclear plants than in finding ways to restrain ourselves and live with what we have. The proper conservative solution to the energy crisis would be to turn off the lights in Las Vegas.

Economic freedom and prosperity are hard to argue with, but what the wordsmiths at Mobil call "economic freedom" looks like bondage to some of us. Between the health of things we cherish to the root and the health of the corporation, we wouldn't have much trouble choosing. You do not form loving and loyal attachments to corporations, unless you are a wealthy Houston lawyer.

But Connally isn't talking about



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values. He is talking politics and he winds up his talk on a folksy note. "I'm going to be calling on you, asking for your help. When I was downtown this morning, I bought a pair of high-topped New Hampshire boots. They're warm and they're waterproof. I'm going to be here, wearing those boots, long after the leaves fall and the snow flies."

Laughter and applause. A politician's supporters feel much better about him when he shows them some wit. They want to like the man. Connally's humor is good-natured and masculine. You think of John Wayne in his last half-dozen movies.

He takes questions. He is against the SALT treaty. He wants a defense build-up and he wants the Russians to show some good faith in Cuba and the rest of the world. More applause.

Someone asks about his policy on energy. "What we need to do in this country," he says, "is produce more energy. Conservation is important and we should be looking to conserve energy anywhere we can. But *production* is the answer. We ought to be exploring all the possibilities—solar, geothermal, every synthetic source. But, like it or not, for the rest of the century, we're going to be dependent on three kinds of energy: hydrocarbons—oil and gas—coal and nuclear. I would deregulate all oil and gas to encourage new exploration and production. This could be done today. With the stroke of a pen. I would encourage easing of some of the environmental standards so we could burn more coal. And I would cut red tape so we could build a nuclear plant and have it on line in six and a half years like the rest of the world, instead of the 13 years it takes us now. I know a lot of you are worried about the dangers of nuclear power. But please quit getting your scientific advice from Jane Fonda and Ralph Nader—listen to Edward Teller."

More applause. That is straight enough talk for a politician. It is a program and it is specific. Connally's energy position could get him elected if the winter of 1979–1980 is bad enough and the Arabs décide to turn the screws a little tighter. A few weeks after he made those remarks, Connally unveiled a controversial position on the Middle East that favored Palestinian rights. It was seen as a slap at Israel, but the most noticeable feature of the plan was that Connally claimed it would win us some friends among the oil-holding Arabs—not surprising from a Texan who has lived with the power of oil all his adult life, a lawyer who once attempted to negotiate with Colonel Qaddafi, perhaps the most fanatical Middle Eastern leader this side of the mad Ayatollah. Connally, who believes you can horse-trade with anyone, was trying to protect the oil rights of Bunker Hunt, son of the late oil billionaire H. L. Hunt.

It is nearly twilight and the cocktail hour is easing into dinnertime. The people under the awning are growing restless and Connally senses it. "One more question," he says.

"Governor," a man respectfully asks, "how do you answer the charge that you are a wheeler-dealer?"

Connally beams. He loves that one.

"Well," he says, "if you mean by wheeler-dealer someone who knows how to talk to Congressmen and businessmen and political leaders all over the world, who knows how to compromise and horse-trade with them to get things done, who isn't afraid to negotiate and hear the other man's side . . . well, then, I guess I *am* a wheeler-dealer.

"You know, I've been in and out of Washington for 30 years. I've known 'em all. I knew your late Senator Styles Bridges. Knew him well. Worked with him. Met with him many times. I knew 'em all. In the Congress. The Cabinet. Business. I've been on the boards of over 20 major corporations and banks. I remember what a special thrill it was for me when I was named to the board of Greyhound. It was Greyhound that bought my daddy's little bus line from San Antonio to Corpus Christi, and the money from that sale made it possible for us to buy a little farm. So when I was named to the board of Greyhound, I felt like I had arrived. I plowed many a furrow behind a mule or a horse on that little farm we bought with the Greyhound money. And I studied many a night by a kerosene lamp. But that made it possible for me to go to college and to make something of myself. I'm grateful for that chance. I think that kind of opportunity is what made this country grow. With growth there is opportunity and with leadership in Washington, we can keep on growing and keep on providing opportunity for people who want to work and take advantage of the things this country has to offer. I need your help. Thank you very much."

It is good stump oratory. An old theme, of course, but Connally breathes new rhetorical life into it and it is plain that if he gets the nomination, he will be a formidable candidate. I am hastily introduced to the man on his way out. We shake hands firmly. He reminds me of Bear Bryant. Somebody once said about Bryant, "Well, he's got his own way of doing things and I don't agree with everything he does. But if everybody was as good as Bear at what he did, and worked as hard at it, wouldn't it be just a *hell* of a world?"

•

I ate dinner that night in an old New England lodge with a man who makes his living advising candidates he does not necessarily like or even respect. He is wonderfully informed and almost completely cynical and 30 seconds with him will free you from the grip of the very best political oratory.

"What did you think?" the consultant asked.

"I think he can shake up a crowd," I said. "His kind of crowd, anyway."

"He's a Texas Democrat, remember. Republicans aren't used to that style. But he is a good speaker. He has real problems, though."

"Oh?"

"You ought to see the numbers. It's that indictment. And the whole Texas money image. It's going to be tough for him but not insurmountable. Carter may be the only man alive who could give clean politics a bad name."

"I thought he handled the wheeler-dealer thing pretty well."

"Sure. As long as it is put to him like that. You ask the question that way and he's going to stroke it out every time. Same with the milk deal. He can say he was tried and found not guilty and he's the only candidate who can make that claim. He'll make it sound like a plus. I think he could beat the corrupt-politician, wheeler-dealer rap if nobody comes up with anything new. I hear *The Washington Post* has a team of people in Texas working on it. Maybe they'll come up with something, but I doubt it. The real land mine for Connally is the Nixon tapes. But if there *is* something and somebody has heard it, then it will get out. I wouldn't trust a priest to keep a secret in Washington these days."

"OK," I said. "If nothing new comes out from *The Washington Post* or the tapes, can he do it?"

"You can't count him out. I'll tell you what will make him the next President of the United States."

"Tell me."

"If Ronald Reagan falls down and breaks his hip and Teddy Kennedy gets the Democratic nomination."

"I understand the Reagan part of it."

"The Kennedy part is just as easy. If Teddy gets the nomination, there is going to be a blonde a week at the offices of the *National Enquirer* telling her story. They'll print it as 'My Fatal Fling with Teddy.' And all the old stuff will come out again. It'll be a dirty campaign and nobody will have a moral advantage. Kennedy will be the liberal in that race and that's not a good thing to be. Necessarily."

The consultant paid, since he likes to run up a big expense account to impress his clients. That night, trying to read myself to sleep in an unfamiliar bed, I thought about the Fates. It isn't

"Damn it, Suzette, the ice has melted."

something the political wise men think about much and there is no reason they should. They are tacticians and Theodore White is their oracle. But it is hard, if you are a conservative and a romantic, not to believe that our recent political history is being written in the heavens somewhere, that the lines from *Prometheus Bound* apply:

PROMETHEUS: Craft is far weaker than necessity.

CHORUS: Who then is the steersman of necessity?

PROMETHEUS: The triple formed Fates and the remembering Furies.

CHORUS: Is Zeus weaker than these?

PROMETHEUS: Yes, for he, too, cannot escape what is fated.

Or, more vulgarly, Emerson:

Things are in the saddle, And ride mankind.

These quotes and a few others like them are in a journal I keep when I am on the road. I read the quotes and considered what the wise man said and what I had heard that night and what I knew about Connally. It all could be said to go back to November 22, 1963. So much seems to have followed from the murder on that day that you almost have to believe in the Fates and the Furies—or go mad chasing conspiracies or surrender to chaos.

Connally and Kennedy. One of them wounded in the barrage and the other the last surviving brother of the man who was killed. One man gives off a scent of money scandal, the other the odor of sex scandal. Big Texas money, so new it still seems raw, against slightly older money stored in the cold vaults of the East. Sun Belt against the Yankees. The corporations against the unions. Big Business against Big Government. John Wayne against Warren Beatty.

Connally would be the conservative in that race, which is as painful for old conservatives as Ted Kennedy must be for old liberals. They are both modern men and both would probably admit to being pragmatists. But the trouble with pragmatism is that it doesn't work.

I watched John Connally for one more day and heard the same speech, with minor variations, a half-dozen times. I learned nothing much except admiration for the reporters who cover politicians for months and hear the same speech dozens of times. After one last stop in Concord and one last press conference, Connally turned to Nellie and said, "Let's go home, babe." He'd had enough of New Hampshire. He and his wife climbed aboard a fuchsia Learjet and headed for Texas. I climbed into my four-wheel and made for the state line. There were things to do: a church cabinet meeting, a local energy group's fund raiser, wood to cut before the first snows, children and dogs to play with.

It took me two hours to cross the Green Mountains. Connally was up there somewhere, a driven man burning kerosene. It made me feel better to know that he is afraid to fly.

"Go back! Go back! Cholera! Bubonic plague! Yellow fever! Leprosy!"

SHELLEY HACK

(continued from page 167)

16.

PLAYBOY: What is romance to you?

HACK: A friend of mine lit up the Eiffel Tower for five minutes at midnight on my birthday. I wasn't even there. I was working at Zuma Beach on a *Charlie's Angels* episode. But that was the whole point. It was just about the most romantic thing I'd ever heard of. I loved it. I'm also the kind of person who believes in relationships. I have had some terrific ones and I hope to have more. Besides, I don't party a lot.

17.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

HACK: I don't see any reason to change my lifestyle. When I lived in New York, I had a farm Upstate. It was terrific, not chic. It's in a depressed area where they do dairy farming, and though it's poor, it's nice, beautiful, basic Americana. I could jog down country lanes in the quiet, fresh air. I had a little World War One reject jeep with no top that I used to take into town for supplies and food for the ducks.

18.

PLAYBOY: What's the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to you?

HACK: It happened on the first talk show I ever did. I'm nearsighted and though I wear contact lenses now, I didn't then, and I didn't want to wear my glasses. To get out to the sitting area, you had to push through a door, walk two steps down, six steps over to the seat, take one step up, turn around and sit down. I did that all before the show, practicing, and had it down perfectly. When it was my turn to go on, I was standing by the door, looking into the monitor. They were kind of sweeping the audience. I was squinting, watching, fascinated by what they were doing. Then there was this awful silence. I was supposed to be out there! So I went slamming through this revolving door, which, of course, hit me in the butt and propelled me off the podium. I crossed the stage and looked, but they had moved the seats. I found them and headed in their direction, which was toward the right wing, and as I came shooting out, the guy introduced me as, "Here's Shelley *Mack*!" I had this incredible urge to go "Na-na-na-na-na-na" and forget the whole thing.

19.

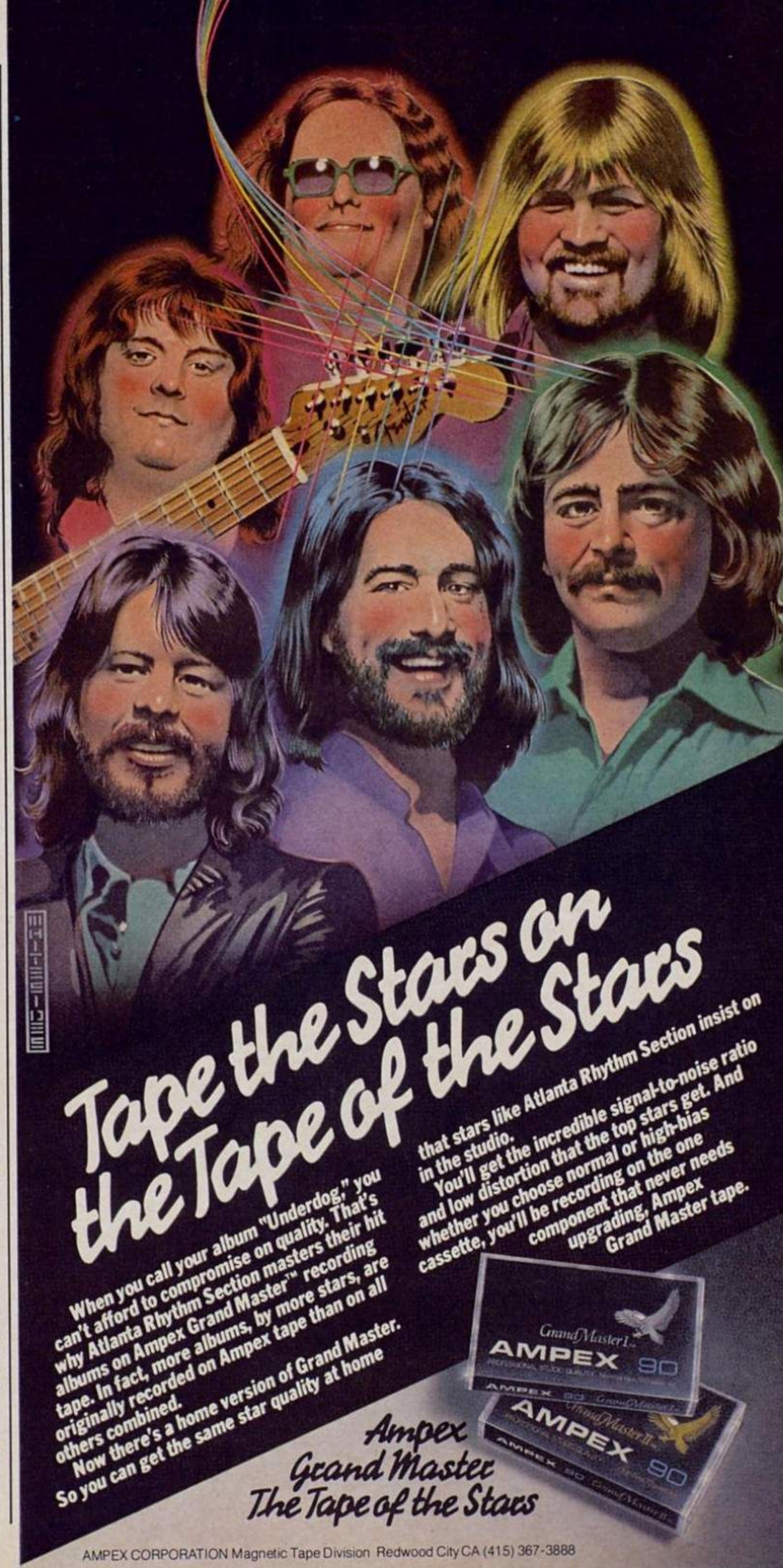
PLAYBOY: What gets you mad?

HACK: Seeing people who can't fight back get kicked around and hurt—old people, children, animals. No one has ever kicked me around. I can fight back.

20.

PLAYBOY: How does a girl like you get to be a girl like you?

HACK: Wheaties for breakfast.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SPACE WATCH

Was Einstein Eavesdropping on the Intergalactic Party Line?

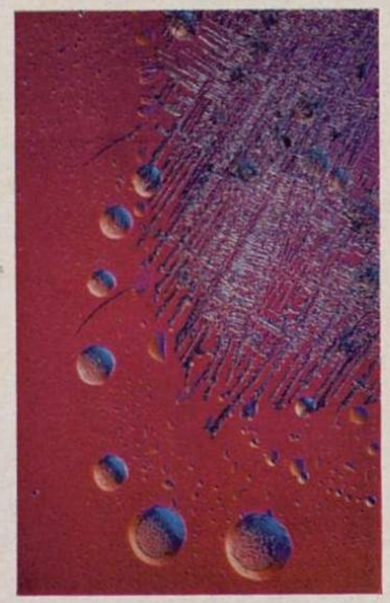
Electronics engineer L. George Lawrence, a pioneer in research on biocommunication in the plant kingdom (a subject Peter Tompkins and Christopher Bird popularized with their best-selling 1973 book *The Secret Life of Plants*), is best known for an incident that occurred on October 29, 1971, when he and an assistant were in Oak Grove Park, California, trying to pick up signals from the nearby cactus and yuccas on Lawrence's sophisticated biological remote-sensing equipment.

While Lawrence was having lunch one afternoon, his biosensing instrument was accidentally left pointing skyward. A sudden set of pulsations that interrupted the continuous whistling sound from the machine roused Lawrence, who carefully checked his equipment and, finding that everything was in working order, began to speculate on the possibility that he had received a biocommunication from outer space. Lawrence spent half a year refining and modifying his biosensing technology, then tried to pick up the signals again, stationing himself in the biologically barren Pisgah crater in the Mojave Desert. He aimed his instrument at the same small section of the heavens from which he'd picked up the first "communication" (the general direction of Ursa Major) and, lo and behold, he received more signals. In the years since, Lawrence has narrowed the source of those bioemissions to two galaxies, Messier objects M81 and M82, both 10,000,000 light-years from earth. Despite his certainty that the signals he has received could only have been transmitted by intelligent living beings, Lawrence hasn't been able to decode them and he's not sure that they *can* be decoded by man in his present stage of evolution.

Lawrence emphasizes that "none of the transgalactic biocommunications detected to date appear to be meant for us directly. We are relegated to the status of eavesdroppers—nothing more, nothing less." These communications, he theorizes, are between much more highly developed orders of life and are continually spilling over onto earth's unwitting inhabitants.

But Lawrence thinks that man is subliminally affected by those streams of alien biocommunications, and therein he finds grounds for an unusual explanation of the great inspirations and visions that have been reported by the geniuses and mystics of humanity from Einstein to Nostradamus. He suggests that some human beings are more susceptible and sensitive to those alien biocommunications, perhaps due to a mutating gene or some "minute alteration in their DNA/RNA complex."

Yet there are chilling aspects of Lawrence's hypothesis. First, he says, "we must ask ourselves if mankind is being 'raised' in terms of alien goal images. It's a repugnant thought, but the question



must be posed." Of more concern to him is the possibility that if we're *not* being raised by higher forms of life, we may be unwittingly trying to live up to alien goal imagery that compels us at a frantic tempo toward technological "advancement" despite the possibility that our resources on this small planet aren't adequate to the task. (Now, *there*'s an explanation for the energy crisis!)

NEVER-ENDING-PLEASURE DEPARTMENT

Sensory Deprivation: The Ultimate High?

Cocaine, LSD, marijuana, Valium, Quaaludes, amphetamine, bourbon, salt water. Which of the above would you choose as your ideal high? Don't be hasty. You say you've never gotten off on salt water? Then you haven't been inside modern science's latest contribution to the art of blowing one's mind, the isolation tank.

Last June, a new spa named Samadhi was opened in Beverly Hills offering one service only, the experience of the Samadhi isolation tank, an 8′ x 4′ x 4′ plywood and vinyl air-conditioned black box containing 800 pounds of Epsom salts diluted in 170 gallons of water heated to near body temperature. The spa is the brain child of Glenn and Lee Perry, who manufacture the tank under the appropriately named Samadhi Tank Company, which they founded in 1975.

The tank was designed in 1956 by neurophysiologist Dr. John Lilly (famous for his research with dolphins) to study the effects of a gravity- and stimulus-free environment on the human nervous system. Lilly's reports of the blissful states he entered while inside the tank inspired a few of his wealthy admirers to construct tanks for their own homes, but until recently, the isolation-tank experience (like the fabled grass named Pago Pago Purple) was one of those highs that you heard about but couldn't sample.

With Lilly's cooperation, the Perrys modified the research tank into a product people could have in their own homes and already they've sold 325 of them. Among the notables who've bought one are Werner Erhard (the founder of est), Robin Williams, Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge.

And what, you might ask, could possibly happen to a person floating in utter darkness on ten inches of salt water? Apparently, a great deal. Lilly feels he had out-of-body experiences in the tank during which he communicated with discarnate entities. Others have reported entering superconscious states (the word samadhi is a Sanskrit term used by Hindu yogis to describe superconsciousness). Some report experiencing fantastic and vivid hallucinations, while the most common experience seems to be greatly increased clarity of thought.

The Samadhi Tank Company's PR literature says the tank "has been called the most self-indulgent experience in the ultimate environment . . . a bliss machine"; but some physicians think it has a more practical therapeutic value, particularly for individuals who have chronic physical pain, such as arthritics. If nothing else, the tank provides a perfect antidote to stress and nervous tension, according to those who use it regularly.

If you'd like to try it, you can stop in at the Los Angeles Samadhi Spa and float for an hour for $15, or you can buy

one of the various home tanks now available. Samadhi Tank Company sells one for $1185 and a deluxe model for $2150.

If you think that's a pretty stiff price for a few hours of relaxation and a clean back, remember: Asking a girl over to look at your etchings is out. But asking a girl over to try your Samadhi tank is

the line among the *cognoscenti*. And ten to one, she'll leave humming "Tanks for the memories. . . ."

MYSTERY OF THE MONTH
The Missing Ship Holo Holo—A Ghostly Reappearance?

At a University of Hawaii TGIF party, oceanographer Bob Harvey told his colleagues that if the ocean should get too rough the next day, they might have to turn around and come back. By the next afternoon, on December 9, 1978, as the seven scientists and three crew members were leaving port aboard the 90-foot research ship Holo Holo, the wind and waves were already starting to pick up. Except for a routine radio message announcing their departure, none of the men was ever heard from again.

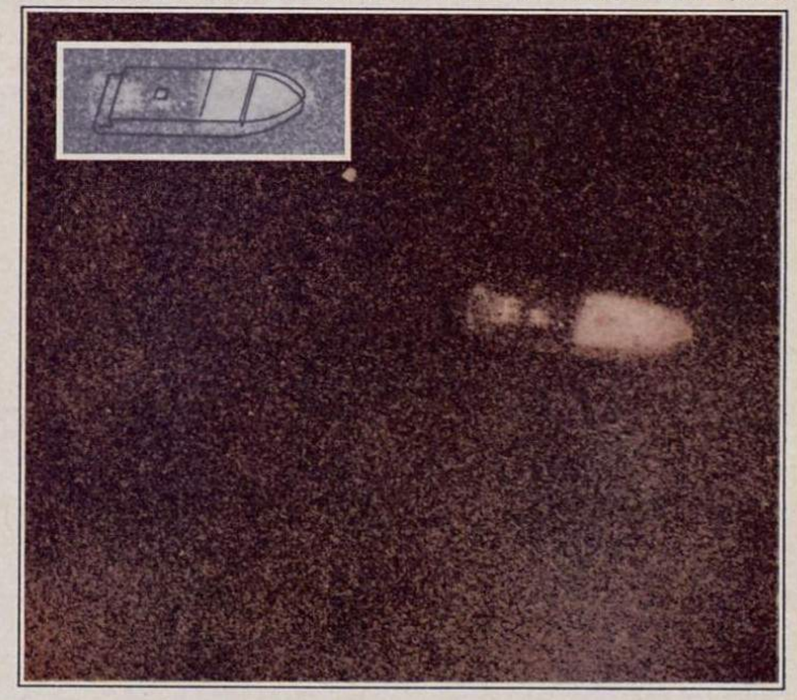
Yet their ship may well have been seen one last time. Five days after it had been reported missing, a photograph was taken by a U.S. Air Force U-2 plane of what some scientists believe is the missing ship. No one can explain how or why it appeared in the photo, a fact that continues to haunt much of the nation's scientific community.

Ordinarily, the U-2 spy plane isn't used to help find a few men missing at sea. But the Holo Holo carried no ordinary manifest. Five oceanographers and two physicists were working for the U.S. Department of Energy to survey the future site of a huge floating power plant.

Speeding through the stratosphere, the U-2 plane's automatic cameras clicked away. Later, lab experts pored over the film, looking for some clue. To everyone's amazement, one frame shot not far from the survey site showed an "unidentified vessel" with an unusually wide hull.

Ships and planes rushed back to the site. But when the rescuers arrived, they found nothing but empty ocean. Scientists were outraged when the Coast Guard called off the search on the following day. Yet university ships and private planes could find nothing, either. Officials explained their decision to call off the search by saying that the ship in the photograph was probably something else. Were it not for the investigation of Dr. Dennis Moore, director of the Joint Institute for Marine and Atmospheric Research, with the help of 30-year-old oceanographer Steve Poole, the U-2 photograph may have been forgotten.

Scientists believe that the ship in the U-2 spy-plane photograph is actually the missing Holo Holo. One can see the similarity between the computer-drawn Holo Holo outline (taken from old blueprints) and the mystery ship. No other ship having such a wide beam can be found in Pacific waters. The cross visible on the rear deck of the ship gave officials reason to fear the ship had been hijacked.



Enlisting the help of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in California, Poole found that various shapes in it lined up with similar features pulled from the Holo Holo blueprints (see inset above). Confronted with Poole's research, Coast Guard officials searched Pacific ship registries, looking for a matching ship. None could be found.

One differing feature in the U-2 photograph that did *not* appear on the Holo Holo when she left port caused officials a bit of anxiety. A cross-shaped pattern visible on the rear deck of the unidentified vessel had sinister overtones. In 1974, the Howard Hughes/CIA-run "Project Jennifer" successfully raised part of a Russian submarine not too far away. Could the Soviets have been conducting some kind of operation in that area involving the Holo Holo?

Such a plot would explain a white cross used to mark the ship for Russian spy satellites in touch with a nearby Soviet submarine. Officials ordered an investigation of all ten missing men, but nothing unusual was uncovered.

Yet, until someone discovers another ship that looks like the unusually shaped Holo Holo, Poole's questions will go unanswered: If the photo *is* of the Holo Holo, how could the ship have survived the seas undetected for eight days? And why did it suddenly disappear again after its picture was taken?

CONTRIBUTORS

L. George Lawrence for "Was Einstein Eavesdropping on the Intergalactic Party Line?"; Brando Crespi for "Sensory Deprivation: The Ultimate High?"; and George Grider for "The Missing Ship Holo Holo—A Ghostly Reappearance?"

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PLAYBOY PUZZLE

PLAY WORDS

In the boxes below, you'll find words, expressions or phrases that are artfully concealed in the letters. For instance, the title can be deciphered as "play on words." See how many of the rest you can puzzle out. Some are a little racy, so if you get 25 or more correct, you've got both a quick mind and a salacious one.

1 mo not od	2 ice 3 3 3	3 kridn nrdik drikn	4 tri al
5 single single	6 dec exposure ent	7 Bedroom iii	8 rascal sexed
9 ON	10 Bos Pops ton	11 tttttt 9	12 joyfu
13 penis	14 pill morning	15 slivingin	16 coming
17 ways ways and ways	18 DEKCONK	19 begettingd	20 wear lace
21 1 + 1 = 2 2 + 2 = 4 3 + 3 = 6	22 ass	23 sexual sexual	24 sπky
25 ɐlddıu	26 w e s t	27 man come desire	28 good forever

Answer on page 250

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Answer to puzzle on page 249

1. Not in the mood
2. Ice cubes
3. Mixed drinks
4. Trial separation
5. Swinging singles
6. Indecent exposure
7. Bedroom eyes
8. Oversexed rascal
9. Turned on
10. Banned (Band) in Boston
11. Sixty-nine
12. Joyful Noel (No "I")
13. Penis envy
14. Morning-after pill
15. Living in sin
16. Coming together
17. Highways and byways
18. Knocked up
19. Getting in bed
20. Lace underwear
21. Threesomes (three sums)
22. A little piece of ass on the side
23. Bisexual
24. Pie in the sky (pi in the sky)
25. Inverted nipple
26. West Indies (west in Ds)
27. A man overcome by desire
28. Goodbye forever

ALL THAT FOSSE

(continued from page 178)

"'I was named in a divorce suit when I was a kid of about 15. I'd had an affair with a waitress.'"

"The best part of Bob is working with him, and working with him here was just as personal and professional as always. He's masterful, and you learn things from a master. He's been very important in my life. What more can I tell you? He's in love with talent. He's one of the most interesting, exciting men I've ever met, and I have unbelievable respect and empathy for him both as a person and as a great director."

•

Melanie Hunter, a professional stripper over six feet tall, learned some of what she knows from such seasoned ladies as Rose La Rose and Tempest Storm. While auditioning for *All That Jazz*, she found Fosse an appreciative audience. "In my act, I do curtain work . . . I do tassels and the flapper. When I did my act for Fosse, he fell in love with it. He said he considered me too elegant for the places I worked. He said I was like the Queen of Burlesque."

•

Although he officially dislikes being interviewed, Fosse on Fosse is pungent, amiable, frank, self-deprecating, energetic, wryly amusing, a little apprehensive but easy to talk with after brief warm-up exercises:

"You gonna write about my sex life? There ain't much left of it, though I started big. I was named in a divorce suit during the war, when I was a kid of about 15, working in a club in Springfield, Illinois. I'd had an affair with a waitress whose husband came back from overseas, started checking around the club and charged her with adultery, naming four or five guys, including me. I was panicked at the time, still in high school and afraid my mother would find out. As I got older, it made a good story.

"I'm vulnerable when it comes to words like self-indulgent. I'm sensitive when *Life* writes about the movie and headlines it 'FOSSE'S EGO TRIP.'

"I'm no longer suicidal, but I'm schizophrenic. Half Irish, which I suppose is my *up*, cheery, drinking side. And half Norwegian, which is very dark. I always work on everything like it's going to be my last job. In sheer desperation. You reach out, try to grow. I'll never be a Bergman. I'll never be a Fellini. Nor am I a Jerry Robbins, who is probably the only genius I know in the American musical theater. I can tell you he's the champ, he's the best. But that doesn't mean I should stop working.

"I'm not bothered when people refer to the razzle-dazzle aspects of my work, though I think sometimes I put so many coats of paint on a thing that nobody looks to find out *what* I've painted. I mean, I stick on bugle beads and sequins until people don't see what I'm saying. But I like those sequins. That's show business, and I've been a showbiz person my whole life.

"I'm being defensive now, in case someone attacks me for it, but casting my former girlfriends in this film does not mean that I hire untalented people. The role played by Annie is actually three or four girls in one, highly fictionalized. I remember offering the part Leland Palmer plays, as Joe Gideon's ex-wife, to Shirley MacLaine. Shirley didn't want to do it, because she felt having a star in that role would throw the balance of the picture off. I never even thought of offering the role to Gwen Verdon, who was my third wife and had a lot in common with this character, of course.

"Casting Jessica Lange as the Angel of Death comes from a personal fantasy. For me, many times, Death has been a beautiful woman. When you think something's about to happen to you in a car, or on an airplane, coming close to The End, this is a flash I'll get—a woman dressed in various outfits, sometimes a nun's habit, that whole hallucinatory thing. It's like the Final Fuck.

"You collect little moments from your life and use them. Like the bit about being generous with your cock. I still identify with Joe Gideon in that area.

"I was in analysis for five years. I don't think it solved the real basic problems, but it allowed me to go to work. I was very shy when I started choreographing and had more talent than I dared to show. I'd get a crazy or abstract idea and wouldn't do it, for fear of failing or looking foolish in front of people.

"Now I realize I don't have so much to lose. At my age, you take more risks. I've never lost that part of me that gets hurt, though. I used to dream that one day I'd grow up and be Fred Astaire . . . or John Garfield or Alan Ladd, or even Dennis O'Keefe. I always liked Dennis O'Keefe. But lately I see that this is my life and I've got to do the things I want to do as long as people will let me. And I'm not afraid of slipping, because I've never really believed I was *there*. Deep down, I don't know where I am."

BUCK BROWN

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PLAYBOY ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

HOT-TRAY CHIC

Pity the harried dinner host: His lobster thermidor is piping hot, but those perfectly cooked asparagus spears are colder than Jell-O and the rolls have turned to stone. How to get it all together? Invest in an electric tray that will keep food at just the right temperature—warm, medium warm or hot—for as long as you wish. In fact, savvy culinarians will slightly undercook certain dishes, so that when they're placed on the tray, the cooking will complete itself. And a hot tray also comes in handy when the tasty dinner for eight you're preparing doesn't require any last-minute gourmandial wizardry and you wish to join your guests for one more round of vintage champagne or another dry martini. We'll drink to that.

DON AZUMA

From top to bottom: Liddle Ultima Notable Serving Cart ten minutes—disconnect—Hotray also has a "hotspot" feature, by Salton, $99. Griddle features a heat control that varies the temperature from warm to 400 degrees, by Presto, $36. The has a "sunspot" with a 40-degree-higher temperature, by Salton, $150. Plug the Cordless Electric Hotplate in for and it will keep food warm for an hour, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, $59.95. The Smorgasbord Ernest Sohn Creations' Food Preparation Center comes with a Sterno-powered burner, $50.

THE SWING TO COLOR COMBOS

If fashion is essentially a matter of educating the eye, you'd better prepare for a crash course. In as short a time as we can remember, the color mood in men's sportswear has shifted from the somber shades of sand to the electric-light hues of a pinball game. Men, of course, have broken out the hot colors for such occasions as an informal cocktail party. And brights, too, have been used as accents (a bold expression of individuality around the neck sanitized under a three-piece suit). But suddenly, dressing in total color, with the boldest of palette mixings, has exploded on the scene. It may be a reaction to the bleak economy, as well as a spillover to the streets from the fun of the dance floor; but whatever the reason, top-to-toe color is a bright way to liven up your wardrobe.

—DAVID PLATT

Right: There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight when you step out in a green polyester/cotton golf jacket with a band collar, pleated back and raglan sleeves, by London Fog, about $34; pink cotton knit placket-front shirt, from Allen Solly by Gant, about $22.50; reddish-orange cotton work pants with slash pockets, back yoke, roomy carpenter's pocket and tapered legs, by Sticky Fingers, about $25; and a spiffy reversible canvas belt, by The French American Group, about $7.50.

Left: For a blast of color, try combining this orange double-breasted jacket featuring an elasticized back band, about $85, with a magenta cotton V-neck shirt, about $12, turquoise cotton/linen/rayon pleated straight-legged slacks, about $40, and a yellow cotton patterned scarf, about $7.50, all by David Shapiro for Ursel of Italy. The reversible canvas belt, by The French American Group, is about $7.50.

Below: Here's something bright to jump for—a royal-blue nylon jump suit with a zippered front closure, drawstring waist and tapered legs, by Brittania Sportswear, about $30; that can be worn over a yellow cotton/polyester terrycloth crew-neck, by Gant, about $21.50; red cotton knit short-sleeved button placket shirt, from Cotton-Ease by Arrow, about $19; and a pair of red-satin shoes, from Original Crayons by Smerling Imports, about $25.

RICHARD IZUI

DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

Manufacturers have sounded the death knell for the unconstructed and/or rumpled look. It's too bad, because what the French call *décontracté* is a sophisticated alternative to always dressing perfectly tailored. Having a two-day growth of beard, a loose tie and jacket sleeves pushed up in a way that indicates comfort demonstrates that you're wearing your clothes—the clothes aren't wearing you. It's still a good look that, unfortunately, was largely misunderstood.

•

The most boring question often asked of this department: "What's in for this season?" My advice for all seasons: If it feels comfortable to wear and it flatters you, it's in. Do it.

•

Some of you may remember that one of the dreads of childhood winters was the tedium of buckled boots and button-through flies. The boots go unlamented, but with stronger fingers now, I wish they'd bring back the button-through fly—at least on jeans (the kind with buttons all the way through, not hidden by a fly flap). And a button-through fly on tweed slacks with good-quality buttons has a solid look that reminds me of British shooting parties.

•

What is passé for sure is the excessive use of jewelry on men. Still, considering the investment value of gold, you might want to check out the 22-kt. sculptures in the Jean Mahie collection, many of which come in the guise of jewelry. The pieces are one of a kind and handmade (many are erotic) by artists Mahie and his daughter-in-law. A gold belt buckle goes for $6500 and a neck chain is $5000. The line is available exclusively at Neiman-Marcus.

SPARKLES PLENTY

A spritz in the face may still be good for a laugh, but hip barmen have rediscovered the effervescent pleasure of aiming a seltzer bottle at a more receptive target—a tall glass filled with one's favorite liquor, or even chocolate syrup, if you're into egg creams. No, you don't have to buy your bubbles in containers that have to be refilled by a manufacturer. There's a variety of glass and/or metal syphons on the market that operate on CO_2 gas. All you do is slip a cartridge into a special holder and screw it onto the spritzer head. Instantaneously, you'll hear a welcome *knnnuussh* as the gas mingles with the water and you have a mixer that sparkles plenty. It's the cocktail hour. To the seltzer bottles, men. Charge!

RICHARD IZUI

Clockwise from noon: A one-quart crystal-and-wire-mesh reproduction of an antique syphon, from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York City, $45. Leland Industries' stainless-steel Sodamaster Ambassador syphon holds one quart of seltzer and operates on CO_2 gas chargers—as do all the bottles in this feature—from Alfred Dunhill of London, Chicago, $60. Another Leland Industries syphon, the roly-poly aluminum Globemaster model at center holds two quarts and comes with its own coaster, $42. Next to it is a quart syphon with an aluminum lacquer finish, by ISI–Syphon of America, $25. And, last, a Soda King 100 aluminum syphon with a recipe booklet, by Walter Kidde, $25.

EARLY TIMES.
THE WAY IT WAS, IS THE WAY IT IS.

1870. The first transcontinental train trip.

On May 23, eight of the most elegant train cars America had ever seen steamed out of Boston for the Pacific Coast, with 129 distinguished guests aboard.

And when they gathered to celebrate in the mahogany-paneled smoker, what other Kentucky whisky would have been more appropriate than Early Times?

Today, its smoothness is just as prized. Because we're still slow-distilling it the same way we did in 1860. So you don't have to look back to the good old days. You can look forward to its great taste tonight.

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1860 TODAY

Nosing Around

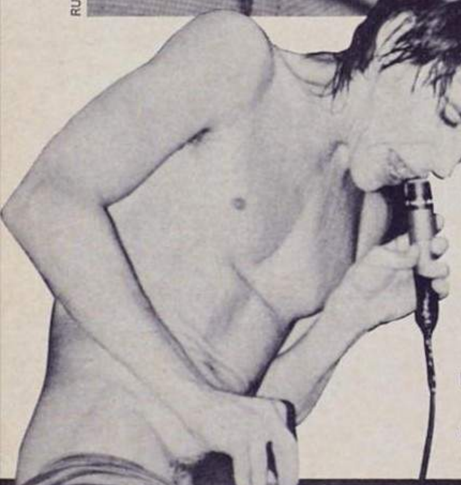
What's the price of a high-energy political profile? The press follows your every move. You can't put your foot in your mouth or your thumb in your nose without making news. Just ask former UN Ambassador ANDREW YOUNG. Is this any way to run a country?

RUSSELL C. TURIAK

A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS

Young, Gifted and Slack

Her new movie, *Foxes*, is due out momentarily and we think the title suits actress/singer SALLY KELLERMAN, who wins our first Jane Russell award. She can warble for us any time.



Cock Rock

Someone's always asking us if we get weird stuff in the mail. Here's Exhibit A. We *will* tell you that the photographer works for an outfit called Atrocities Photos, but that probably wouldn't surprise you. The gentleman checking out his parts is rock's own IGGY POP, onstage at a recent Detroit concert. Roll over, Beethoven!

© 1979 ROBERT A. MATHEU

R. ELLIS / SYGMA

Life in the Fast Lane Slows to a Crawl

Stoned (with rocks) in Bologna, Italy, kept off the stage in Burbank, California, for being an undesirable, rocker PATTI SMITH has been having it rough. Was it something she said?

© 1979 MERRY ALPERN / LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC.

The Right Stuff

Actor/pop singer TIM CURRY is ready to take off, which will come as no surprise to the legion of devoted fans who have watched him flirt with a number of offbeat roles (notably, as Dr. Frank N. Furter in *the* Seventies cult movie, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*). Currently co-starring with Alan Bates in *The Shout*, Curry cements his rep as a guy on his way up.

© 1979 MICHAEL WEINSTEIN / PHOTO RESERVE

PASCHAL / MICHELSON PHOTO

Grin and Bare It

We've declared a tie for best celebrity breast this month between the self-proclaimed leader of the antidisco movement, Chicago d.j. STEVE DAHL (left), and star of TV's *Dukes of Hazzard* CATHERINE BACH (above). Don't argue.

ORANGE-BLOSSOM SPECIAL

In December 1978, we told you to keep your eyes and whatever else peeled for the coming of Playhouse

© 1979 R. FAIRALL

South, a clothing-optional swingers' spot in Anita Bryant's back yard (see *Sex in America: Miami*, by Peter Ross Range). Just in time for your winter getaway, Playhouse South has now opened. It offers a playroom, Jacuzzis, a screening room and a game room and, for those who keep their clothes on, a disco. Here's the first Miss Playhouse South, otherwise known as Sandy.

PUT IT IN YOUR EAR

What's going on in south Florida? First nude swingers (see above) and now a radio station "for singles only." Station WGMA (1320 AM) of Hollywood, Florida, set aside its comfy country-and-western format last fall and adopted a sexy slant on the singles lifestyle. The new approach includes tips on pursuing a hot singles lifestyle sandwiched between soft-core rock and the latest news on sexual behavior and entertainment. One show featured tips on how to pick up men or women in a singles bar. What do the listeners think? They've registered no complaints about sexual material, but a group of country-and-western diehards drove up one night and tried to beat their way into the station. It seems sex is all right with them. With country songs like *Help Me Make It Through the Night* and *Put Your Clothes Back On*, it's clear they just want to hear it in the music, too. Keep it country, boys.

STONED ON GALL BLADDER

From time to time, *Sex News* explores the wonders of the animal kingdom. Witness the pictures below. We take even more interest in aphrodisiacs made out of the little critters. This is called looking out for number one. An unusual firm in Spokane specializes in animal parts reputed to have sexual powers. Antler Resources, Inc., 624 Paulsen Building, Spokane, Washington 99201, sells only "proven" aphrodisiacs, such as deer horns, bear gall bladders and seal sticks. Who does the testing? Surely, there's no shortage of volunteers.

BREAKING UP AND MAKING UP

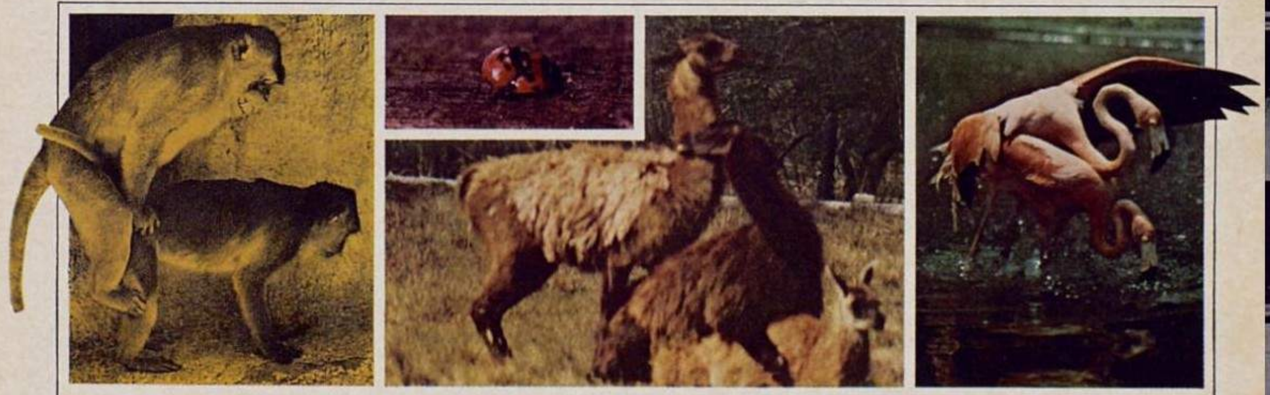
The earmarks of sexual arousal—heavy breathing and quickened pulse—are also the signs of anxiety. For that reason and others, a Brown University psychologist thinks sexual arousal and anxiety are closely related and that anxiety may heighten sexual arousal. Dr. John P. Wincze correlates sexual arousal with anxiety by measuring blood-flow changes in the bodies of test groups after they have seen certain films. First the groups see a Hitchcock thriller, followed by an erotic film. Later the groups view a film that doesn't create anxiety, followed by the same erotic film. It turns out that groups attain greater sexual arousal after viewing high-anxiety films. Why does Hitchcock turn them on? We're not sure, but now there's a whole new frame of reference for understanding Woody Allen movies.

WE KNOW THERE AIN'T NO GHOSTS, BUT DO THE GHOSTS KNOW THERE AIN'T NO GHOSTS?

Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, best known for her work on death and dying, is now participating in séances with spirits of the dead near Escondido, California. The West Coast brand of séance brings new meaning to the word. Some participants claim that the randier spirits wind up having sex with their earthly hosts. But what else would you expect in California? Disgruntled spiritualists have charged that the horny spirits are none other than the séance leaders impersonating the spirits—not out-of-this-world lovers. And students of the spirit world thought they were raising the dead for a Second Coming.

GARRICK MADISON

Ever wonder where all those little alligators came from? March's T-shirt of the month costs $12, from The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011.



Time for another *Sex News* safari. When some pervert started playing disco music at a watering hole on the Serengeti Plain, the ensuing range writhe eclipsed everything since Noah took a walk on his foredeck. The llamas were on a singles' weekend charter from Lima, Peru. How beastly.

QUALITY IN REVERSE

AKAI's Quick Reverse record cassette decks at popular prices.

Now instead of interrupting great moments in music when it's time to flip the cassette, AKAI's two newest popularly-priced decks automatically reverse the tape and continue to record or play back with virtually the same quality. And with AKAI's unique Quick Reverse—another new feature—directional change is virtually instantaneous.

In addition, the deluxe GXC-735D is loaded with all the other features that make the difference between a good deck and a great one. Things like AKAI's exclusive GX (glass and crystal ferrite) head, guaranteed* for 150,000 hours—the equivalent of playing 24 hours a day for 17½ years. As well as feather-touch controls, Dolby;† memory rewind, Quick Reverse and dramatically recessed red/green illuminated VU meters. Not to mention the kind of specs serious component buyers all over the world depend on AKAI to deliver. (For the more economy-minded, there's the CS-732D. Same great Quick Reverse record/playback feature with Dolby and tape selector—a lot of AKAI quality for not a lot of money.)

Hear them both at your AKAI dealer, or write AKAI AUDIO VIDEO CANADA, 2776 East Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., Canada V5M 1Y8; or AKAI, P.O. Box 6010, Compton, CA 90224.

GXC-735D: Wow/Flutter—less than 0.045% WRMS; S/N Ratio—better than 56 dB, weighted at FeCr position, with peak level at 3% THD. Dolby on improves up to 10 dB above 5 kHz. Frequency Response—35-16,000 Hz (± 3 dB) using FeCr tape.

CS-732D: Wow/Flutter—less than 0.06% WRMS; S/N Ratio—better than 56 dB, weighted at FeCr position, with peak level at 3% THD. Dolby on improves up to 10 dB above 5 kHz. Frequency Response—35-15,000 Hz (± 3 dB) using FeCr tape.

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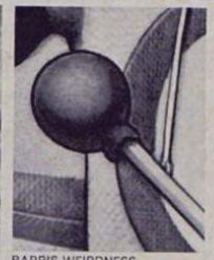
NEXT MONTH:

PLAYMATE REUNION


BARRIS WEIRDNESS

LIBERATED LAUGHS

ARMED WOMEN

"MIND OVER BODY: MEDICINE'S NEWEST APPROACH"—**NORMAN COUSINS** LAUGHED HIMSELF WELL AND PHYSICIANS ARE FINDING THAT OUR MENTAL STATE MAY, INDEED, ALTER OUR PHYSICAL ONE. A FASCINATING REPORT—BY **DAVID BLACK**

"JOIN CHUCK BARRIS AND SEE THE WEIRD"—THE CREATOR OF *THE $1.98 BEAUTY SHOW*, *THE NEWLYWED GAME* AND *THE GONG SHOW* REVEALS TO AN INQUISITIVE REPORTER JUST WHAT RINGS *HIS* CHIMES—BY **TRACY J. JOHNSTON**

"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION"—THEY GATHERED, THOSE GATEFOLD GIRLS FROM PAGES PAST, AT PLAYBOY MANSION WEST. THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANOTHER PARTY LIKE IT

"THE AMERICAN JAMES BOND"—HIS NAME WAS **WILLIAM KING HARVEY** AND FOR 22 YEARS HE WAS IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE CIA'S WAR AGAINST THE K.G.B., DIGGING TUNNELS IN BERLIN, HIRING HOODS TO OFF CASTRO, FIGHTING BOREDOM WITH BULLETS. A PROFILE BY **DAVID C. MARTIN**

LINDA RONSTADT TALKS ABOUT HER MUSIC, HER SO-CALLED SEXY IMAGE AND HER RELATIONSHIP WITH CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR **JERRY BROWN** IN A FAST-MOVING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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"SCREWBALLS"—TAKE ONE END-OF-THE-SEASON SERIES, ADD 25-CENT-BEER NIGHT, A BLINDFOLDED OUTFIELDER AND A PITCHER WHO TALKS TO GOD, AND WHADDAYA GET? ONE HELL OF A BASEBALL STORY—BY **JAY CRONLEY**

"YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED TO LAUGH"—OUR SENSE OF HUMOR REFLECTS OUR SELF-CONFIDENCE. AS THE BATTLE LINES OF THE SEXES ARE DRAWN TODAY, CAN MEN AND WOMEN BE FUNNY TOGETHER AGAIN?—BY **ERICA JONG**

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING & SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—TIME TO THINK ABOUT PUTTING THOSE WOOLLIES IN MOTH BALLS AND GETTING READY FOR SUN TIME—BY **DAVID PLATT**

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